

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 57.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 3rd AUGUST, 1889.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21S. 6D. 10 CENTS PER COPY.



THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON TEAM.

(For list of names see page 70.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

GEORGE E. DENBARATS, MANAGER,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

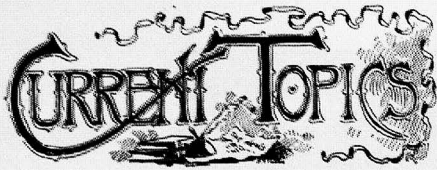
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London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

3rd AUGUST, 1889.



Accompanying the last published report of the Dairymen's Association of this Province are several printed slips containing practical directions which persons engaged in dairy industries cannot fail to find useful. These slips can be set up for reference in the building where the work is carried on, so as to be consulted as occasion may require. The report itself is a mine of varied information on all questions connected, directly or indirectly, with the dairy. It contains the addresses of the President, the Hon. P. Boucher de la Bruère, giving a synopsis of the operations of the preceding year; of the Rev. J. C. Caisse, on Production; of the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, on the Silo; of Monsignor Labelle, on Colonization; of Abbé Montminy, on Agricultural Circles; of M. Jules N. Paquet, on Rural Architecture, especially with reference to the care of cattle, with illustrations, and several other papers of practical interest by Messrs. Jenner-Fust, A. Casavent, F. X. Thibault, etc. The discussions which followed the reading of some of the essays are not the least instructive portion of the report, in many instances casting fresh light on the subjects treated. La Société d'Industrie Laitière has done a good work in the Province of Quebec, and is worthy of all encouragement. In the same connection we would call attention to the new edition of Mr. W. H. Lynch's able treatise on the Dairy, which has been issued in French and English, and is sold at a nominal price. It ought to be in the hands of every dairy farmer in the province.

The French flag, about which we have been hearing a good deal of late, has just completed its century of active life. It was on the 17th of July, 1789, that the tricolor was first displayed as a peace-maker. The idea of inserting the royal white between the red and blue of Revolutionary Paris is attributed to Lafayette. The combination was accepted as a token of conciliation and hope. It was not, however, till 1792 that the new flag was definitely adopted by legal ordinance as the national standard. Though it has been glorified by many a victory, there are Frenchmen who still cling reverentially to the old time-honoured banner which it displaced. It will be recalled that it was his firmness on that question which stood, at a critical moment in modern history, between the Comte de Chambord and the throne. The heir of his claims is less scrupulous on that as on other points.

Canada as a resort for summer tourists is becoming more and more popular every year with our neighbours. "It is a matter of indifference," says a respected American contemporary, "what direc-

tion the tourist takes, beautiful scenery everywhere meets his eye. He may take down the lakes, through the Thousand Islands, down the rushing St. Lawrence, past the Citadel of Quebec, or through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on along the shores of New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia—everywhere scenery so beautiful and grand as to gladden the sight and elevate the thoughts and feelings is to be met with. What memories also do many of these scenes call up, and what changes everywhere meet the eye—old battlefields turned in a few brief years into busy hives of industry. Such beautiful and suggestive scenes throughout Canada are, however, almost innumerable."

And then his enthusiasm deepening and his views enlarging, as he scans the great and varied field of choice, our contemporary proceeds to recommend, not any special locality merely, but the whole continent. A transcontinental trip on the Canadian Pacific "takes the tourist," he says, "through the wheat fields of Ontario, over the rock-bound region of Lake Superior, across the plains of Manitoba and the rolling prairies of the North-West, over mountainous rock-clad paths and snow-capped peaks, and through the fertile fields of British Columbia on to the prosperous cities of the Columbian coast on the brink of the Pacific. Go where he will and halt where he will the tourist will also ever find a most cordial and hospitable welcome from the people, and a climate which on the whole—especially in the summer—cannot be excelled. The tourist who tours in Canada once is always anxious to repeat the experiment." When our readers learn that it is the *Scottish American* that thus stands up for the beauty and grandeur of our scenery and the manifold attractions of our historic spots, they will know that it was honest conviction and not mere desire to flatter that prompted the eulogy.

The citizens of New York seem to be taking up the movement in favour of an international exhibition in that city in 1892 with considerable spirit, and its active promoters seem confident of success. The only trouble is the shortness of the time at their disposal for preparation, but the more energetic are disposed to find in that very fact a stimulant to exertion, and, consequently, a ground for hope. Now it is nearly two years since the proposal to honour Montreal's quarter millennial anniversary, in the same or some other worthy way, was first seriously and formally made. Yet we are not aware that any definite plan of operations has been decided on, though the project was warmly greeted when first suggested. Time is on the wing. A little while longer and it will be too late, and the work of De Maisonneuve who, in some respects (shall we say it?) "built better than he knew," will pass by unrecognized. Columbus will be honoured in spite of us, and Dominion Day coming round in due order will suggest the silver wedding of these confederate provinces. But it is not every city in America that can look back over two centuries and a half to such honourable *origines*. Let us bethink and bestir ourselves, therefore, that Montreal's great anniversary may be fitly commemorated.

Cities grow by absorption and assimilation as well as by natural increase. Montreal's enlargement in recent years is partly due to that source. Quebec, through motives of self-defence as well as benevolence, is about to take in St. Sauveur. St. John has been rejoicing over its marriage to Portland. And, if courage, energy and thrift give

a community the right to be glad, that right belongs to St. John. Not without the exercise of those virtues by which nations rise to greatness was the calamity of twelve years ago followed by the progress and prosperity which have had their culmination—a culmination which is to be a fresh starting-point—in the commemoration just concluded. May St. John continue to deserve and enjoy prosperity in the new stage of civic and commercial existence on which it has entered.

The annual statement of the Post Office Savings Banks, which has lately been made public, shows an increase in the amount credited to depositors during the year ending with June of \$2,322,390. The growth of these institutions during the last nine or ten years has been remarkable. They were established at the close of June in 1868, in which year there were eighty-one offices in operation and \$204,588 standing to the credit of depositors. By June 30, 1873, the deposits had increased to \$3,207,050. A period of depression followed, and the amount fell to \$2,754,484. Then it took an upward tendency, which has continued till the present, when the aggregate of deposits amounts to \$23,011,422. During the same period of ten years the number of depositors has grown from 27,445 to 113,123. It remains to be seen what effect the change in the rate of interest from 3½ to 3¼ per cent. will have on these figures.

A RETROSPECT.

An enterprising Vancouver journal, the *News Advertiser*, has been signalizing the eighteenth anniversary of the admission of British Columbia into the Dominion by an interesting historical retrospect. Some of our readers can, doubtless, recall the circumstances attending that important accession to our confederate strength. On the 16th May, 1871, the Imperial order-in-council was passed, and two months later it came into operation. The political organization of the new province took place immediately after, the Hon. Joseph Trutch being appointed Lieutenant-Governor. One of the most significant terms in the compact thus entered into was the promise of the Dominion Government to effect railway communication between the Pacific seaboard and the rest of the country. Unforeseen delays gave rise to controversy, and for a time the relations between East and West were far from satisfactory. But the obstacles in the way were at last overcome, and for nearly four years the Canadian Pacific Railway has been an accomplished fact.

One of the earliest duties undertaken by the Ottawa authorities on behalf of the newly admitted province was to order a preliminary geological exploration of the country, and the task was undertaken by Dr. Selwyn, chief of the Survey, assisted by the late Mr. James Richardson, for many years a member of its staff. The journal and report of Dr. Selwyn as to his explorations on the mainland, and the report of Mr. Richardson on Vancouver Island formed the first in a most valuable series, covering, to a great extent, the geology, mineralogy, natural history, agricultural and pastoral facilities, ethnology and languages of the western province. To Dr. G. M. Dawson was allotted a leading share of the subsequent work. The range of his inquiries has comprised the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern mainland, nearly to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Some time ago a synopsis of the results of his explorations, as far as they touched upon the mineralogy of the province, was published

under the title of "The Mineral Wealth of British Columbia." A brief outline of the valuable data embodied in that work was given in our issue of the 8th of June.

While the Government was thus attending to the political organization of British Columbia and taking steps to ascertain its multifarious resources, the question of defences was not forgotten. In taking over so vast a tract of country and so long a range of coast, the Dominion authorities assumed no slight responsibility. In the summer of 1872, Col. P. Robertson Ross, then commanding the militia of Canada, proceeded, in accordance with instructions, to make an overland journey of reconnaissance to the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. The account of the journey, on which the organization of the militia in the western province was afterwards based, appeared in the Report on the State of the Militia for the year 1872. Col. Robertson Ross's story of his experiences is interesting for the contrast which the events and scenes described offer to the state of things that prevails at the present day. He travelled first via Lake Superior and the Dawson route to Manitoba, and then crossed the continent, through Canadian territory, to the Pacific coast and Vancouver Island. He tarried some time in Manitoba for the purpose of inspecting the force there—the authorized strength of which was 300 infantry, but which actually only reached the figure of 243 of all ranks. The Colonel made several suggestions for the maintenance of a body of mounted men in the Northwest—a suggestion which subsequently took the form of the Mounted Police. The knowledge then obtainable regarding the Indians was very vague, and some uneasiness was caused at several points in the journey by alarms of hostilities. The Rocky Mountains were crossed via Wild Horse Creek. On his way over the Plains, the Colonel anticipated the verdict of later travellers as to the character of the country, to the value of which he was not insensible. Great herds of buffalo were still to be seen on the approaches to the mountains. Smuggling was common, and the illicit traffic in liquor had demoralized the Indians and endangered the lives of the sparse white residents.

It is needless to say that, though the recent admission of British Columbia to the Dominion gave a special interest to his mission, Col. Robertson Ross was not by any means the first who crossed the continent to the Pacific coast. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir George Simpson, Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle and others had already preceded him to the same goal. But the most interesting of all overland explorations—from the standpoint of British Columbia's settlement, progress and connection with the Dominion—was that of the emigrant party which, by the Leather or Yellow Head Pass, made their way over the mountains in 1862. The emigrants, about 150 in all, separated into two divisions on starting from Fort Garry—the first, which was also the larger, setting out a week before the others by the northern trail to Edmonton; the second taking the south trail. At Edmonton the most of them changed their horses for oxen, a few of which they killed in the mountains for provisions. Of the remainder, some were sold to Indians, others were rafted down the Fraser to the Forks of the Quesnel. A portion of the party took their horses with them (fourteen) to British Columbia. The party, including a woman and three children, passed successfully from the valley of the Athabasca to that of the Fraser, reaching the latter by the Miette in September, and thence continued on their journey till

their destination was reached. In these days, when the journey can be made with ease and comfort in less time than what was once required to travel from Quebec to Toronto, the perseverance and energy of the pioneers of 1862 ought to be honourably remembered.

JAPAN'S DEVELOPMENT.

In the fall of 1890 our neighbours across the Pacific, the Japanese, will witness the inauguration of a political experiment, on which will depend the destinies of their country for generations to come. As our readers are aware, the new constitution, according them a Legislature, with the implied rights, was proclaimed in February last. The National Assembly buildings are now in course of erection, and the first Parliament of Japan will be convened in the autumn of next year. When it is recalled that only thirty-five years have elapsed since Japan broke away from the tyranny of self-imposed seclusion, that had prevailed for centuries, and entered into treaty relations with the Powers of the West, this adoption of the system of representative government must seem one of the most extraordinary developments of an age of surprises. Naturally, we are wont to attribute to intercourse with the western nations—England and the United States, France and Germany—the changes that have since overtaken the political as well as the industrial and commercial life of our eastern neighbours. Nevertheless, Dr. W. E. Griffiss, who has had every opportunity of being well informed on the subject, asserts that this view of Japan's recent progress—especially in the province of politics—is based on a misapprehension, and that, even if we allow for the influence which the powerful civilized nations of the Occident must have exerted on the course of Japan's political thought, the tendency to advance along the new lines was already in existence, and that the revolution was at hand even without the impulse from without. In other words, Japan which, after China, presents the most venerable example of unbroken progress in the world, had, without suggestion from the West, wrought out its own evolution till it was ripe for the last great upheaval and the ensuing reforms.

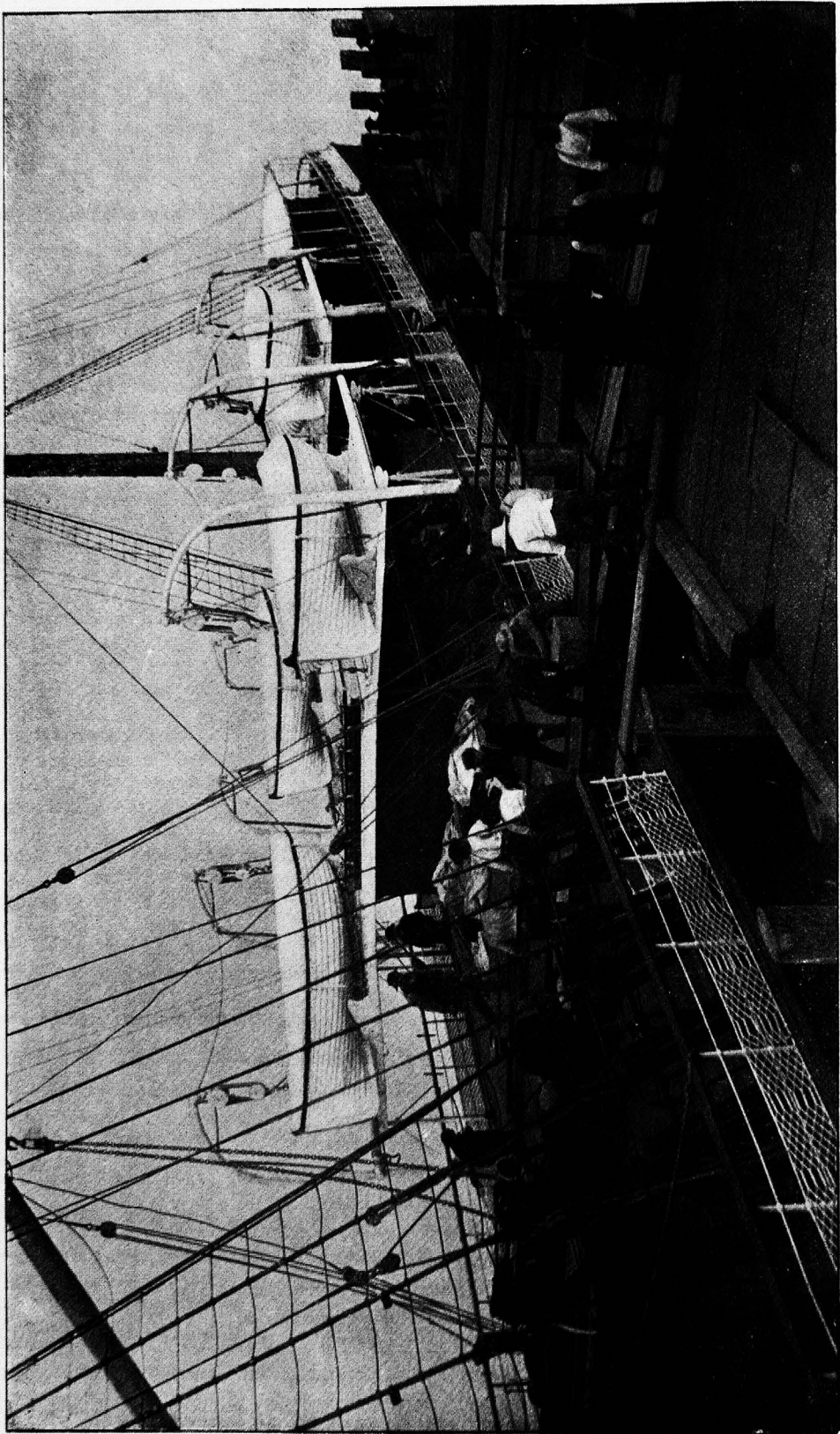
As in other countries, there has been an ebb and flow,—the tide of progress now advancing, now receding. First, according to Mr. Griffiss, there was a kind of rude feudalism, which, about A.D. 600, became a centralized monarchy with boards of administration. This was changed about the year 1200 into the duarchy, with its elaborate feudal system, which lasted till the uprising of 1868. Since then the internal movement has been stimulated, and, to a considerable extent, directed by forces from outside. Japanese progress has had the advantage of being many-sided—art, literature, science, religious reverence and patriotism, contributing each its share to the onward movement. The arbitrary control of the usurpation, which kept the Empire as a whole in a state of bondage, did not prevent the many communities that composed it—which were practically aristocratic republics—from cultivating the faculties of an ingenious and ambitious people. The "masses" were, it is true, kept in a degraded state, from which they could not rise so long as the traditional despotism continued. But the number of educated persons was larger in proportion to the population than that of the same class under the feudal regime in Europe, so that, though repressed, thought was

not inactive; and, when the chance showed itself, it was translated into action. The presence of foreigners gave an impetus to the national aspirations; but that the first demand of the victorious insurgents was for a parliament, proves that the idea of representative institutions was not entirely new in Japan. Mr. Griffiss, whose article in the *Forum* is well worth reading by those who are interested in the strivings of "Young Japan," dwells upon this fact of its continuous development as a ground of hope for the working of the new constitution. "If," he says, "the new growth were merely a borrowed exotic, transplanted from Europe to Asia, it would be sure to wither like house-top grass. Since, however, its tap-roots lie in all the past, and its central principles take hold on all that is best in the national history, we cannot but be hopeful. The word has gone forth and cannot be recalled. There is no retreat and motion must be forward. As true as it is homely is the native proverb, 'The decree of the Emperor is like perspiration; it never goes back.' " There is no authority on Japan whose opinion is more worthy of respect than that of Mr. Griffiss. We have, therefore, reason to trust that his forecast will not be disappointed. The progress, peace and prosperity of Japan are of considerable importance to Canada, and we shall await with no slight interest the result of the great experiment.

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE.

Now that an Earl of Fife has married the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, the traditional name of the county from which he takes his title will be more in vogue than ever. The following passage from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson tells us something about old Fife'shire towns:—

The Kingdom of Fife (that royal province) may by the curious be observed on the map, occupying a tongue of land between the firths of Forth and Tay. It may be continually seen from many parts of Edinburgh (among the rest, from the windows of my father's house) dying away into the distance and the easterly *haar* with one smoky sea-side town beyond another, or in winter printing on the gray heaven some glittering hill-tops. It has no beauty to recommend it, being a low, sea-salted, wind-vexed promontory; trees very rare, except (on the east coast) along the dens of rivers; the fields were cultivated, I understand, but not lovely to the eye. It is of the coast I speak: the interior may be the garden of Eden. History broods over that part of the world like the easterly *haar*. Even on the map, its long row of Gaelic place-names bear testimony to an old and settled race. Of these little towns, posted along the shore as close as sedges, each with its bit of harbour, its old weather-beaten church or public building, its flavour of decayed prosperity and decaying fish, not one but has its legend, quaint or tragic: Dunfermline, in whose royal towers the king may be still observed (in the ballad) drinking the blood-red wine; somnolent Inverkeithing, once the quarantine of Leith; Aberdour, hard by the monastic islet of Inchcolm, hard by Donibristle where the "bonny face was spoiled;" Burntisland where, when Paul Jones was off the coast, the reverend Mr. Shirra had a table carried between tide-marks, and publicly prayed against the rover at the pitch of his voice in his broad lowland dialect: Kinghorn, where Alexander "brak's neckbane" and left Scotland to the English wars; Kirkcaldy, where the witches once prevailed extremely and sunk tall ships and honest mariners in the North sea; Dysart, famous—well famous at least to me for the Dutch ships that lay in its harbour, painted like toys and with pots of flowers and cages of song-birds in the cabin windows, and for one particular Dutch skipper who would sit all day in slippers on the break of the poop, smoking a long German pipe; Wemyss (pronounce Weems) with its bat-haunted caves, where the Chevalier Johnstone, on his flight from Culloden, passed a night of superstitious terrors.



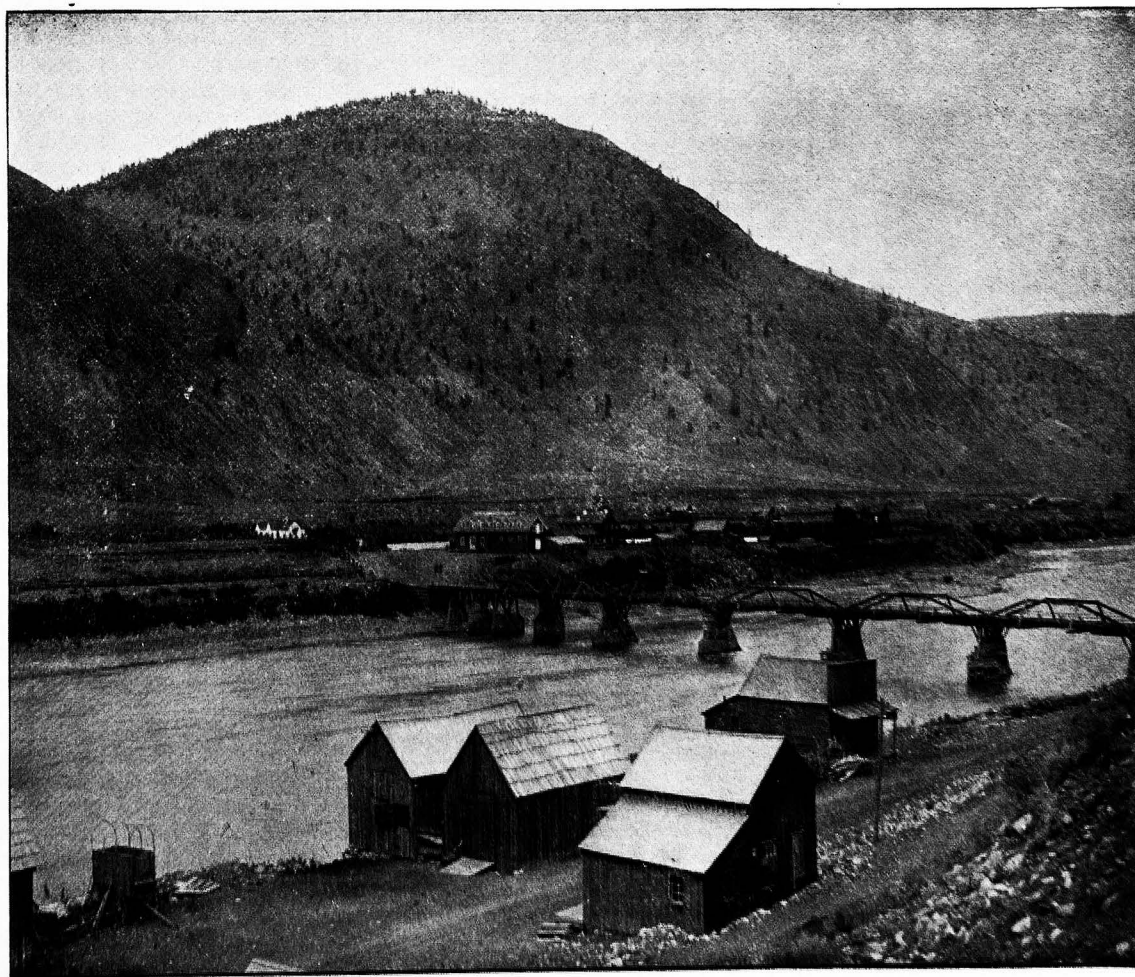
THE C. P. RY COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "PARTHIA" UNLOADING TEA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

Notman, photo.



MOUNT AITKEN, SELKIRKS, FROM THE LOOP.

Notman, photo.



SPENCE'S BRIDGE, KAMLOOPS, B.C., LOOKING UP THE THOMPSON RIVER

Notman, photo.



THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—We present our readers in this number with portraits of the victorious Wimbledon Team. On the 17th ult. for the fifth time Canada's marksmen were awarded the Kolapore Cup. Of this prize, presented by the late Rajah of Kolapore, and first competed for in 1871, we published an engraving last week. It was first won by a Canadian team in 1872, the score being then 532 against 524, that of the United Team. The detachment was then commanded by Major P. W. Worsley, who kept a journal of each day's proceedings, subsequently published in the report of the Minister of Militia. The names of the team were Gunner Shand, Private Ferguson, Quarter-Master Thomas, Ensign Johnson, Private Bell, Capt. Wall, Corporal Larkin and Assistant-Surgeon Aitken. The Kolapore Cup was next won by Canadians in 1875, and again in 1881 and 1884. The names of the winning team this year are Private Armstrong, Quarter-Master Sergeant Ogg, Staff-Sergeant Ashall, Lieut. J. A. Wilson, Capt. S. Maynard Rogers, Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell, Major B. A. Weston and Private R. McVittie. The scores were as follows:—

Distance.	Canada.	Mother Country.	Guernsey.	Jersey.
200 yards.....	245	242	239	238
300 yards.....	238	230	210	227
600 yards.....	204	212	183	183
Totals.....	687	684	632	648

Canada thus won by three points. The following are the figures of the individual scores:—

Private J. A. Armstrong.....	91
Quarter-Master-Sergeant Ogg.....	89
Staff-Sergeant Ashall.....	88
Lieutenant J. A. Wilson.....	87
Captain S. Maynard Rogers.....	87
Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell.....	84
Major B. A. Weston.....	84
Private R. McVittie.....	77
Total winning score.....	687

The Canadians also won the Colonial prize of £180, awarded to the team, exclusive of the home team, which makes the highest aggregate score in the competition for the Kolapore Cup. We may add that we have received from our special artist at Wimbledon a number of fine views of the camp, which we shall shortly publish with accompanying descriptions. These sketches will, we have reason to expect, be of unusual interest to our military readers. The following are the names of the team:—

1 Lt.-Col. Bacon, Commandant.	14 Pte. T. Horsey, 45th Batt.
2 Capt. Hood, Adjutant.	15 Major B. A. Weston, 66th Batt.
3 Private Robt. McVittie, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	16 Pte. J. A. Armstrong, G. G. F. G.
4 Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	17 Lt. R. Blackmore, Jr., 63rd Batt.
5 Lieut. J. A. Wilson, 33rd Bat.	18 Staff-Sergt. W. Ashall, 2nd Q. O. R.
6 Staff-Sergt. F. W. Curzon, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	19 Lieut. C. H. Dimock, 78th 1st.
7 Lieut. W. Conboy.	20 Staff-Sergt. F. G. Corbin, 63rd Batt.
8 Capt. S. M. Rogers.	21 Sergt. M. C. Mumford, 63rd Batt.
9 Sergt. J. Rolston, 20th Batt.	22 Staff-Sergeant A. Pink, 43rd Batt.
10 Capt. A. P. Sherwood, 43rd Batt.	23 Lieut. W. A. Jamieson, 43rd Batt.
11 Corpl. J. Crowe, 1st Batt y 1st Brigade Field Artillery, Guelph.	
12 Major T. J. Egan, 63rd Batt.	
13 Quartermaster-Sergt. J. Ogg, Field Artillery, Guelph.	

C. P. R. STEAMSHIP UNLOADING TEA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.—No scene depicted by painter's brush, or described by poet's pen, could bring so vividly before the mind the change wrought by our great railroad as does this engraving, from a photograph of Vancouver harbour. When it is remembered that less than four years ago this stage of busy life, this meeting-point of two civilizations, was a houseless clearing in the Columbian forest, that, after rising with marvellous rapidity out of the wilderness, nearly every vestige of the ambitious little city was swept to destruction by fire, and that it has in a couple of years or so grown, phoenix-like, out of its ashes into a thriving commercial entrepôt of some 10,000 inhabitants, with all the signs of the age's progress visible in its architecture, its banks, its places of merchandise, its wharves, its broad streets, its churches, its hotels, its private residences, and all that gives an infant city promise of first rank in the future, our readers must surely admit that the transformation has been extraordinary. Its hotels are said to equal in luxury and comfort those of the great centres of the United States and Canada. Its harbour accommodation is such as to allow the largest steamers to discharge their cargoes, and the station, sheds and storehouses of the C.P.R. are on a scale and of an excellence in keeping with the other surroundings. Everywhere there are evidences of life and energy, and the destiny of Vancouver, as the mighty emporium that is to bind the East and West together by the bonds of self-interest, may now be deemed assured. "Down at the water's edge," writes one tourist who visited the place last year, "are long wharves where steamers from China and Japan, from California, Puget Sound and Alaska, are discharging or taking in cargoes; and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loading for the East with teas, silks, seal-skins, fish, fruit, and many other commodities. Here and there around the inlet are great saw-mills, where steamships and sailing vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, and even for

England." The tea trade between China and Japan and British Columbia amounted last year to 3,086,676 pounds from the former, and 6,919,799 pounds from the latter, country, with respective values amounting to \$568,457 and \$1,148,501, or a total of \$1,716,958. And yet it is only just beginning.

SPENCE'S BRIDGE, LOOKING UP THE FRASER RIVER.—It is at the point indicated in our engraving that the old waggon road up the Thompson Valley to the Cariboo gold country crosses the river. Here, too, the railway crosses the mouth of the Nicola, the valley of which is a fine grazing region, the home of prosperous ranchers. Lower down the scenery becomes more striking. The train moves along a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare hills on the south side of the stream. The headlands are penetrated by tunnels, the ravines spanned by lofty bridges, and the Thompsons, green and clear, whirls along its winding torrent course, the banks of which present a wondrous variety of form and colour.

St. JOHN, N.B.—This is a gala season to New Brunswick's commercial capital. Of the central event and its appropriate celebration, we hope to have more to say in an early number, which will be devoted to the illustration of that handsome and thriving city. Meanwhile, we give six fine views, from photographs by A. Stoerger, of points of special interest from the standpoint of history, scenery or commerce. "The Market Slip" (South Wharf) is noteworthy as the spot where the Loyalist pioneers landed on the 18th of May, 1783. That date is looked back to as the birthday of the city. The site chosen for it was the Menagwes of the Micmacs, one of the resorts of the Divine Glooscap. Of course, it must be remembered that New Brunswick had a history long before the years of the Revolutionary War and the landing of the Refugees, who had been driven from their homes for their loyalty. Its annals, indeed, even as a settlement of European origin, may be traced back to the beginning of the 17th century. De Monts was in the neighbourhood of the future city in 1604, and the strange career of the La Tours, father and son, is in part associated with the locality. The defence of Fort La Tour by the heroic wife of the adventurer against Charnisay's traitorous attack, is one of the most romantic incidents in Acadian story. For a hundred years afterwards the Bay of Fundy was crossed and recrossed by the vessels of the French and English rivals, and the River Saint Jean had its share in the bitter struggle. The Treaty of Utrecht, which stands midway in the era of contest, while making England nominal mistress of most of the country, failed to secure the allegiance of the French. In 1755 took place the much discussed Expulsion, which Longfellow made the theme of one of his finest poems. By that time Halifax, founded in 1749, was a town of some importance. A few years later all New France passed under the British flag, and the New Englanders, freed from the apprehension of French reprisals, aimed at nothing less than their independence from the Mother Country. But there was a remnant that remained true to the old land, and to that remnant British Canada is largely indebted for its settlement and growth. The history of St. John during the century or so that has elapsed since the landing of its Pilgrim Fathers has been marked by steady progress. The site of the present city (including the lately annexed Portland) was then a dense forest, save for a little clearance, where stood some log huts. In 1785 Parr Town and Conway (as the constituent parts were first called) were incorporated and Gabriel Ludlow appointed mayor. In 1833 a semi-centennial celebration was held amid much rejoicing. In 1883 St. John completed its century of existence. It was then still suffering from the terrible fire of June, 1877, though already much had been done to repair the injuries caused by the destroyer. This present summer has witnessed the enlargement of the city by the union of St. John and Portland on terms satisfactory to both communities. St. John has a noble harbour. Two of our engravings give views of the north and south ends, showing the clustered shipping and the city spread out beyond. Another presents a vista of one of the principal thoroughfares, King street; others show the Custom-house, and the two fine bridges (suspension and cantilever), which are among the attractions of the vicinity; while the sixth shows a locality interesting no less for its historic association than for the strange and varied life of which it is the stage. Crowded usually with small coasters and fishing craft from all the posts of the great estuary, the water of which, at high tide, nearly touches the wharves, the Market Slip is the constant resort of curious sight-seers, while the spot is held in veneration by the citizens as the rude cradle of their race.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGIERS—THE BARRIER.—In spite of precautions taken last year to protect the cultivated fields of Algiers against the ravages of grasshoppers, the inhabitants have this season been engaged in a like offensive and defensive war. There is, it seems, a regular commission, appointed by the Government, for the investigation of the subject, one of whose duties is to devise protective appliances and to superintend their operation. After due inquiry, Cyprus was found to have the best system of dealing with the pest. This consists of a barrier of linen erected on poles in the path of the enemy's advance, the upper border of which is adroitly turned over in the direction from which the insects are expected, and at the same time oiled in such a way as to preclude them from taking any hold. The invention is one of the simplest in the world, but it is equally effectual. The preliminary exploration is, however, the most serious feature in this method of defence, for it is evident that unless the barrier is

set exactly in the line of march of the destroyer, it will be of no service whatever. Bands of Arabs are, therefore, despatched all over the country to discover in what localities the grasshoppers hatch their eggs, prizes being awarded them on a fixed scale according to the quantity collected. Of course, if it were possible to find all the deposits of eggs, nothing more would be required. But, though at the rate of a franc and a half the double decalitre, the sum of 578,340 francs was paid for this service, the voracious insects appeared again in force, and it was necessary to have recourse to the barrier. Our illustration represents the horde of devourers arrested by the contrivance referred to and falling to the ground in thousands, often trying in vain to surmount it. The picture, which we reproduce from *L'Illustration*, clearly reveals the character and energy of the foe with which the agricultural community of Algiers has to strive, and is also a picturesque setting forth of the scene of this warfare between man and insect. The plague is a very old one in the East and in North Africa, and is not unknown in the New World, as some experiences in Manitoba, not yet forgotten, sadly bear witness.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VII.

COL. BAKER'S RANCHE—BAD WEATHER—ENGLISH SPORTSMEN—GOLDEN STUBBLE FIELDS—PALACE HOTEL—THE CAPTAIN—PARTICULARS OF KOOTENAY DISTRICT, CLIMATE, RESOURCES, AND CAPABILITIES—DEPARTURE FROM CRANBROOKE—ARRIVAL AT DONALD.

At Cranbrooke, Colonel James Baker's ranche, we received the warmest of welcomes, and were soon drying our garments, which a mackintosh had not very effectually protected in my case, over a huge fire in the sitting room. The house proper consisted of a long low log building, entered by a hall its full width, whose walls were decorated with numerous saddles, bridles, and other equestrian appointments; from this, one door opened upon a succession of bed-rooms, occupying all the available space upon that side of the building; the other upon a typical or rather ideal sitting room of a gentleman settler in the wilds of British Columbia. This apartment was very large and filled with chairs, lounges, tables, and bookcases; a gun rack, with nine handsome rifles and various implements of the rod and chase, occupied a prominent position against one wall, almost opposite to a writing desk of business-like proportions, whose pigeon-holes were filled with papers and documents.

The crowning feature of the whole room was an enormous fireplace at the end, quite large enough to accommodate the proverbial ox, in which full length cordwood sticks were reposing. Above its high mantelpiece a noble cariboo's head reigned monarch of all he surveyed, as no doubt his owner had done in his day, and below this was the spiral horned skull of a small white-tailed deer, killed near the ranche. The floor was covered with rugs and matting, the walls adorned with coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*; while the windows commanded an extensive view to the west of rolling mountains and wooded plains, with the beautiful Selkirk Range lying in the distance, a faint grey-blue mass on the horizon. The rain continued to descend in torrents until late in the evening, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on being under a roof. We found the same party of Englishmen at Cranbrooke we had met and camped with in the Kootenay woods, with the addition of Mr. Forbes, part owner of the then celebrated yacht Puritan, like ourselves enjoying Col. Baker's hospitality; and passed a most agreeable evening discussing various adventures by land and water, and relating our personal experiences in the Pacific Province. We learned that they had only arrived two hours before us, having crossed the Kootenay River after we parted and followed a different trail up the opposite side of the valley. The following morning we were introduced to one of the numerous phases of ranche life in the departure of these gentlemen with numerous pack-horses and packers on a hunting expedition to Montana. Another Englishman, who had been shooting for two months in the Rocky Mountains with a solitary guide, and had turned up the previous evening drenched to the skin, made his exit with four more horses a couple of hours later

in another direction. The arrival and departure of travellers and hunters serves to break the monotony of rancho life in the interior, where communication with the outer world was maintained at that time by but one mail in six weeks. The society of one's fellow-creatures is much appreciated amid so much unavoidable isolation.

The day after our arrival proved decidedly damp and chilly, with a heavy mist hanging over both mountain and valley; but a rising barometer indicated fine weather, and by noon all the clouds had dispersed, and a glorious sun was drying the well-soaked ground. I took a short walk with mine host after lunch to see some of the charming views that Cranbrooke boasts, and was lost in admiration of golden stubble fields a mile long and a mile wide, which Col. Baker had enclosed for purposes of cultivation, extending in well-fenced lines to the distant foothills below the mountains. We concluded our expedition by a visit to the Palace Hotel on the same property, not far from the house. This rambling log building of ambitious nomenclature, is the abode of a prosperous Chinaman, known to the district as the Captain, his rank dating, I was told, from the time when he commanded a pirate junk. Previous to his nautical adventures, he held the office of Lord High Executioner to His Celestial Majesty. A notable character is the Captain—gray, grizzled, and communicative. We entered the Palace on his invitation, sat down and chatted with him to the extent his somewhat limited command of the English language or our own obtuseness to his pronunciation would permit. He bestowed upon me numerous unattractive looking condiments, designated as China candy, consisting of small dried plums, like prunes in appearance only, and slices of sugared citron, which looked remarkably dirty. His hotel is the fashionable resort of all his compatriots in that part of Kootenay, numbers of whom are mining in the neighbourhood, and is most assiduously patronized. The room he ushered us into was entered from the front door, and curiously adorned with a tawdry altar and Chinese god, placed high upon one of the walls; the other three being lavishly decorated with brilliantly colored hisrogllyphics. The lodgers and visitors at the Palace occupied open bunks supported on light poles, which did not look either clean or inviting, as may be imagined. I only, however, caught a distant view of this interior, which was in another apartment. After we returned to the ranche, Col. Baker gave me a great deal of information regarding the east Kootenay district, with the subjoined particulars of its climate, resources and capabilities. Cranbrooke is situated on Joseph Prairie, close to the Kootenay River, which is not, however, visible from the property, and is 3,068 feet above the level of the sea. It contains 10,000 acres, over 400 of which are enclosed, and is in the centre of a gold bearing region, of which Perry Creek, nine miles distant, is the most remarkable example. Col. Baker and a syndicate are largely interested in the Perry Creek gold mine, which is now producing \$100 a day, its best localities not yet having been reached or explored.

The soil on this extensive estate is a rich vegetable loam, differing from the Kootenay bottom lands, which are rich sand loam, while the large beaches on both sides of the river are a rich sandy loam. The fertility of the land at Cranbrooke was evident from the fine quality of its vegetables, roots, and grains. Pease and cucumbers grown in the open air are produced in constant succession from the middle of June till the middle of September, when I enjoyed both. Potatoes and cabbages attain an abnormal size—one of the latter, weighed during my visit, when not fully developed, recorded 23 lbs., and a sunflower measured 3 feet 7 inches round its seed bed.

The black wax bean (a delicate plant) grows in perfection; hops hid the house in a tangle of luxuriant verdure. The quality of beetroot that is produced is extremely rich in saccharine matter; the crop of roots in most seasons is immense. Alfalfa, a species of lucern, is also cultivated with great success.

The winter is short; snow usually appears in December and disappears early in March. It

seldom falls to a depth of more than 15 inches. Occasionally there are snowstorms in November, but such an occurrence is unusual, and the sun being warm, it soon melts the snow. The weather during this season is on the whole comparatively mild, though cold waves of a few days' duration do occur, and the thermometer has fallen as low as 30 below zero. The maximum and minimum temperature in the shade on the 29th of January, 1886, were 57° and 33° Fahrenheit. The geological strata is of the Laurentian and Cambrian systems, merging into the Carboniferous. The timber is chiefly large pine (the *Pinus ponderosa*) which often attains four feet in diameter and makes excellent lumber. The Douglas Fir also reaches a diameter of 3 feet, and there is a valuable variety of larch, commonly called the tamarac, that differs materially from the species of that name common in low districts. The mountain variety is remarkable for its durability in water, and in building. Among the deciduous trees are the poplar, alder, and birch. It is thought that large fruits, such as apples, pears and plums, may be successfully cultivated, as the smaller berries, including currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries grow abundantly.

The capabilities of the Upper Kootenay valley and the Columbia Lake region for cattle and horse ranching are unequalled, especially for the latter, as horses can run on the ranges all the winter without extra food or shelter, thriving marvelously upon the natural bunch grass of the country. Cattle it is advisable to protect by providing open shelter sheds for the cold weather, and furnishing them with a moderate amount of fodder, which can be procured in abundance from the hay marshes throughout the district.

An essential factor in stock-raising is water, which should be sufficient in quantity and of the very best. It is abundant throughout Kootenay. Large rivers flow in every valley, and numbers of fine creeks are encountered in all directions, containing water as pure, clean, and cold as the most ardent prohibitionist could desire for illustrative purposes and principles.

Although there is plenty of game in the Pacific Province, such as cariboo, elk, bear, black and white-tailed deer, mountain sheep and goats, etc., it is very difficult to obtain, owing to the inaccessibility of the animals' resorts and the number of Indians constantly engaged in hunting them. It should always be remembered that without the assistance of some experienced Indian well acquainted with the country, it would be impossible to have any sport at all.

We had beautiful weather during our visit to Cranbrooke. Days of cloudless sunshine succeeded one another only too quickly, until the inevitable Thursday arrived which bore us away from the hospitable ranche and kind host, who will ever be associated with my pleasantest memories of British Columbia.

We left Col. Baker's on Saturday, the 16th of September, homeward bound, returning over the same ground by which we came, only varying the programme by parting with our horses at Capt. Armstrong's ranche, where they belonged, and embarking in a *bateau*, which was going down to meet the steamer. With our steeds our luck departed, for the Columbia began to fall so rapidly in the cool September weather that the Duchess had to retire from navigation, and, after camping for two days on the river bank near Lilacs, close to the spot from which we started, listening anxiously for the sharp whistle of the boat, we learned that she was unable to get up farther than a few miles above Golden, and were obliged to make our way down to the fair city as best we could in our open boat, rowing or drifting with the current by day and camping by night. It was ten o'clock on a pitch dark evening, the end of September, that, weary, cramped, stiff and hungry, we at last sighted the twinkling lights of the Duchess lying placidly at her moorings, and were received once more into her hospitable bosom, where we partook of a hearty supper and claimed her protection for the night. We slept the sleep of the just, and on Sunday morning, September 26th, boarded the east-bound Pacific express, and in one short hour found

ourselves at Donald, after a month of travel by land and water.

During the last two years East Kootenay has made great strides in civilization, as will be seen by the following items of expenditure on local improvements from a Donald paper:—

EAST KOOTENAY.

Kootenay Wagon Road	\$3,829.31
Elk River Bridge	77.00
Columbia River Channel and Dutch Creek Bridges	484.96
Dutch Creek, 6-Mile, Wild Horse and Elk River Bridges	764.50
Crow Nest Pass Trail	661.00
Wild Horse Creek Bridge	226.85
Tools, Lumber, etc., for Public Wagon Roads and Bridges	24.67
Canal Flat Bridge	65.00
Kicking Horse Bridge at Golden	1,084.10
Team and Wagon for Public Works	450.00
Trail from Donald to Porcupine Creek	245.00
Trail from Golden to Spillimichene	145.00
Grading Main street, Donald	100.00
Perry Creek Trail	62.50
Bridge across Kootenay River at Fort Steele, 2nd crossing of Kootenay	3,783.10
Upper Kootenay Trail	45.00
Wagon Road from Golden to Steamboat Landing (1 1/4 miles)	100.00
Wagon Road from Upper Columbia Lake to Findlay Creek Hydraulic Mines	50.00
Mission Creek Bridge	25.50
Expenses of Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works in Inspecting Roads, Trails and Bridges	148.45
Travelling expenses of A. Cameron, Road Foreman	50.00

KOOTENAY GETS A LIBERAL SHARE.

The estimate of revenue and receipts of the province for the financial year ending June 30, 1890, has been furnished for publication. The total amount from all sources is expected to be \$699,491.05. The estimates of expenditure for the same time amount to \$864,431.05, being 164,940 more than the expected receipts. The amounts that, in all likelihood, will be appropriated for Kootenay district are:—

EAST KOOTENAY DIVISION.

Gold Commissioner and Government Agent	\$ 2,500
Constable and Collector	1,500
Constable	840
Constable, Collector and Recorder at Fort Steele	1,200
Public School Teacher at Donald	840
Incidental Expenses for Public School at Donald	40
Repairs to Government Buildings	300
Roads, Trails, Streets, and Bridges	10,000
Road to McMurdo Mining District	4,000
Total	\$21,220

THE BOOKSTALL.

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of trade;
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maple's breezy shade,
Than the bookstall old and grey.

Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain;
And the lords of prose and rhyme
Years after the long, last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth,
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep,
In the bookstall old and grey.

—Clinton Scollard.

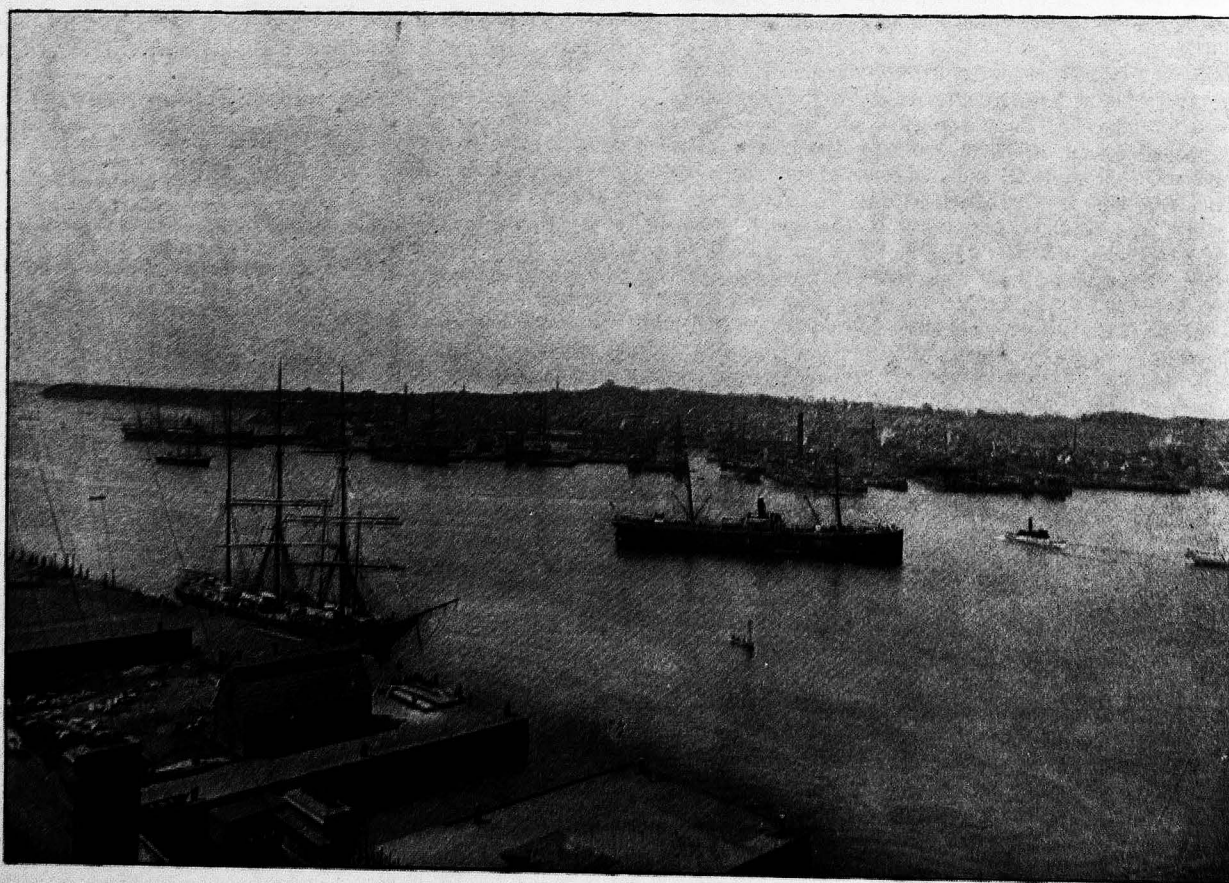
Dr. James Croll, the author of "Climate and Time in their Geological Relations" and of "Discussions on Climate and Cosmology," has just brought out another work on his favorite subject, entitled "Stellar Evolution and its Relations to Geological Time." Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are the American publishers.

VIEWS IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photographs by A. Stoerger.



ST. JOHN HARBOUR, NORTH END.



ST. JOHN HARBOUR, SOUTH END.

VIEWS IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photographs by A. Stoerger.



THE MARKET SLIP (LOYALIST LANDING).



KING STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Concluded from last number.)

By way of honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson made a tour through a Californian wilderness. The experience was too picturesque to be wasted, so the "Silverado Squatters" was written, with its humorous bits of human nature and transcripts of noble scenery. A description of a starry night compels quotation:—

"I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, struck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark."

Quite as brilliant as this is the picture he next gives of how the stars faded before the ascending moon.

America exchanged for Scotland, Mr. Stevenson settled down to his desk in rare vigour of health. He and his young step-son were much in the habit of drawing maps. One afternoon they drew a map of Southern Seas with crosses fancifully denoting islands of hidden treasure. Lloyd at once suggested that a story be written to fit the map, a story for boys like himself, with lots of pirates and hair breadth 'scapes in it. Accordingly at Braemar, "Treasure Island" was begun, and fifteen days were spent in writing the first half of it. At Davos it was finished in fifteen days more,—his quickest, most enjoyed and perhaps best work. "Treasure Island," with its reproduction of the original crossed map, is a book Defoe might write were he extant, with addition to his fame. It is one of the rare books for boys which fascinate men as well. John Silver, with his crutch and parrot, will go stumping down the corridors of time bearing company to immortal Friday and the goat.

At Bournemouth Mr. Stevenson has his home, or rather, wanderer that he is, his 'permanent address.' There, at "Skerryvore," he next wrote "Kidnapped." He differs from a good many of his readers in deeming this much his best story. It has all the charm of Scott, and reading between the lines one can well imagine the second Wizard of the North as sound a toady as the first. His hero, Alan Breck, vain, brave, choleric, human, stands forth as sharply cut as sculpture; sculpture too, evidently chiselled by a loving hand. His creator is evidently of those who think that modern progress has not been all clear again; that in its forced marches some noble traits of manhood have been rudely overborne and obliterated. We can imagine him looking at some great grandson of Alan Breck's,—trudging from factory to tenement house,—something the poorer in an unexercised capacity to respect and follow better men than himself, notwithstanding statistically recorded and conceded advantage as to soundness of roof, comfort of raiment and abundance not only of bread, but butter. "Kidnapped," breezy with the scent of heather, if ever book was,—apparently written by a man in the full flush of health and heartiness,—was as a matter of fact penned in bed by an invalid. During the greater part of a year its author wrote and re-wrote its pages, until, toward the last, exertion became really painful. David Balfour restored to his inheritance, Mr. Stevenson, none too soon, took a long rest. Then at Hyeres, he wrote "Prince Otto," in a new vein, involving his hardest effort. Chapters of it were re-written five or six times, that of the Countess Von Rosen and the Princess no fewer than eight times. This troublesome Countess is regarded by some competent critics as next to Alan Breck, Mr. Stevenson's most striking creation; and it is thought that "Prince

Otto" justifies the expectation that historical romance is the field in which his versatile genius can achieve its highest distinction.

"Prince Otto," despatched to the printer, our author next wrote "The Treasure of Franchard," at Kingussie. This tale now circulates in the same volume as "The Merry Men." At Bourne-mouth, "Olalla," "Markheim," and "Dr. Jekyll," were then written. "Dr. Jekyll," Mr. Stevenson's most successful story, was suggested by a dream described by him in *Scribner* for January, 1888. He has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to similar extensions of experience beyond his waking hours. Both "Dr. Jekyll" and "Markheim" have a moral all the more telling for being purely incidental; they come from the hand of too true an artist ever to write tales of set "purpose." Conscience with him

"Is never so far off as even to be near."

Mr. Stevenson collaborated in his next work, "The Dynamiter." Then in a wide circle of the sanatoria he wrote "Thrawn Janet" and the "Merry Men," two short weird sketches. His next task was to be in a new field,—biography,—in which his own character and methods were to be shown as clearly as those of the friend commemorated. Mr. Stevenson, whilst at Edinburgh University, had been in the class of Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Although little interested in either his mathematics or his physics, the personality of the Professor charmed him, and as time went on they became warm friends. In June, 1885, the Professor died, and his widow committed to Mr. Stevenson the writing of his memoir. This volume, which appeared last winter, unwittingly reveals how its author has become so thoroughly grounded in his art of expression. He shows us his alert, thorough observation of living men,—neglecting no trait nor token of character, however trivial it may seem. He proves how much sympathy aids insight, and how greatly praise is heightened when given with just discrimination. He does not eulogize his friend, but candidly tells us his faults, deducts them from the virtues they accompanied, and shows him all the worthier of loving attachment. Never was skein of heredity better unraveled than that of this peppery, manly little Scotch professor, whose memoir proves if proof were needed, that its author's vividness of imagination is based on nothing so much as clearness of perception. Because Mr. Stevenson sees with sharper eyes than we, his Alan Breck and John Silver seem more real to us than many of the substantial people who live in our street. His books revive the best traditions of romance because he has brought to his transforming imagination clear cut impressions of real men and women. At a time when the most popular writers of the day are corner-photographers limning all and sundry, with a declared absence of selective purpose or dramatic intent; he employs himself as might an opulent portrait-painter, only with such subjects as he deems worthy his brush, bringing out in each his most significant expression and distinctive individuality.

Late in '87 Mr. Stevenson gathered up several magazine articles published at odd times in recent years, adding to them some new work; he issued "Memories and Portraits." With this volume also appeared an American edition of "Virginius Puerisque," containing some of the first fruits of his pen. In the chapter, "An Apology for Idlers," he has somewhat of reproof for the work-drunkness which afflicts us on this side the Atlantic even more severely than our cousins Britannic whom he addressed. He says:—

"Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity, they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick they will even stand still. It is

A natural history serial, "Among the Florida Keys," by Charles Frederick Holder, describing the strange adventures and observations of a party of boys during a vacation trip to Florida, is begun in the July *St. Nicholas*, and will be continued for four months.

According to a count by Dr. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Forestry Commission, there grow wild in Michigan seventy species of indigenous trees and three exotics that have escaped from cultivation; and of shrubs, one hundred and fifty native and five escaped exotics.

A "Dictionary of Universal Climatology" is announced as in preparation by the Observatory of Rio Janeiro, M. L. Cruls, director. It is intended to present methodically the climatological data of as great a number of places on the earth as is possible, reduced to uniform standards of notation and terminology.

In a late number of *Science*, Mr. H. W. Henshaw undertakes to supply an answer to the question: "Who are the American Indians?" on the basis of their languages. His theory is that those languages (of which he makes 58 groups) were developed on this continent, and that the tribes speaking them are, therefore, purely aboriginal.

A wonderful invention has been exhibited for preventing collisions at sea. The motive is electricity. A small plate, not larger than a cheese plate, is fixed at the side of the vessel, and the approach of any vessel within two miles immediately causes a bell to sound, and an indicating arrow shows the direction from whence it approaches. The idea, of course, is that waves of sound are carried more quickly by water than air, and, if the invention can be perfected, the torpedo boat will be rendered useless. In the tentative experiments that have been made on the Thames the indicator has worked perfectly.

"Vegetable musk" is made from the seeds of the *Hibiscus abelmoschus*, a malvaceous plant. The ancient Egyptians used to chew the seeds to stimulate their appetites and make their breath fragrant, and they regarded them as aphrodisiac and astringent. Previous to the French Revolution, when it was the fashion to powder the hair, the seeds, called *ambrette*, were mixed with starch and kept till the starch had absorbed a suitable proportion of their perfume, when the seeds were removed and the musky-odored starch was put up in packets for sale. Ambrette is now imported in large quantities into Europe, and is used in the preparation of the alkanets of Florence, and to adulterate musk.

"How Sea-Birds dine" is described in *Nature* by a correspondent who caught them in the act off the island of Mull. Observing them collected at a single spot, he steamed toward it, and found that the centre of their gathering was a reddish-brown ball, about two feet under the surface, composed of herring-fry, which had been driven into that shape by the divers surrounding the shoal and hemming them in on all sides, "so that the terrified fish huddled together in a vain effort to escape inevitable destruction. The divers work from below and the other sea-birds feed from above; and, as in some cases after the birds had been at work for some time I saw no ball. I suppose no one fish is left to tell the tale." The observation was repeated several times.

THE CANADIAN LAKES AND THE GLACIERS.—In accounting for the origin of the great lake basins in Canada, Dr. Robert Bell regards Lake Superior as of volcanic origin, and Hudson Bay as having some points in common with it; while Athabasca, the Great Slave Lake, Lake Winnipeg, the Georgian Bay, and Lake Ontario, lie along the line where the limestones and sandstones meet the older Laurentian and Huronian strata, and were probably excavated by post-tertiary glaciers. Dr. Bell also points out that dikes of greenstones, etc., often formed the original lines along which the channels of rivers, arms of lakes, and fiords, were cut by denuding forces. Prof. A. Drummond suggests that the glaciers have been called upon to do too much work. There is difficulty in accepting the theory of such colossal glacial systems as geologists invoke. The vast effects of erosion by atmospheric and other agencies in Miocene and Pliocene ages which immediately preceded the Glacial epoch, and the great deposits of decomposed rock which must have accumulated during those ages, have been overlooked. The continental glacier, even if only a mile in thickness, of the extent demanded by the theory, would represent a depth of about five hundred, or six hundred feet taken uniformly everywhere from the waters of the ocean and transformed into ice. The withdrawal of such a mass of water from the North Atlantic would have carried our coast-line from seventy-five to one hundred miles seaward, would have rendered the Gulf of St. Lawrence dry land brought the Great Banks of Newfoundland to the surface, and would have obliterated the German Ocean. Are we prepared to accept these consequences? Prof. Drummond prefers a theory of great northern elevations of land creating mountain-chains and their glaciers, accompanied or followed by a depression farther south, which admitted the arctic currents, or perhaps formed an inland sea and a highway for icebergs bearing debris and boulders, which they dropped on the bottom.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

no good speaking to such folk : they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough ; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious toiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with ; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated ; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal ; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play ; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched he might have clambered on the boxes ; when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls ; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life."

In the same volume he gives us his philosophy of "Walking Tours," in the course of which he talks of bivouacs :—

"Nor must I forget to say a word about bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees ; and off goes the knapsack and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself and the birds come round and look at you ; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven ; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium had arrived when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember times and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong ; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in his watch pocket ! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has one jewel left ; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he has still his business habits. Now there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free."

In the circuit of universal expression it came of necessity that beside being a romancer and biographer, Mr. Stevenson should be a poet and dramatist. The creations of his fancy lose something in stepping from his pages to the boards ; and, like Scott, his versatility shines more brightly

in prose than poetry. His "Child's Garden of Verses" is very simple and sweet. He who wrote it has remembered what most of us lose so much in forgetting,—the days when the world was all new and wonderful to our childish eyes. "Under-woods," issued two years ago, abounds in fine stanzas one would fain imprint on the mind as part of its best store. "Our Lady of the Snows," inspired during his travels in the Cevennes, is a noble protest against the spirit that shirks work in the world for selfish seclusion. A fine specimen of humour is "The Scot's Return from Abroad." This good man, long absent in foreign un-Presbyterian lands, returns to his native town. Of course, among the first things done, is to go to church. His mind is there rudely shocked at one innovation and another introduced whilst he has been far away. At last the dominie mounts the pulpit, and then the wanderer hears comfortable words :—

"Oh what a gale was on my speerit
To hear the p'int of doctrine clearit,
And a' the horrors of damnation
Set forth wi' faithfu' ministration.
Nae shufflin' testimony here—
We were a' damned, an' that was clear.
I owned, wi' gratitude an' wonder,
He was a pleasure to sit under."

In the related chord of pathos, he tells us of a sick child's talk with its mother :—

Child. O mother dear lay your hand on my brow !
O mother, mother where am I now ?
Why is the room so gaunt and great ?
Why am I lying awake so late !

Mother. Fear not at all ; the night is still,
Nothing is here that means you ill—
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

Child. Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away,
I have a fear that I cannot say,
What have I done, and what do I fear,
And why are you crying, mother dear ?

Mother. Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the cart's come in !
An hour or two more and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window-blind,
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

In the autumn of 1887 Mr. Stevenson came to America for the second time,—to have remained in a city would neither have been advisable nor to his taste. So after a diligent canvass of quiet resorts suited to his malady, he chose Saranac Lake, in the heart of the Adirondacks, for his winter home. His choice proved fortunate. Although he found the cold severer at times than he relished, yet his health steadily improved in the pure mountain air, and he was often able to enjoy skating and sleighing for hours together. In his little study in an old-fashioned cottage, the floor covered with buffalo rugs, he read and wrote almost every day. Nothing in his reading more interested his uncommercial mind than the discussions in the metropolitan press of monopolies and trusts. It may be that his imagination shall some day be excited to a story based on the acts of the modern buccaneers, who with steam, electricity and stock-exchanges as their weapons, would utterly condemn the petty plunder of Captain Kydd or Captain Flint.

At Saranac Mr. Stevenson wrote "The Master of Ballantrae," now appearing in *Scribner's*, as well as the remarkable series of brief essays contributed last year to the same magazine. With Mr. Osbourne's collaboration he wrote "The Wrong Box," a book just issued in New York, more humorous than any other he has given us, and exceedingly ingenious of plot. In June of last year, with his mother, wife and step-son, Mr. Stevenson embarked at San Francisco for an extended yacht cruise among the islands of the Southern Pacific. At Honolulu he made a long stay, receiving distinguished honours at the hands of His Hawaiian Majesty. For the fruit of his adventures, transformed as romance, we must patiently wait : his diary, certain to be a capital transcript of a very unusual and unconventional voyage, is shortly to appear in a circle of American newspapers, through Mr. S. S. McClure, the syndicate publisher, of New York. Much invigorated in health, Mr.

Stevenson returns to England *via* Australia, his mother having last May resumed her residence in Edinburgh.

Mr. Stevenson is tall of stature and less pale than one would expect him to be. He is a brilliant talker, speaks with a slight Scotch accent, and proves, in the circle of friendship which only ill-health keeps small, that he is one of the authors who has not put so much into his books as not to have much left for his life.

GEORGE ILES.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Now loiter here before high noon
Beneath the green arcade :
Here well-grown trees of various leaf
A shadowy light have made.

When tropic sun of hot July
Has shot his fiery beams ;
And flickering heat on level lands
Like quivering fire seems.

Then here in shade you walk at ease
Exempt from toil and care :
Here all is good the eye can see,
And all is free as air.

The leafy arch rings loud with song,
The diverse wild-wood notes :
Here happy birds with mingling voice
Swell high their frenzied throats.

How blest this scene ! How full its joy !
'Tis all Elysian good !
No chilling mist here casts its shade ;
Nor blast can here intrude.

O fail me not, ye rural tracts,
Where beauteous nature haunts !
Where perfumed fresh the grassy meads
Each sense of life enchants !

To him whose days are spent in towns,
There held by business needs ;
How haunts him now the country's charm !
It all his free thoughts feeds.

His heart runs off in truant race ;
Flies on its boyhood rounds ;
All rural sighs he sees again ;
And hears all rural sounds.

He sees the Farmer's happy toils ;
Hears Hayfield's music blithe,
When Mowers strike with ringing chime
The old-time mowing scythe.

He visits prompt the Bramble Patch
Among the broken hills ;
Finds as of old the fruiting cane
Its quondam sweets distils.

The city has not all goods things ;
The farm retains some few :
There Mother Nature soothes the soul,
With tender art and true.

I knew a man, a Master of Arts,
A king of men in truth,
By Rice Lake side, to make this wish,
Among his classic youth.

Success he wanted not, nor friends ;
'Twas cry for needed rest :
Such man cannot retire at will,
As humor would suggest :

"I wish I could," he warmly exclaimed,
"This school-room tightly bar ;
Start straight for Lincoln's County lines,
Where endless orchards are ;

"Midst fruiting trees and chestnut groves
I might once more find rest ;
With two months' rustication there
I should, as Gods, be blest."

O men and women, cribbed in towns
With nerves o'er-wrought and weak,
Fly ye afar to mount and lake,
Where dwells the health ye seek.

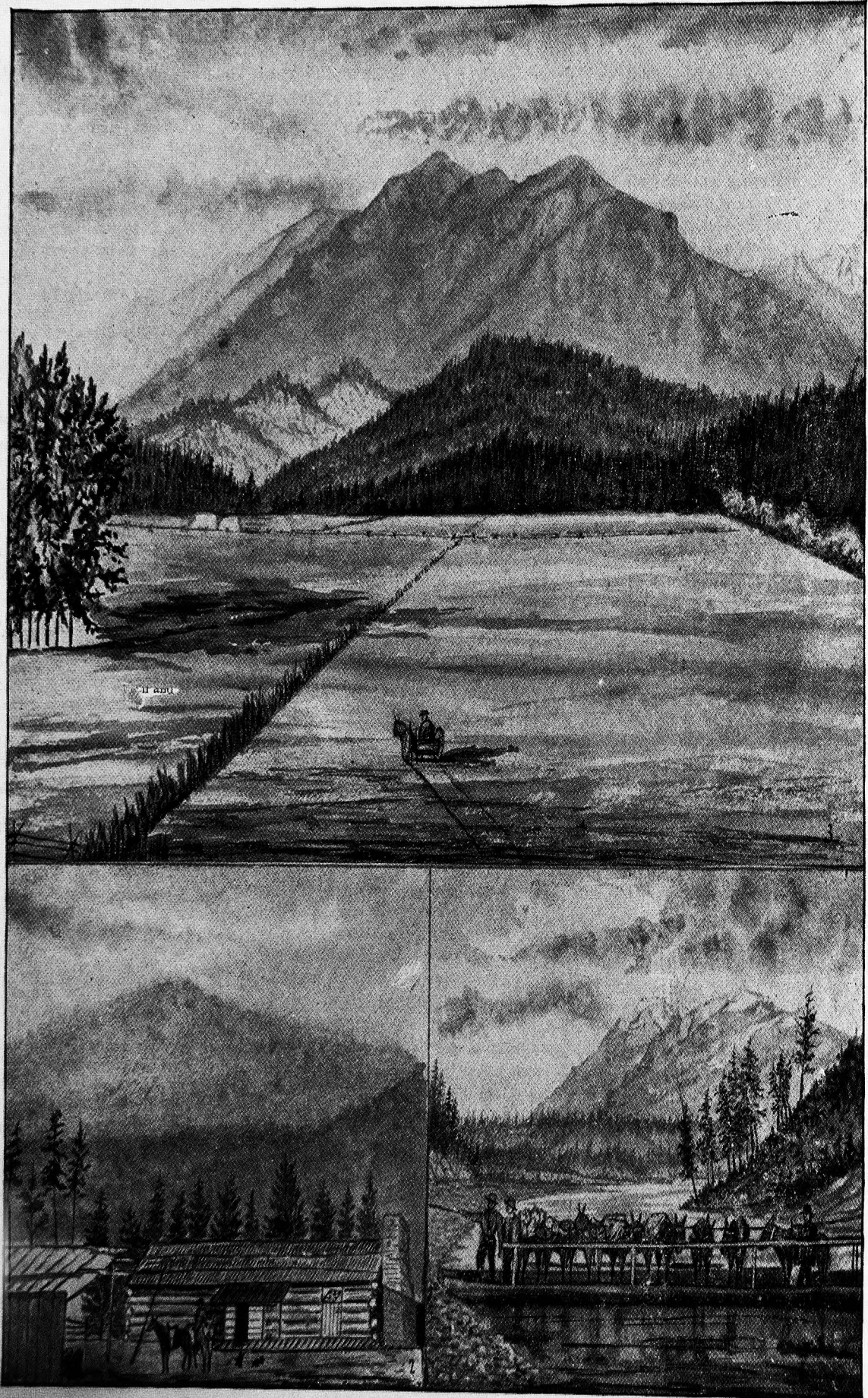
A thousand bright Canadian lakes,
And mountain-cleaving flocks,
Invite to yearly new gained health
And balms of mountain woods.

O come again ! O come each year !
Ye days of wild, free joy !
O bring us each and every one,
This good without alloy !

O friends, give farmers fitting praise :
On them may kind fates shine !
They change the harsh rough wilderness
To cultured scenes divine.

Ottawa, July 9th, 1889.

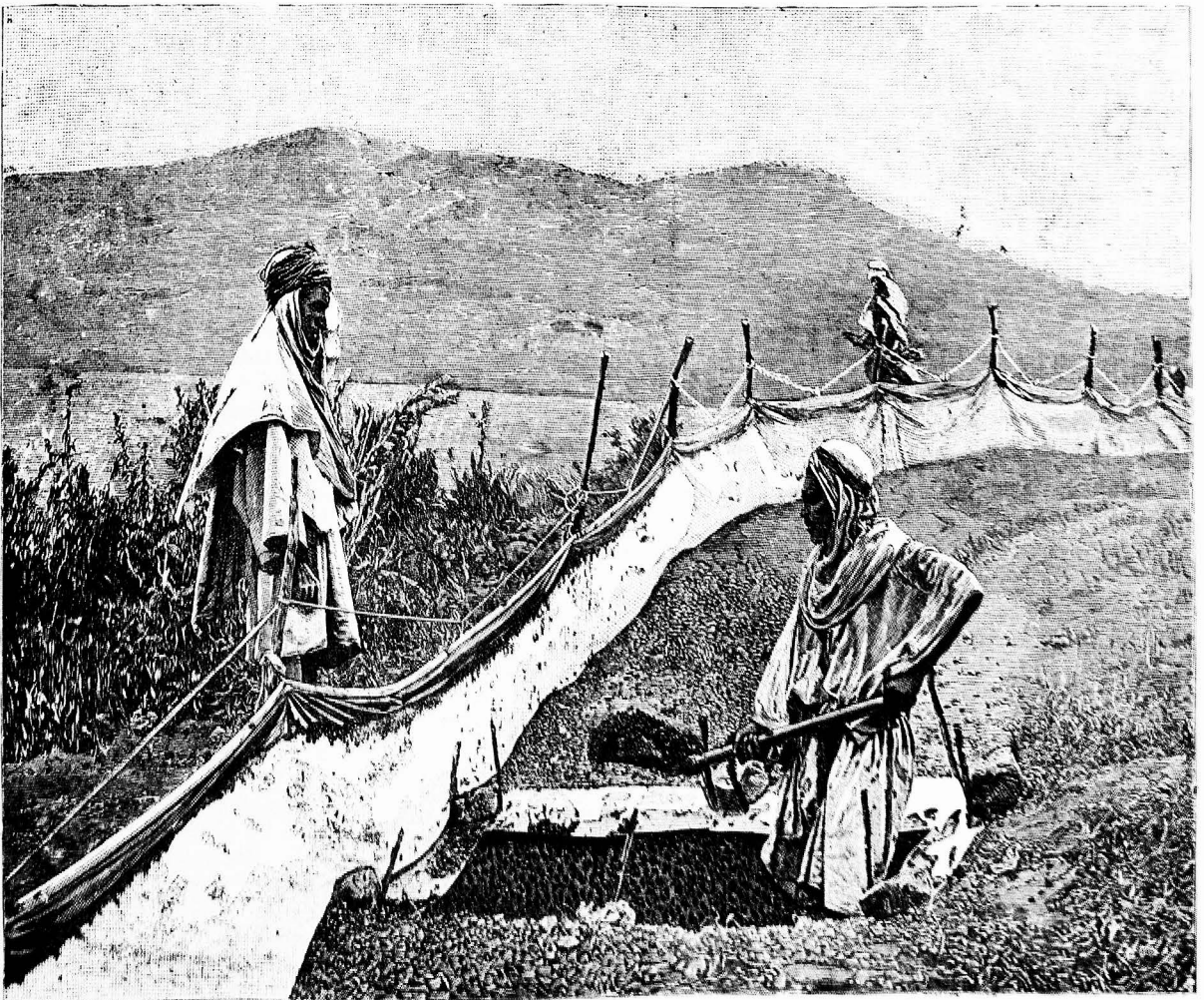
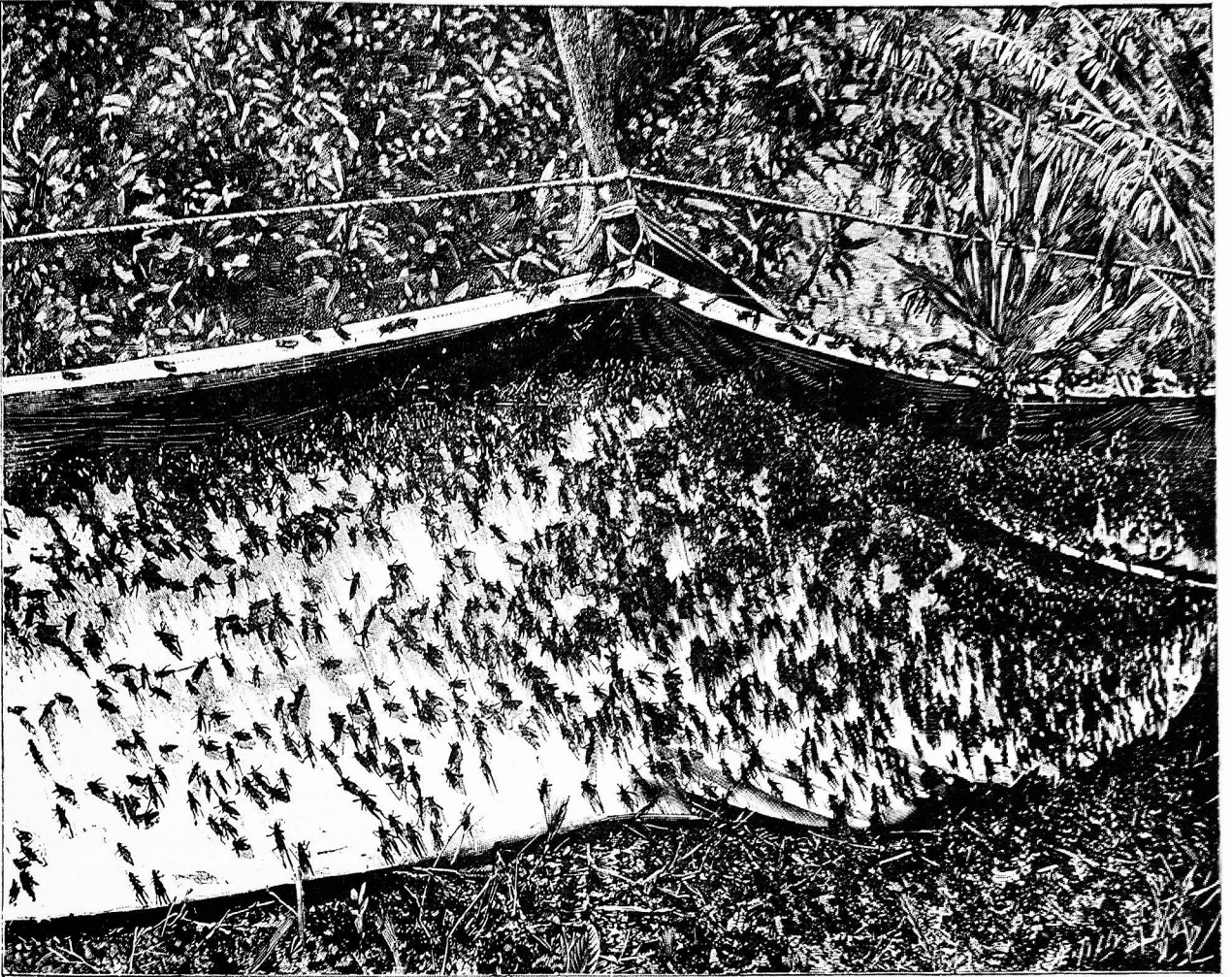
CROWQUILL.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VII.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Crossing the Columbia River at Fort Steele. 2. Cranbrooke, Col. James Baker's residence, destroyed by fire January, 1889. 3. Fields and Mountains, near Cranbrooke.



GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

1. The barrier set up to stop the march of the insects. 2. Arabs emptying one of the pits into which the grasshoppers were gathered.

From *L'Illustration*.



"The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.G.S.Q., in Eastern Latitudes," to which reference has already been made in our columns, will be welcomed by the large circle of Mr. LeMoine's grateful admirers. It is a worthy addition to his valuable series of works on the annals, traditions, scenery and natural history of our own land. The task which Mr. LeMoine undertook in the prime of his years was one for which he was peculiarly fitted by knowledge, tastes, sympathies and associations. What that task was he tells us himself very simply and modestly in the introduction to the present volume. "Thirty years ago," he writes, "in accordance with a plan conceived at a gathering of friends, I undertook what then was to me, and what has been ever since, a labour of love: placing in a light form, before a candid public, the brightest, as well as the darkest, pages in Canadian annals, with their various accompaniments. Thus originated the four series of volumes known under the emblematic title of 'Maple Leaves.' The favour with which my first effusions were received led me to delve deeper in the mine of Canadian history—musty old letters, illegible manuscripts accumulated on my library shelves. There, indeed, I found ample occupation for many long but pleasant winter evenings, forgetting the hours whilst the northern blast was howling amidst my leafless oaks and old pines. Indulgent readers have followed me through the unfrequented paths of Canadian history, archaeology, legends, varied by short sketches on Canadian scenery, flowers, birds, fishes, etc. I now lay before them, with all its shortcomings, a familiar itinerary of travel by sea and land, covering a score of years, over the most picturesque portion of the province, to complete the chain of works originally projected. May it meet with the same cordial support extended to its predecessors."

We have no hesitation in saying that it will. Whatever Mr. LeMoine chooses to give us from his rich store of knowledge, whether gathered from books or manuscripts or personal experience, is sure to be accepted thankfully.

It is only in a portion of the book that the antiquary of Spencer Grange masquerades in the garb of whimsical, irritable, kindly old Monkbarns—a tribute of reverence to an author from whom he caught a share of his own inspiration, and to whom he was early drawn no less by his Scottish blood than by similarity of tastes—for once we are fairly on the road our familiar mentor of the "Maple Leaves" is himself again, though later on he dons his domino. He takes us by easy stages from point to point of interest from Quebec to Montmorenci, to Jacques Cartier, to Portneuf, to Deschambault, to Megantic, through Beauce, to the Magdalen Islands, to Lake St. John. This is not, indeed, the whole itinerary, but it will suffice to indicate the amplitude of choice that Mr. LeMoine has placed at our disposal. We are at liberty, moreover, to make our starting point where we please, and we may be sure that, whatever place we select, our guide will provide us with pleasant travelling companions. For our own part, we would be quite satisfied to be accompanied by himself alone. But "the more the merrier," and certainly there is ample variety to select from. Here we meet with Guillaume Couture, first settler in Point Lévis, with sturdy LeMoine and his valiant sons, with Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, with the Premier Seigneur of New France, Surgeon Robert Giffard, with the "brave old Lord de Frontenac," with de Vaudreuil and de la Galissonnière, noble mind in puny frame, with that zealous naturalist, the friend of Linnaeus, Swedish Kalm, with that genial prince, the Duke of Kent, memories of whom still linger in stately old Canadian homes, with governors and intendants, ecclesiastics and laymen, men of war and men of peace, men of science and men of letters, with grandes dames and chivalrous gentlemen of a past régime, with the tourist, the sportsman, the journalist, and last but not least important of these *dramatis personæ*, with the habitant, clad in *housse du pays*, pious, contented and courteous, and as yet unsophisticated through intercourse with the *Canadien errant*—not Gerin-Lajoie's patriotic exile, but a later and less romantic type.

Apart from its wealth of historical and antiquarian lore, the volume will be found a trustworthy guide-book to some of the most interesting localities on the Lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries. Sportsmen—anglers especially—will find much to satisfy them. The chapter on "Our Salmon and Salmon-Trout Rivers" is a medley of solid facts and pleasant gossip—the former taken mostly from the author's little treatise, "*Les Pêcheries du Canada*," first published in 1863. Some of the personal adventures described are quite recent. The ascent to the Falls of Mistassini, for instance, was made on the 17th of May last. In the *Cruise of the Hirondelle* (1886), Mr. LeMoine once more dons his disguise, but there Jonathan Oldbuck is not the only masquerader.

We had marked several passages for reproduction, but must take another opportunity of placing them before our readers. Meanwhile, we would advise them to add these "Explorations" to their libraries. Mr. LeMoine dedicates the volume to Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., of New York, who is soon, we learn, to return for permanent residence to the vicinity of his native Quebec. His portrait, in the costume of the Oritanis, with which our readers are familiar, is one of the attractions of the book. (Quebec: L. J. Demers et Frère.)

Among the Canadian poets represented in Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" is the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, of New York. Like many of our singers, Mr. Eaton is a native of the Maritime Provinces, and the title of the tasteful little volume, just published by Messrs. White and Allen, of New York and London, shows that, in crossing the border, he has not forgotten the land of his birth. "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" will not lack the praise that is due to poetic gift well used. In the first of his sonnets, Mr. Eaton reveals his consciousness of that high gift and of the purpose for which it was given:—

O restless poet-soul that know'st no bounds,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
For thee earth has no common sights or sounds.

With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears:
"Be satisfied," they cry, "with what we teach";
Then laugh and say: "What is it that he hears?"
Song is but song, truth loves steadfast forms of speech."

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
Like one who pipes sweet songs on simple reeds;
And thou art dead to all their frets and fears.

Sing then thy strains, however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

In the following sonnet the author records his first clear apprehension of the manifold significance of another gift, innate like its companion, but, like it, needing development:

Love, love, sweet love, what gift is thine to show
The longing soul life's inmost depths, what power
To make the hidden currents seen that flow
From root to root, from stem to leaf and flower.

O, I am now more human with my kind,
More reverent; no longer in the sod,
The home of souls, man's final rest I find,
For my dim eyes behold his source, the God.

Of whom no sage on earth, no saint above
Can say a greater thing than He is love.

In "Deepening the Channel," Mr. Eaton couples with love another teacher:

We fret and foam, as if our surface tide
Was fathoms deep and never knew the truth,
Till love or sorrow through the water ride,
And grate its keel upon the sands of youth.

Like Mr. Scott, Mr. Eaton evidently counts himself in the constantly increasing "prophetarum laudabilis numerus" of the Broad Church, with, however, a distinct upward tendency. To this twofold catholicity the sonnets "A Dream of Christ," "If Christ were here," and "The Virgin's Shrine" bear witness. The sonnet to "Matthew Arnold" does justice alike to philosopher and to poet.

But, our readers may ask, where are the "Acadian Legends and Lyrics?" Well, they are not far off. We began with the sonnets to show that Mr. Eaton does not base his claim to the name of poet on mere appeals to our patriotic sympathies. Many of the lyrics, indeed, bear the same unmistakable mark of election, the same thoughtfulness, the same "obstinate questionings," the same conviction that, though any "cheap philosophy" of complacent optimism will satisfy no earnest truth-seeker, still "the true God is not dead," and it is still permissible to "hope for the best and pray and pray." There are many of these "Lyrics" that we would gladly quote for their thought, their sentiment and their music. Just now, however, we have room for one piece only, and we select

NOT IN VAIN.

No matter how relentlessly
The storm sweeps o'er the night,
Life is not lived in vain if we
Put anchor to the right.
Life is not lived in vain, although
Our fairest hopes decay,
And ere we die the lichens grow
Over their ruins gray.

Life is not lived in vain if we,
Amidst the winter gloom,
May clothe one barren, leafless tree
With fragrant summer bloom.
If we may call the stars again
Into some darkened sky,
It cannot be that life is vain
Although its dreams go by.

For He whose life was most divine
Had only this success:
To cause a few hope-rays to shine
Amidst earth's hopelessness.

In addition to the two fine poems in Mr. Lighthall's collection, "L'Île Sainte Croix" and "The Resettlement of Acadia," the "Legends" comprise eight pieces bearing on pre-European times, on the French régime and on the modern period. Some of these we hope to give in full in a later issue. Meanwhile our readers, to whom we cordially recommend the book, must be satisfied with a few stanzas from "L'Ordre de Bon Temps":

And as the old French clock rang out,
With echoes musical,
Twelve silvery strokes, the hour of noon,
Through the pine-scented hall,

The Master of the Order came
To serve each hungry guest,
A napkin o'er his shoulder thrown,
And, flashing on his breast,

A collar decked with diamonds,
Fair pearls, turquoises blue;
While close behind, in warrior dress,
Walked old Chief Memberton.

Then wine went round and friends were pledged,
With gracious courtesy,
And ne'er was heard one longing word
For France beyond the sea.

O days of bold adventure past,
O gay adventurous men,
Your "Order of Good Time," I think,
Shall ne'er be seen again.



APPLE PRESERVES.—Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of apples, add a sliced lemon, put the apples in and boil until tender; place in a jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

A SEASONABLE RECEIPT.—Those living in a locality in which mosquitoes are troublesome may make a trial of the following receipt for expelling these pests from the house:—Take a piece of gum camphor, in size about the third of a hen's egg, and slowly evaporate it by holding it in a shovel or tin vessel over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and it is said that they will not return even though the windows should be left open all night.

FRUIT EATING AND HEALTH.—In cases where a tendency to constipation and torpid digestive action exists, the value of fruit cannot be over-estimated. If persons of such a habit of body would try the plan of eating fruit to breakfast in place of taking the time-honoured but (for them) absurd meal of tea or coffee, bacon and egg, and so forth, and of adding cooked fruit to dinner as a "sweet," we should hear less of the digestive troubles which render many lives miserable. This, indeed, seems to me a dietetic use of fruit which excels in value all its other virtues. The substitution of fruits—apples, oranges, prunes, and so forth—for much of the food usually eaten by persons suffering from digestive torpor, would work a wonderful and satisfying change in respect to their health, and save much useless and pernicious drugging by aperients, which only increase the mischief they are erroneously supposed and trusted to cure. —Health.

All good housekeepers are now busy getting ready for the coming of our long winter, which taxes the ingenuity of the Canadian housewife to provide enough delicacies for her family without having to resort to the tin-canned fruit from the grocery. The old-fashioned way of making preserves pound to pound is fast disappearing, for who does not prefer the delicious bottled fruit? Of course a certain stock of the former must be kept on hand, as it is useful for tarts, sandwiches, etc. When buying your fruit for bottling see that it is of the best quality, and do not be tempted to take any other. Have your jars all ready: rinse them carefully, so as to remove any musty taste that may be in them. The following way of bottling, which no doubt some of our readers will try, is taken from "Good Housekeeping": Fill your jars up to the brim with the fruit, putting in the sugar at intervals, then place an iron kettle over the fire, filling it with warm water (using warm water simply to expedite matters); place the jars in a steamer, set it over the kettle, and let them steam for about twenty minutes. Test them with a broom splint, and, if found soft and the sugar melted, they are done. Steam a small quantity of fruit and sugar in a bowl at the same time and out of it fill up the jars, as there is always a certain amount of shrinking of the fruit in cooking. When each jar is brim full, put a silver fork in around the edges to let out all the little air bubbles. Next cut a round out of white sheet wadding to exactly fit the top of the jar, then the rubber, the usual glass cover and screw the whole down quickly when as hot as possible. The sweetening has nothing to do with the keeping of the fruit; it is the cooking and sealing up with the cotton wadding through which germs of fermentations cannot pass that does that. Too much sugar spoils the fresh flavour of the fruit. For the sweeter fruits three quarters of a tea cup of granulated sugar for a pint jar (or less if you like), but currants, plums and strawberries take fully that or a cupful. Each one has her own way of bottling, but this above seems worthy of a trial. A word in favour of doing peaches whole: they not only look pretty and dainty on the table, but the rich flavour of the stone is quite perceptible.

THE SPEAKING JAW.

The earliest men of whom we have any certain knowledge, the palæolithic men, as they are styled, are distinguished by scientific investigators, as is well known, into two distinct races, belonging to widely different epochs. Prof. Boyd Dawkins styles the earlier race the "river-drift men," and the later the "cave-men." The river-drift men were, in his view, hunters and savages of the lowest grade. In his opinion, this race is now "as completely extinct as the woolly rhinoceros or the cave-bear." We have, he considers, no clew to its ethnology; and its relation to the race that succeeded it is doubtful. The cave-men were of much higher order, and were especially remarkable for their artistic talents. Prof. de Quatrefages distinguishes the types of the two races as the "man of Canstadt" and the "man of Cro-Magnon,"—terms derived from places where crania belonging to these races have been found. Prof. A. de Mortillet knows the earlier race as the "Chellean man" or the "man of Neanderthal," and the later as the "Magdalenian man,"—designations also derived from localities where their remains or their implements have been discovered. An under-jaw of an individual of this race, the celebrated "jawbone of La Naulette," affords what Prof. de Mortillet considers decisive evidence that its possessor had not the faculty of speech. This evidence is thus stated by him: "In the middle of the inner curve of the jaw, in place of a little excrescence called the 'genial tubercle' there is a hollow, as with monkeys. Speech or articulate language," he continues, "is produced by movements of the tongue in certain ways. These movements are effected mainly by the action of the muscle inserted in the genial tubercle. The existence of this tubercle is therefore essential to the possession of language. Animals which have not the power of speech do not possess the genial tubercle. If, then, this tubercle is lacking in the Naulette jawbone, it is because the man of Neanderthal, the 'Chellean man,' was incapable of articulate speech."

—Horatio Hale.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A fresh soft wind the meadows blowing over,
Brings tidings from the distant village bells;
And where the road leads through the purple clover,
The people follow as the summons swells.

The rural people from quaint homesteads lonely,
And from the hamlets by the river side;
Simple of heart and life, and eager only
For comfort, which the shallow codes deride.

The bright-haired children, and the old man hoary,
The matron mark'd by care and household toil,
And ardent youth, just learning Life's sweet story,
With sunny eyes that fear not Time's despoil.

And of the harvest hither comes the sower,
Who watches, as he walks, the summer skies;
Foretells the wind, and prophesies the shower,
And dreads the hungry crow that past him flies.

Not theirs the cavil, or weak speculation,
Which is *not* thought, although it tramples faith
Beneath the godless dust of drear Formation,
And claims for Nature what she nowhere saith.

Wiser these hearts which, in a world of sorrow,
Their joys and blessings humbly count and scan;
Trusting their hopes to that unknown to-morrow,
Where each a part shall fill in one vast plan.

The story of the Cross is still unshaken;
Because its fullness satisfies their need;
Rather would they *with Jesus be mistaken*,
Were Fate so dark, than own the scoffer's creed.

Around their quiet homes the orchards flower,
The scented thorn o'erhangs the swinging gate;
And, all unconscious of his joyful dower,
Sweet-throated robin cheers his happy mate.

And in the twilight peace the neighbours cluster
Around some open hospitable door;
A weekly respite is the evening muster,
A fellowship that soothes care's daily store.

Down from the green hill-pastures in the gloaming,
The small streams hasten musical and fleet,
(Unheard through busy day their voices roaming)
And over all the Sabbath rest falls sweet.

Montreal,

A. C. JENNINGS.



Christine Nilsson has recently paid \$10,000 in Paris for a painting of the Madonna.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the organ virtuoso, has sailed for Europe, and will give a series of recitals in Paris.

At the *bal des artistes* at the opera house in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt appeared as the conductor of an orchestra of 120 musicians.

Hanslick, the great critic, declares Brahms' third violin Sonata, in D minor, to be the best and most beautiful work yet produced by the master in the line of chamber music.

Mrs. Ole Bull has had a fine music room constructed in her new house in Boston. The room is lined with teak and its acoustic properties are said to be something extraordinary.

Arthur Friedheim, the world famous pianist, orchestral conductor and Liszt interpreter, has been engaged by Manager Wolfsohn for a tour in the United States and Canada, beginning next autumn.

Hans von Bulow recently arrived in Germany and expressed himself as highly pleased with the American public, who received him with such open arms, and lavishly gave him so much of their money.

Adolf Ruthardt, the composer and pianist, has recently written a symphony and a piano concerto, besides a septette, which has been played in Berlin with excellent success. Ruthardt is one of the best modern German composers.

Baron Alberto Franchetti, who composes operas, expends immense sums on their production. His work "Asrael" was rehearsed for a month previous to its performance in Florence, 700 people being engaged. The *mise en scène* was estimated as costing \$400,000.

Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has refused \$10,000 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin, but \$12,500 has now been offered on behalf of an American, and the matter is under consideration. The "Alard" formerly belonged to J. B. Vuillaume, the expert, who gave it to his son-in-law, M. Delphin Alard, violin professor at the Paris conservatoire, who sold it to Mr. Laurie. It is dated 1715, and the only alteration since made is a slight lengthening of the neck.

Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, was recently thrown into prison for four days by the Russian authorities, on attempting to leave Russia for Germany, and having no permit from the Russian Government to leave the country. In vain Friedheim implored them to let him go, said he was Friedheim, the pianist, and that his passport was delayed and he was obliged to go on; but they would hear nothing or take no explanation, and consequently Friedheim was cast into prison. Finally he persuaded them to allow him to play, and accordingly was marched through the streets, guarded by two soldiers, for a distance of two miles, to play before the head officials, and after playing part of a Liszt rhapsodie, as only he can play it, was given permission to go on his journey, much to his delight, yet declaring he will never return to the country again.

Mrs. Hauty Godard, who left St. John some time ago to study for the stage in New York, has returned to the city, and is one of the Lansdowne Theatre company, under Mr. McDowell's management. Progress learns from those who should know that she has made good use of the time spent in New York, and will do credit to the company. It is said that it was the intention of the manager to give Mrs. Godard considerable prominence in her native city, but the Micawber Club objected strenuously. The person or persons who compose that unique organization had not not seen Mrs. Godard on the stage, and judging her present performances from her past amateur trials in St. John, were not sufficiently prepossessed in her favour to allow her to be "starred." In consequence the notices in the press, inspired or compiled by the Micawber Club, have not given Mrs. Godard any prominence. She does not even appear on the house bill under her own name. It is asserted by one daily that Miss Mary Hampton is the St. John lady, by another that Miss Alice Greames is the St. John amateur. Then the special organ of the club denies that Miss Mary Hampton is a St. John lady, but that she has been on the regular stage for several seasons. All of which is very mysterious and quite amusing. Manager McDowell will find before he is very far along in his season that the less the Micawber club has to say about his part of the show, the greater will his chances of success be.—*St. John, N.B., Progress.*

The Chinese servant wished to draw a distinction between the servant and the friend. He had a Chinese present for his mistress, but he did not propose that it should be tendered in any impolite way. It was dinner time, and they had gone into the dining-room. The Chinaman was not there. They called him, but there was no sign. Just then the door-bell rang and one of the family had to go to the door. When the door was opened there stood the Chinaman with a package, which he handed with a polite bow. "For misses; a molly Christmas!" Then he disappeared, and before they could quite understand the affair he had gone through the garden and was in the dining-room ready to wait at table.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU.
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing-Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

HUMOUROUS.

"Did you bring a field-glass with you?" "Never thought of that; but we can drink out of the flask."

Mr. Jonathan Trump: "What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going into the conservatory with Dolly Flicker, as pale as a ghost." Miss Penelope Peachbloss: "Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."

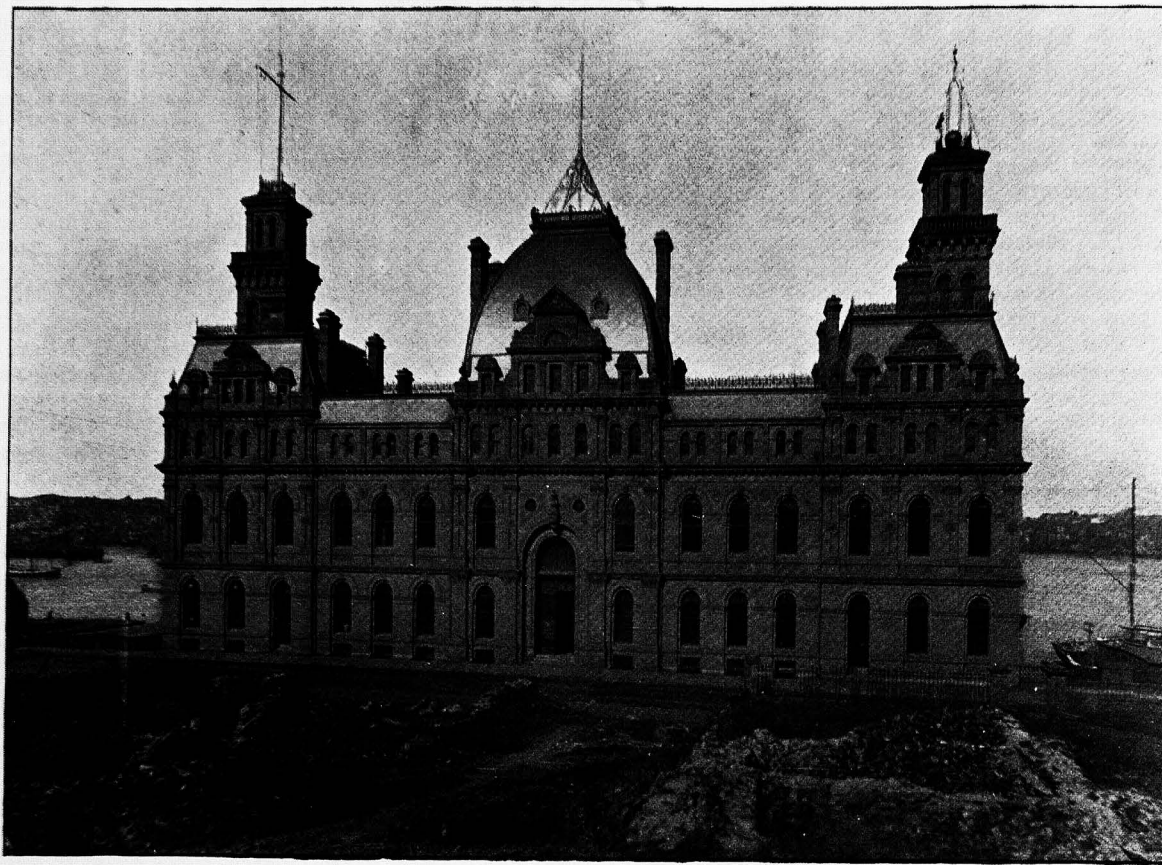
"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at the school for being good?" "No, 'm," said Tommy. "Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper. "Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

First boy: "Barnum has secured a wonderful freak." Second boy: "What is it?" "It is a man who can address a Sunday-school without beginning his speech, 'When I was a little boy.'" "I don't believe there is such a man. He is a fraud."

Mrs. Culture: "Well, my dear, did you meet Mr. Greathhead, the eminent scientist and philosopher, whose vast stores of knowledge and mental acumen are the wonder of even this mighty age?" Daughter: "Yes, ma." "Oh, I'm so glad. Sit right down and tell me all he said." "All he said was, 'It's a very wet day.'"

Government clerk (to friend): "I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence." Friend: "I've done that myself. What's the matter?" G. C.: "Matter? Great Scott! I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health and the chief has my certificate of good health."

"An amusing story," writes a London correspondent of the Leeds (England) *Mercury*, "is going about as to how a very young gentleman received by mistake an invitation to a royal dinner party. He was astonished at the 'command,' but did not jump to the conclusion that it might have been intended for his more mature and more sporting namesake. On reaching the house the royal host, while not in the least recognizing his beardless guest, received him on the strength of his name with the utmost urbanity, and it was only when, after waiting a while for the real 'Simon pure,' that his Royal Highness guessed what had occurred, and that the card of invitation had been left by his enquiry at the wrong address. He was, consequently, all the more careful not to allow his young guest to arrive at a similar solution, and, therefore, paid him every attention, and allowed him to leave without once hinting at the mistake which had been made."



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Stoerger, photo.

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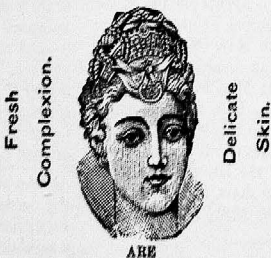
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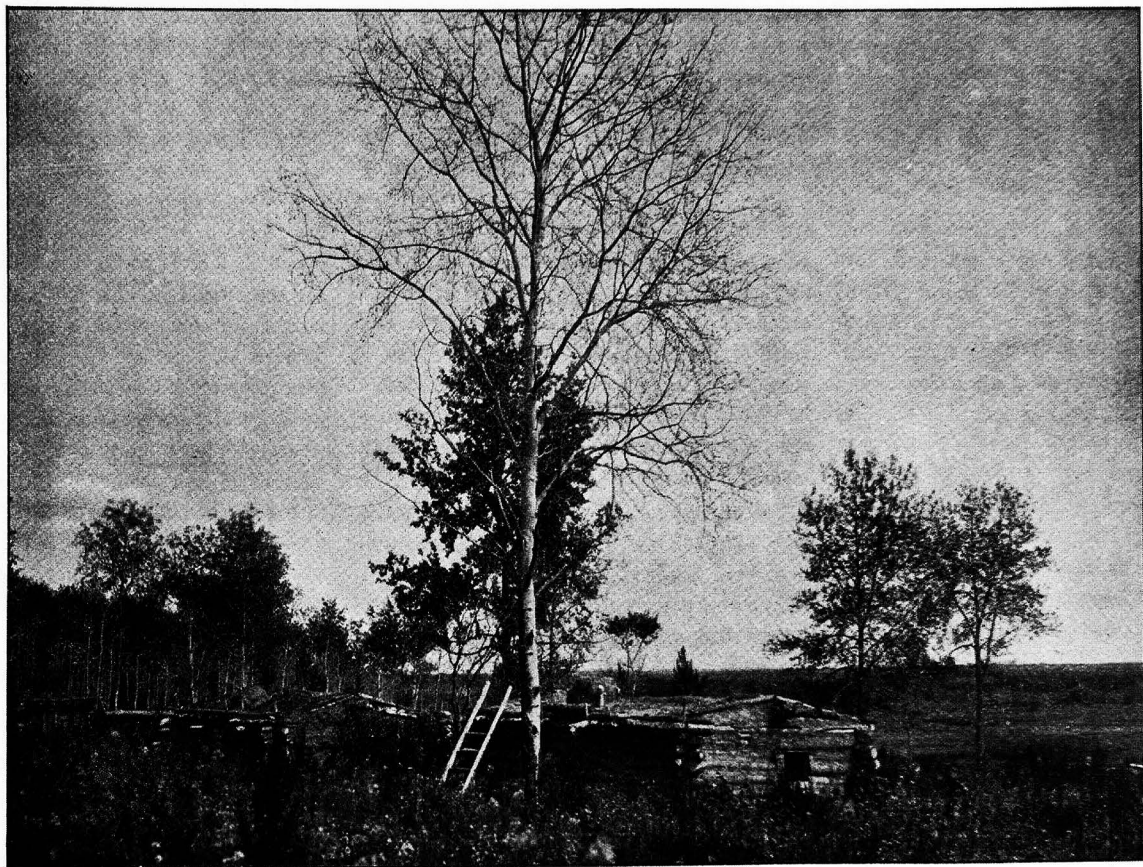
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(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 58.

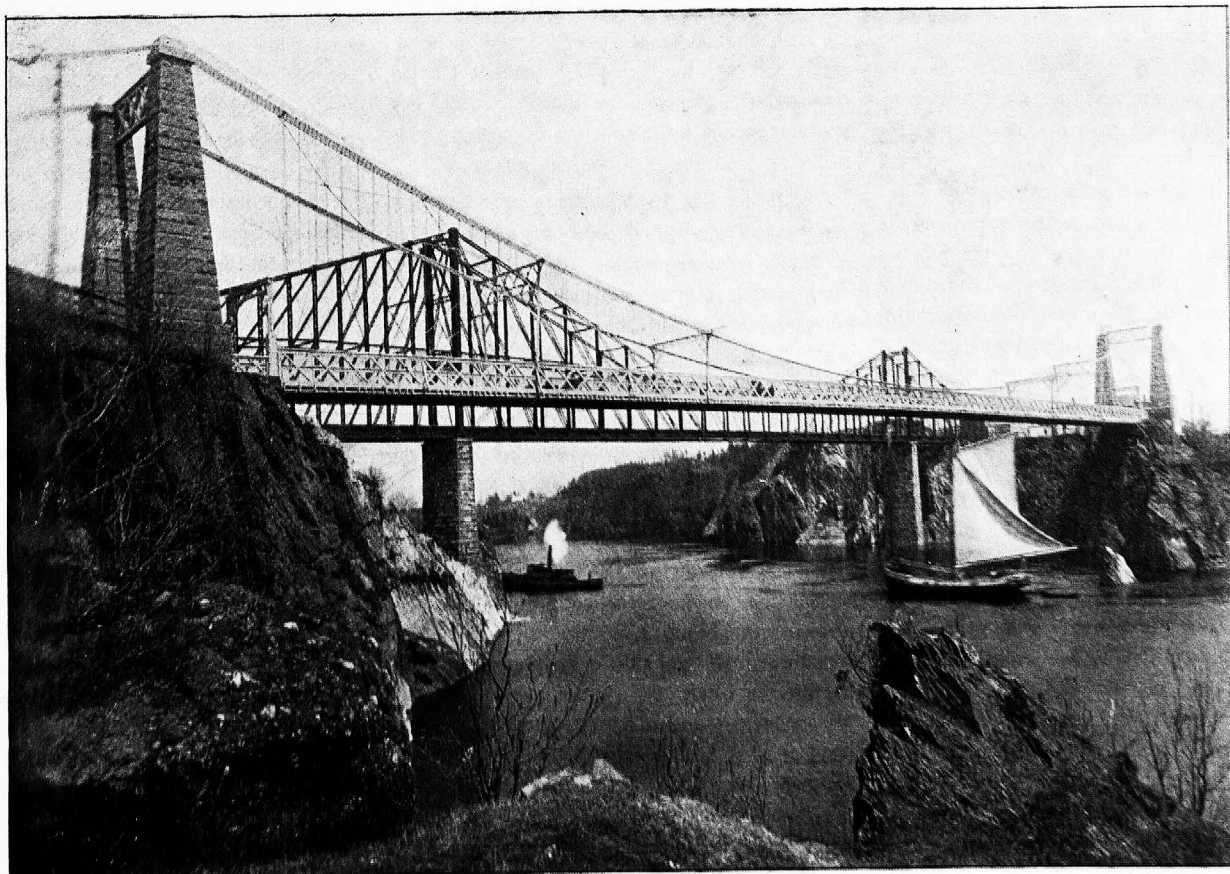
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OLD INDIAN HOUSES, NEAR VALLEY RIVER.

From a photo by J. B. Tyrrell, Esq., of the Geological Survey.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Stoerger, photo.

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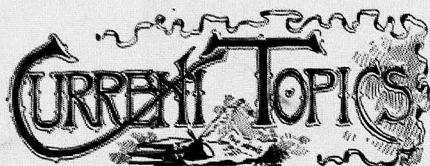
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10th AUGUST, 1889.



The warnings of the *Vancouver World*, to which we called attention some time ago, have unhappily proved only too well founded. To us here in the East, with a thousand leagues of plain and mountain dividing us from the scene of conflict, the seizure of a Columbian sealing vessel may be of correspondingly remote interest. But to our compatriots of the Pacific Coast it is a matter of vital concern. The tone of our contemporary, in referring to former surprises, reveals a passionate indignation of which it is our duty to try to appreciate the motive. "Here," wrote the *World*, "Canadian vessels have been seized, their crews imprisoned, their cargoes confiscated and sold, even life has been sacrificed, when these vessels and men have been quietly pursuing their legitimate avocations on the high seas, from thirty to one hundred miles from land! And what satisfaction has this country or the insulted British nation received? A question or two has been put to the Home Government in Parliament, and the reply made that nothing has been done; a similar farce has been acted in the Parliament of our own country, and there the matter has rested for years."

Still more pointed are our contemporary's reflections on the text that "circumstances alter cases." It is not the first time the following reproach has been cast at our rulers beyond the seas, and, what is more to be deplored, it was not destined to be the last occasion on which it was justified. "We are safe in saying," continued the *World*, "that if the vessels seized, the fisheries robbed and the property pillaged had hailed from British seaports, the life of the British Government that would not have secured satisfaction on the instant would not have been worth twenty-four hours' purchase. All England would have been aroused, and the fleet and army of England would have been prepared for immediate action. Are these citizens of the Empire who may be plundered with impunity? Does the British flag float over a British population for whom there is no protection against foreign aggression?"

Not long after these words were written, the steamer *Dora*, from Behring Sea, brought the news of the capture of the British sealer *Black Diamond* by the United States revenue cutter *Richard Rush*. In a telegram to the Government at Washington Capt. Shepard, of the cutter, said that he had seized the *Black Diamond* for violation of section 1956 of the Revised Statutes, which had been incorporated in the President's proclamation of March 21 on the subject of the seal fisheries. It forbids the killing by unauthorized

persons of seal and other fur-bearing animals within the limits of Alaska or in the waters thereof, the penalty provided being a fine of from \$200 to \$1,000, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, or both, with forfeiture of the offending craft.

Another vessel, the *Triumph*, which was seized about the same time, had been released, no seal-skins having been found aboard of her. As this vessel is said to have been seized and searched in waters beyond what England recognizes as American jurisdiction, the consequence may be serious. The fact that the *Black Diamond* escaped and got safe to Victoria, B.C., makes no difference as to the principle involved in this clear violation of international law. The alleged explanations of Mr. Blaine and his colleagues are not at all satisfactory. If an understanding exists with Great Britain by which the latter power permits such capture and search really exists, it ought to be duly proclaimed to all commanders of vessels, so that they might be on their guard against infringing the international law or convention. The whole question ought, in fine, to be cleared of the obscurity which has led to so many complications, and is likely to cause grave trouble, if it be not removed without delay.

Concurrently with the little breeze in the Pacific (as it will, doubtless, be considered at London) we have Lord Salisbury's annual assurance that the Empire is at peace with all the world. The sky of Europe had, indeed, been overcast. Ominous rumblings had been heard in the vicinity of St. Petersburg and in the Balkan peninsula. Dr. Peters had been assuming a lofty, and even menacing, tone at Zanzibar, charging England with envious interruptions to the German Emin Pasha Expedition. Farther north, on the same continent, the Dervishes had been threatening the Egyptian frontier. Crete had been once more in a state of partial insurrection. In India the judgment of the new Governor-General and his counsellors had been tested in various ways, while, nearer home, the Irish question was still unsolved, and the Royal grants had been the theme of a somewhat sharp controversy. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister saw no ground for alarms or disquietude with regard to either foreign or domestic affairs.

One decision of Lord Salisbury's caused some surprise in Canada, and not a little dissatisfaction in certain influential circles. It may be recalled that, at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute, Sir Charles Tupper, deeming it advisable that the Imperial Federation League should justify its name by some policy more practical and explicit than that which had hitherto characterized the movement, suggested that a Colonial Convention should be organized to consider what steps would best promote the objects which the members had at heart. The League showed appreciation of the proposal by putting Sir Charles on its executive council, and the council elected him a member of the executive committee. He had then a controlling voice in the direction of affairs. One of the first results of his appointment was the consultation of the Government as to summoning the Convention. Lord Salisbury, however, shrank from assuming any responsibility in such a connection. He feared lest, if the cabinet gave its sanction and name to the undertaking, its action would be misunderstood. It might naturally be inferred that the Premier and his colleagues considered it possible to make the

relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies closer, and their identity of interests more marked than was actually the case. As the Government really had no recommendations in that sense to offer, Lord Salisbury deemed it more prudent to keep aloof from the Convention. As this is virtually a disapproval of the project, the Federationists are displeased, and Lord Rosebery has believed it his duty, as President, to ask the Premier to reconsider his decision.

At the banquet (as on previous occasions) Lord Rosebery showed a reluctance to anything like urgency on the part of the League in entering into details as to its future action. He thought it better not to disturb the public mind, either at home or in the Colonies, with cut-and-dried schemes, but to let the idea of Imperial unity pervade the population of the Empire until any thought of disintegration would be unwelcome through its length and breadth. When that stage had been reached, the Colonies would be disposed, without forcing, to take measures to secure a more intimate union between all parts of the Empire, whereas any premature attempt to change conditions actually existing would be sure to excite alarm and to have results just the contrary of those aimed at. The interests of communities widely separated from each other and from the parent State are naturally diverse, and, in some cases, conflicting. To devise a plan by which all these interests could be reconciled and protected, while at the same time the general interests of the whole Empire would be strengthened and its unity assured, is a task of the utmost delicacy and not to be approached without the greatest deliberation.

The controversy on the Jesuits' Estates Act, which has been agitating the public mind for months past, reached an important stage on the 2nd inst., when a number of deputations from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and other points, waited upon His Excellency the Governor-General at the Citadel, Quebec, and presented petitions praying that the Act be disallowed. Lord Stanley received the memorialists with characteristic courtesy, but explained that it was impossible to alter the decision at which the Government had already arrived. As for himself, he was obliged to abide by the counsel of his responsible ministers. In the present instance, he had, moreover, the additional guidance of considerable experience as Secretary of the Treasury, similar moral claims having been repeatedly recognized in cases where there was no attempt to insist on legal rights. As to the Society of Jesus, he did not think that in this country and century its members had been shown to be less observant of the law than other citizens. If he disagreed with his ministers his course would be clear. He had, indeed, been asked to dissolve the House of Commons; but that was a remedy that should be acted upon only in the last resort, and he could not believe that it was justified in existing circumstances. His Excellency regretted that he had to return a negative answer to the petitions presented to him. He could hold out no hope of the disallowance of the measure. The delegates subsequently met in the St. Louis Hotel and passed a resolution expressing regret at the failure of their mission and a determination to continue and extend the agitation against the obnoxious Act.

The change in the French electoral law makes it impossible for General Boulanger to persist in his policy of plebiscites. He must now stand as a

candidate in only a single constituency, and must explicitly make known to the authorities in what constituency he desires to stand. Heavy penalties are denounced against the use of placards or the distribution of circulars in any circumscription for which one is not a legal candidate, and those who print, carry, or otherwise aid in disseminating such illegal documents, may also be punished. The only way in which the Boulangists can work against the Government now is by joining the Bonapartists and Loyalists, to make a strong Opposition and to complete their organization for a spirited fight at the polls on the basis of man against man. Till his trial is concluded and he is acquitted of the charges that hang over his head, General Boulanger can derive no personal advantage from the success of his followers save the satisfaction of beating the Opportunists. At present the chances of victory seem to be on the side of the latter, who have shown considerable vigour during the last six months.

The *Canadian Manufacturer* directs the attention of our agriculturists to the raising of flax, for which it urges that the soil of many parts of the Dominion is as well adapted as those European countries in which it has proved a success. Mr. Snellgrove, of Manitoba, is going in for hop-growing on a considerable scale and with apparently excellent prospects. A Prince Edward Island farming paper advises more attention to horse-breeding for the British market, and especially for the army. The same subject is discussed at some length in the last report of the Minister of Agriculture, where the opinion of a British expert is given some prominence. A New Brunswick report of a few years ago went carefully into the whole question, showing the good points of our Canadian horses and how they might be still further improved. In this province and Ontario a good deal has already been done for the betterment of the breeds. In British Columbia, as we pointed out some time ago, the beet sugar industry has received an impulse, and the results of the experiments, now being conducted, will be awaited with interest. Meanwhile, the Société d'Industrie Laitière of this province does not allow the enterprise of our farmers in that staple to flag. On the whole, the industrial movement among our rural population is keeping up well.

ANNEXATION.

Every now and then during the last thirty years or so an attempt has been made to make annexation to the United States a question of practical politics in Canada. It has generally originated in the ranks of the Opposition for the time being; but its avowed promoters have always been too few to form a party. For years after the Union of 1841 any tendency of the kind was looked upon with suspicion by the authorities. Certain Americans had played a part in the Rebellion of 1837-38, and appeals to the United States naturally came to be regarded as evidence of disloyalty. Besides, there was an understanding between the parties which then divided public opinion that the new settlement, with its accompanying boon of responsible government, should have a fair trial. The first exhibition of annexation sentiment made its appearance in an unexpected quarter, and under singular circumstances. Canada afforded the unwonted spectacle of a British Governor risking his life in defence of constitutional principles and popular rights, while a section of the people

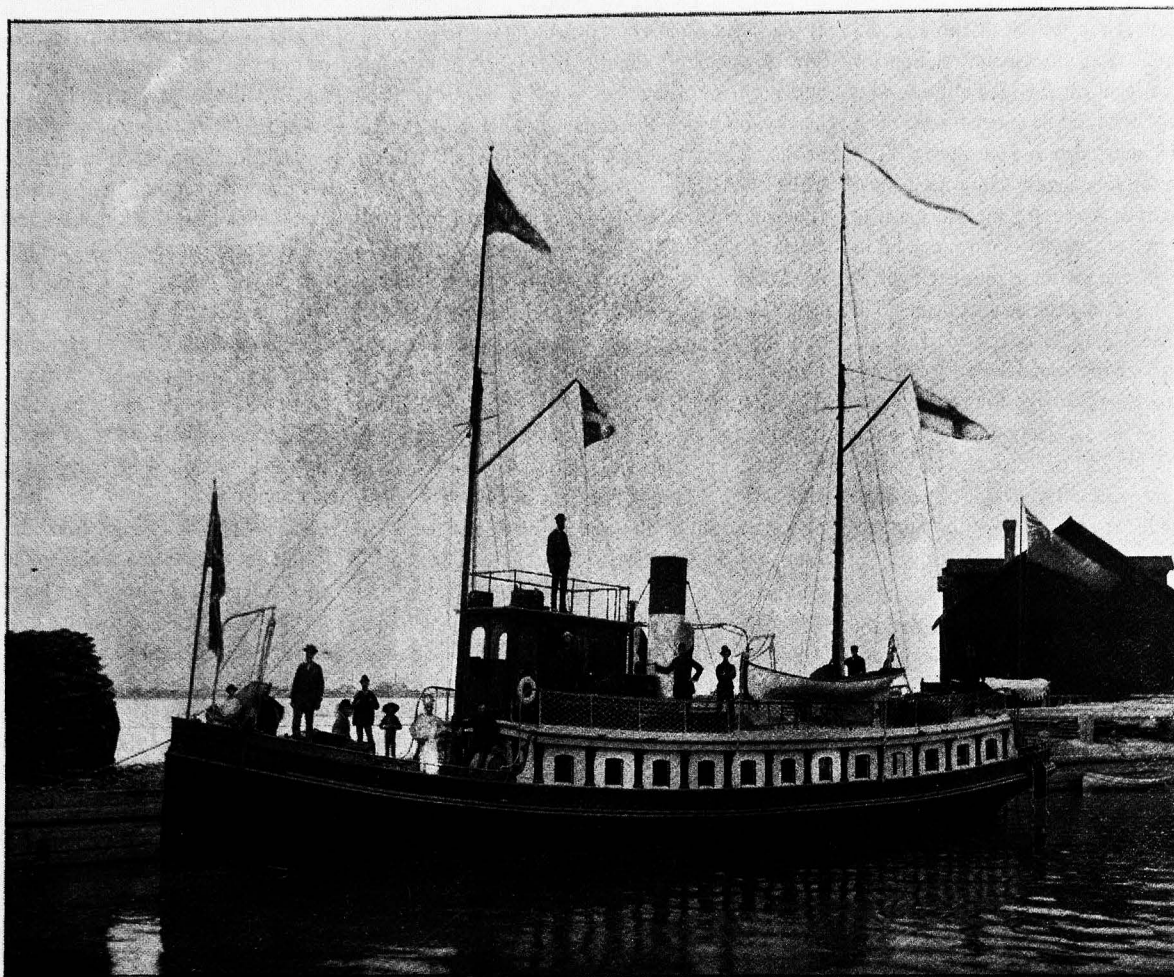
thirsted for his blood. The secessionists of '49 lived to be ashamed of their impetuosity, and to do justice to Lord Elgin's foresight and firmness. It was Lord Elgin's tact that made the Reciprocity Treaty a reality. Shortly after it was concluded, our neighbours entered upon a stage in their history, on which the curtain did not fall till much of the nation's best blood had been shed. Meanwhile the British-American Provinces had also reached a new starting-point in their career. A *temps de malaise* was surely approaching a goal of deadlock. But the remedy proposed was not a new allegiance. The one selected out of the amplitude of suggested panaceas was not total disintegration and surrender, but a stronger union. The dropping of reciprocity, permitted Fenian menace, and even the threat of forceful occupation produced no appreciable movement in favour of annexation. Even before the Civil War was ended, able statesmen of all political parties (for there had been a tendency towards the French system of groups) had met to consult about the situation, and to devise some scheme of provincial federation. The idea (which was not new, for it had been broached as early as 1800, and repeatedly in the interval) found its realization within three years from the Charlottetown Conference. In the last year of the old régime another effort was made to have the Reciprocity Treaty renewed, but to no purpose. Notwithstanding that fact, temporary opposition to confederation in Nova Scotia and subsequent troubles in the North-West and British Columbia, there has never been any declared and definite annexation movement in the Dominion. No candidate for political honours has deemed it wise to appeal for support to the electorate on the grounds of an annexation programme. On the contrary, those who have espoused the cause of Commercial Union between us and our neighbours have taken pains to insist that such a policy, if carried out, would leave Canada's present relations to the Mother Country intact.

It may be said that this reticence, this shrinking from any open expression of opinion on the side of annexation, is the outcome of deference to popular prejudices, or is prompted by fear of the odium of disloyalty that would attach to annexationist professions. There is a section of our people which could, by no promise of advantage, be induced to forswear allegiance to the British Crown, for which their fathers fought and bled, and that section is certainly not the least influential portion of the population. The strongest element in it is, doubtless, composed of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists. Both in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario, and in the vast thinly-peopled stretch of country west of Ontario, the U. E. L. element would resent the suggestion that Canada should be given up to the rebels who broke up the British Empire in the New World. Of the conduct and motives of Washington the U. E. Loyalists have not changed their opinion in a century, nor are they likely to do so after reading Dr. Goldwin Smith's lecture before the Canadian Club of New York. In the later immigration to Canada it would not be easy to say where the least anti-annexationist feeling has its home. As for the former lords of the soil, they are, in the main, contented to live under the British flag, though one political party has occasionally dallied with the question. Mr. Papineau, for instance, welcomed the short-lived movement of 1849. It is where self-interest clashes with sentiment that the possibility of annexation has been entertained, and, in

such a conflict, when it occurs, all nationalities have their share.

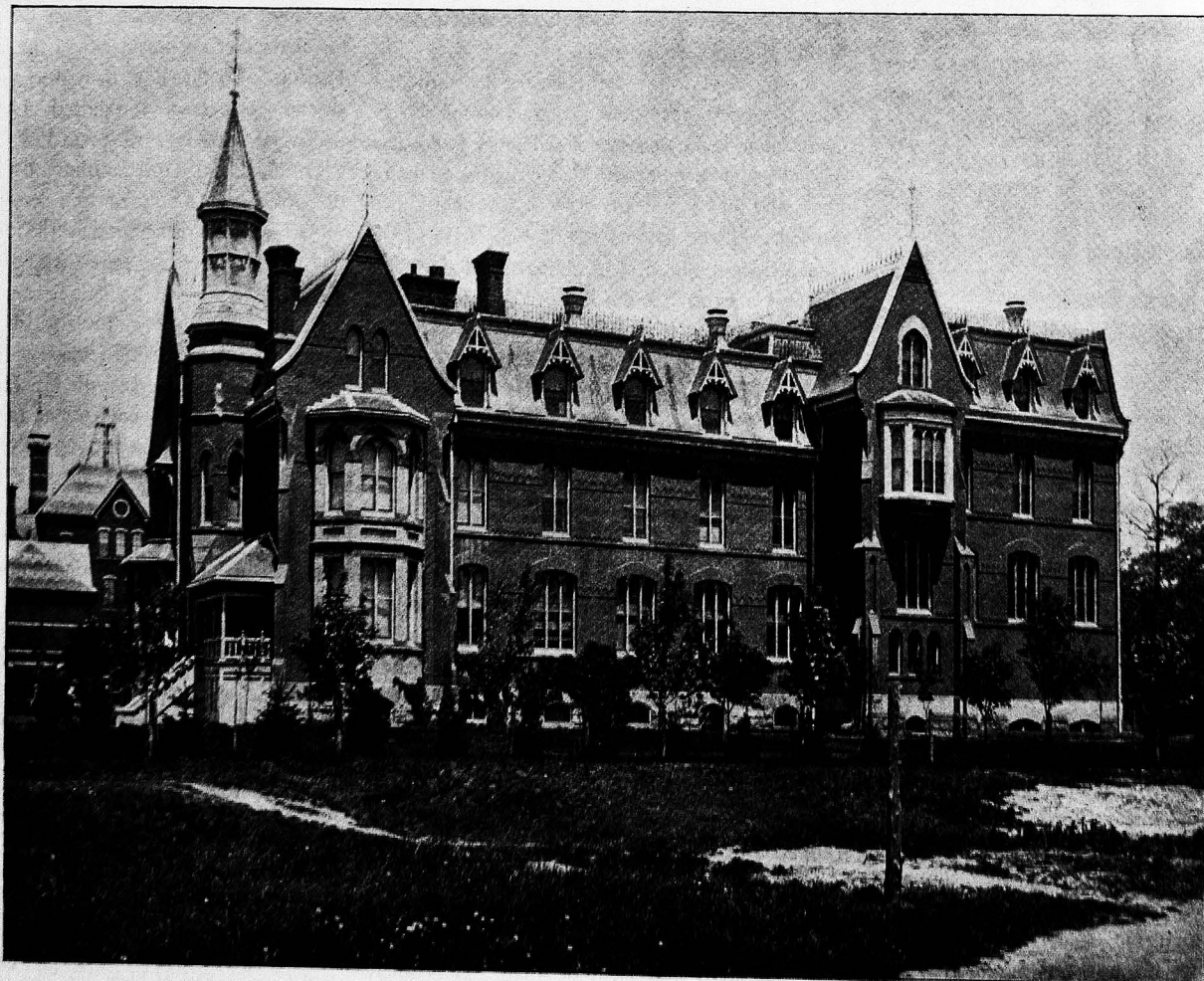
There is certainly no reason (apart from sentimental considerations) why the subject should not be discussed simply on its merits. This is what Mr. W. Blackburn Harte claims to have done in an article in the *Forum*, to which brief reference has already been made in our columns. He has even, he gives us to understand, suppressed his own sympathies, so as to have unhindered course in his exposition of Canadian public opinion. The title of his paper, "The Drift Towards Annexation," is virtually an assertion which, indeed, he does not hesitate to make explicitly in treating the subject. There may be such a drift, in the form of an undercurrent, but it has not come under our cognizance. We have heard people say now and then that we would be better off in some respects if Canada were part of the United States. But such judgments change from day to day. We would not trust even a plebiscite on the question—for a plebiscite only records a passing humour, and its most eager local affirmative might be a regretful but unavailing negative six months later. To take in the significance of a tremendous change, such as annexation would be, would require the old Homeric survey of the past, the present, and the future. Mr. Harte's vigorous essay contains much that is true, but also much that is misleading. Americans might infer from his comments that the constitution under which we live was imposed upon Canada by the Imperial authorities of their own mere motion, whereas it was of purely Canadian origin, and was thought out and elaborated in the Canadian Legislature. He is also astray in characterizing Imperial Federation as "an antithetical 'fad' born of the Commercial Union debate in the House of Commons in 1888." Mr. Jehu Mathews's work, "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," was published as long ago as in 1872, and the question was discussed for years before the League was founded under the presidency of the late Hon. Mr. Forster. To this day, moreover, no formal programme has been recognized, Lord Rosebery distinctly opposing, as premature, any binding declaration, and Lord Salisbury declining to give the Government's sanction to a convention. As a protest against disintegration the movement has not been powerless, nevertheless. Mr. Harte seems to think that no nation can exist without a common language. The British Empire still exists. So does Austria-Hungary; so does little Switzerland. We agree with Mr. Harte in laying slight weight on the impressions of every tourist who rushes through Canada on the C.P.R., and we rejoice (as he, doubtless, does) that our fellow-citizens of Manitoba did not declare war against the Dominion. We do not share his fears, however, for the integrity and independence of Canada. The experiment of Confederation is not yet a quarter of a century old. Those who can recall what these provinces were before 1867 will hardly despair of its success so soon, when they look upon the results already achieved.

DISTINGUISHED MEN.—The Governor-Generals of India have been, in order as they were appointed: Warren Hastings, Sir John Macpherson, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir John Stone, Sir Alured Clarke, Marquis Wellesley, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir George Barlow, Earl of Minto, Marquis of Hastings, Mr. Adam, Lord Amherst, Lord William Bentinck, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Earl of Auckland, Earl of Ellenborough, Viscount Hardinge, Marquis of Dalhousie, Earl Canning, Earl of Elgin, Sir John Lawrence, Earl of Mayo, Lord Northbrook, Earl Lytton, Marquis of Ripon, Earl Dufferin, and Marquis of Lansdowne.

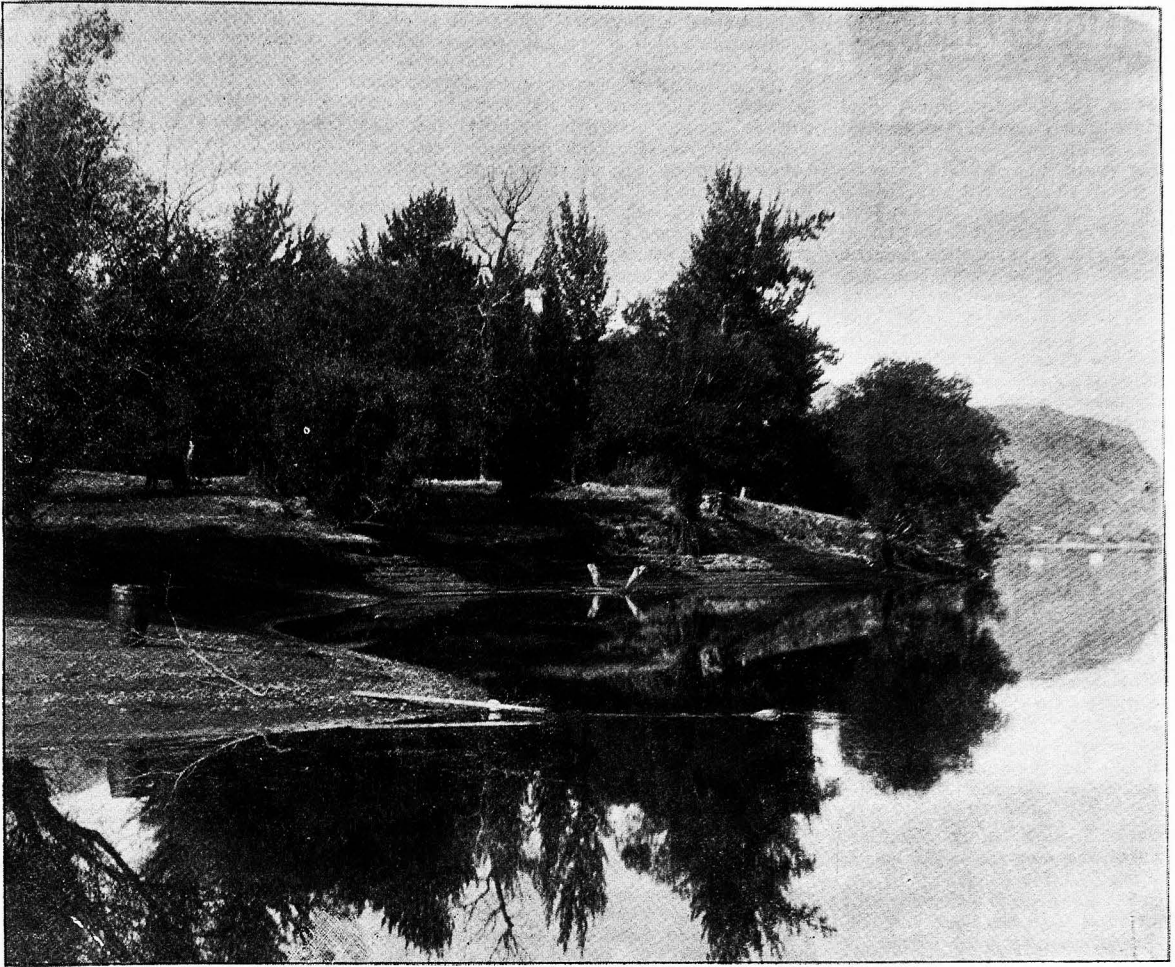


GOVERNMENT REVENUE STEAMER "CRUISER," AT COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo.

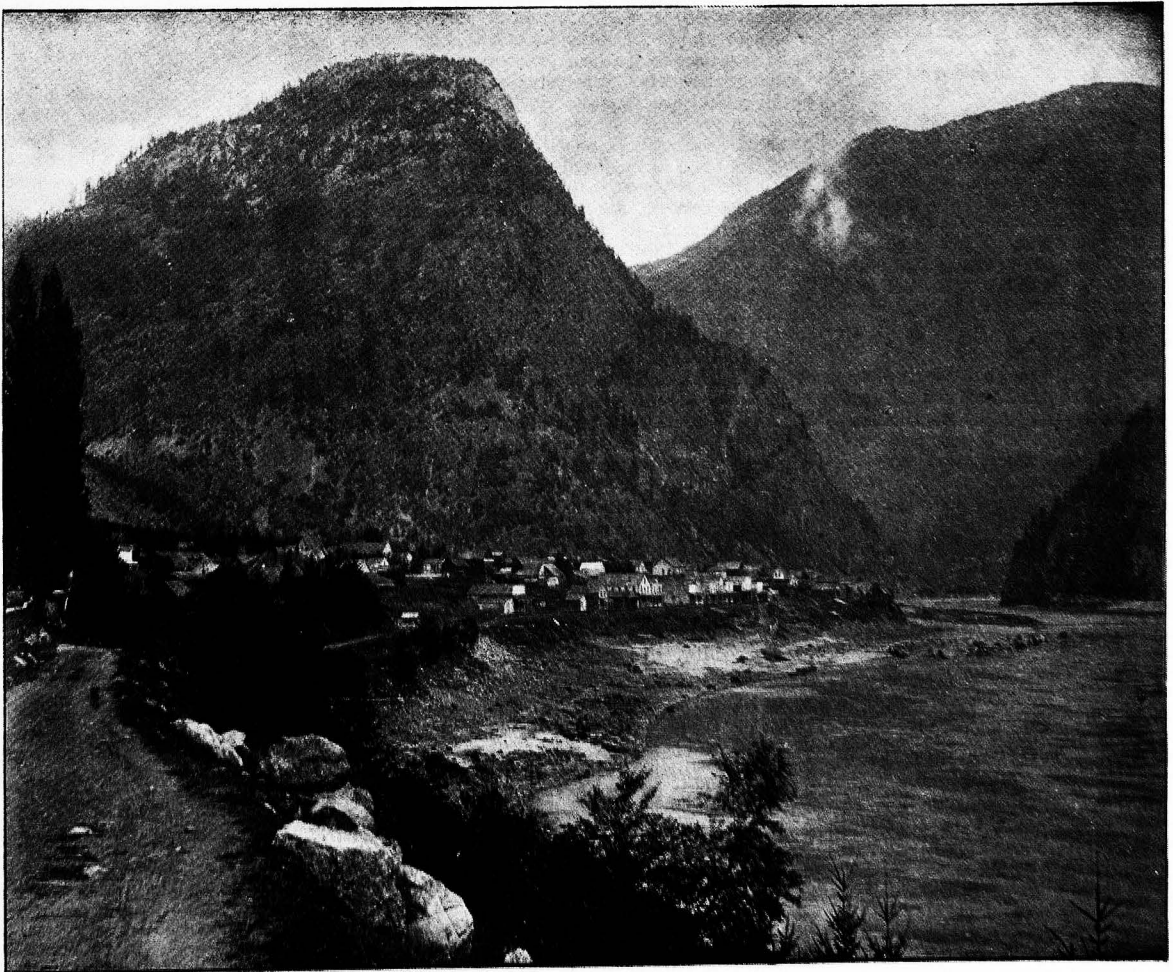


WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.



SOUTH THOMPSON RIVER, AT KAMLOOPS.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



VALE, B.C.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



OLD INDIAN HOUSES, NEAR VALLEY RIVER, WEST MANITOBA.—The characteristic glimpse of West Manitoba scenery, which is made more interesting by the suggestions of wild life in former generations in the title, forms the frontispiece to the "Notes to accompany a preliminary map of the Duck and Riding Mountains," by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., published in connection with the Geological Survey. In describing the part of the country in which these evidences of Indian occupation are met with, Mr. Tyrrell writes as follows:—"Of the two largest streams that flow eastward within the district, the Valley River winds in a beautiful sloping valley, which doubtless represents an ancient drainage channel in pre-glacial times. Above or west of the gravel ridges that cross this valley is a wide sandy plain, representing an old delta deposit when Lake Agassiz was at its highest stages and when a stream flowed through the valley of Short Creek from the west side of Duck Mountain. . . . On Valley River there was formerly an Indian settlement in township 25, range 24, west, and now there is a thriving village at the mouth of Short Creek, at the point where the river leaves the Duck Mountain. A good cart-trail runs from Russell on the Manitoba and North-Western Railway to this village, and carts can always pass eastward from it to the Lake Dauphin settlement."

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.—We have already presented our readers with several noteworthy scenes in St. John, N.B., and its vicinity. The engraving in our present number gives a fine view of the Suspension Bridge, which is one of the principal attractions of the city. Its situation, in a spot exceptionally picturesque, enhances the interest which it calls forth as a work of engineering. The bridge and its environment make, indeed, a very pretty picture.

GOVERNMENT REVENUE STEAMER, COLLINGWOOD, ONT.—Collingwood is a flourishing town and port of entry in Simcoe County, Ontario, situated in Nottawasaga Bay, on the south shore of Georgian Bay, and is the starting point for steamers for Owen Sound, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and Duluth. Its importance has greatly increased in recent years through the organization and working of the Collingwood line of lake steamers.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.—This institution, of whose handsome buildings we present our readers with an engraving, was founded in 1879 as an Anglican Divinity School. Its aim, as set forth in the calendar, is to give a sound and comprehensive theological training in accordance with the distinctive principles of Evangelical truth, as embodied in the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. It has been in operation since 1880. Since then the work has steadily progressed, under the able direction of the Principal, the Rev. Dr. Sheraton. In January, 1886, the new library of the college was opened, the sum of \$18,859 having been subscribed towards its erection, and a number of ladies having collected an additional sum to furnish it. The library building cost \$18,788, the furniture, \$1,233. The entire building cost \$51,637. Among the founders of scholarships are the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., the family of the late Mr. D. Ridout, while Senator Macdonald contributed towards the endowment fund. Wycliffe College is affiliated to University College, and certain subjects in the theological course are, by the principle of options, allowed to form part of the curriculum for the B.A. degree.

SOUTH THOMPSON RIVER.—At Kamloops the North Thompson, after making its way from its source in the vicinity of Mount Brown, joins the main river. The place takes its name from the natural phenomenon thus indicated, Kamloops being an Indian word for junction or confluence. The Forks of the Thompson are noted for the beauty of the scenery, which comprises all the features that give character to the region watered by the Thompson and Fraser rivers. With their usual discernment the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company chose this point for a post. The triangle of land opposite Kamloops, formed by the meeting streams, is now an Indian reservation. The nutritious bunch-grass of the adjacent hills makes this district well adapted for grazing. Below Kamloops the Thompson widens into the lake of the same name, along the south shore of which the railway runs for some twenty miles. Savona's Ferry marks the end of the lake. Ashcroft, long known as Cornwall's, from the seat of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Clement Cornwall, is now a thriving town. Spence's Bridge, depicted in one of our recent numbers, Nicomen, where gold was first discovered in 1857, and other points of interest being passed, Lytton is reached and the Thompson and Fraser unite their waters. Some thirty miles further on the tourist has an opportunity at North Bend of taking a good look at the Fraser canyon. Some fifteen miles further is Spuzzum, a view of the Fraser above which point forms the theme of another of to-day's engravings.

YALE, B.C.—This interesting town, of which we give an engraving, is the goal or termination of that canyon country briefly described under the headings of the "South Thompson River" and "The Fraser Canyon Above Spuzzum."

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.—The Caledonian Society of Montreal is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in Canada—or perhaps in America—dating its existence from

the year 1855, since which date it has enjoyed a career of prosperity seldom equalled by national or athletic clubs or associations. Combining as it does by its constitution both literary and athletic pursuits, it has always attracted to its membership the better class of our Scottish population, and its summer gatherings for athletic sports, as well as its winter festivals for literary and musical entertainment, have always been leading attractions among the numerous claims for consideration presented to our citizens by the many clubs and societies existing in our city. The "Caledonian's Day," in the month of August, is always a red-letter day with the sons and daughters of Auld Scotia, when cronies meet and crack o'er the days of Auld Lang Syne, and watch with an interest keen the contests of throwing the hammer, putting the stone, vaulting with the pole, racing and jumping, which recalls the days of their boyhood in far-off "Bonnie Scotland," and the gay flutter of the Tartan Plaid and stately stride of the kilted clansman rouses an enthusiasm among old and young that drives aside the cares and sorrows of everyday life, and brings a sense of heartfelt enjoyment which often carries its influence through their routine of life for many months afterwards. No less important and satisfactory is the Grand Halloween Festival of the Society, held on the 31st October each year. Opening as it usually does the "concert season," and careful as the Society has always been to provide the best talent, both vocal and instrumental, this Halloween gathering is always an immense success, and always significantly reminds our citizens that we still want a sufficiently commodious hall to furnish accommodation for the thousands ready and willing to patronize a first-class entertainment. Though essentially a Scottish Society, the Caledonians are very cosmopolitan in their management, and as at this annual festival one of the features of the evening is an address by some distinguished statesman, divine, or littérateur, they have been careful to introduce to the public all nationalities, creeds and shades of politics, as the following list of some of those who have spoken on Halloween night will show. We have had the pleasure on these occasions of listening to the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson, Hon. Mr. Laurier, Hon. Thos. White, Hon. Mr. Joly, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and many other prominent statesmen, not forgetting, on more than one occasion, the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, who ever loved to be present with his Caledonian friends. Then again we have heard Rev. Dr. Stevenson's eloquent voice more than once, Rev. Dr. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Dr. MacKay, and other leading divines at home and abroad. Here also have we listened with pleasure to our Poet Laureate, Dr. Fréchette, and in every respect indeed has the Caledonian Society showed itself worthy of public countenance and support, and most generously have both been extended to them. This Society is associated to some extent with the St. Andrew's Society of this city, and works in harmony with it whenever it is requisite. Its meeting place is the St. Andrew's Home, to whose funds it has recently made a generous donation, besides a yearly contribution from its several entertainments. In the Home are also held its monthly social gatherings for the winter, where the members spend a most delightful "two hours" once a month, accompanied by their wives, sweethearts and friends. Two years ago a suggestion was made to preserve the photographs of its presidents—nearly all of whom were still alive—and a group was taken by Messrs. Summerhayes and Walford, a copy of which we present to our readers in this issue. The present president and vice-president, whose portraits will appear next week, are Mr. Wm. Rutherford and Mr. S. C. Stevenson, and below we give the names of the gentlemen who have filled the position of president since the formation of the Society, the two marked with an asterisk being deceased:—Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G., (1855); Lt.-Col. Stevenson, *David Mair, David Cunningham, Daniel Rose, Alexander Murray, Dr. J. T. Finnie, John Fulton, Alexander McGibbon, Wm. Angus, *Thomas Robin, John Robertson, David Guthrie, James Wright. The Society is affiliated with the North American Caledonian Association, and occupies the place of honour on its roll, being the oldest on the list. It has given to the association a number of its leading officers from time to time, Col. A. A. Stevenson having been thrice selected as its president, and other members having filled, on more than one occasion, the position of vice-president. The roll of membership has been greatly increased since the opening of the new St. Andrew's Home, the present numbers being 129 life members and 329 ordinary members. The affairs of the Society are managed by a committee of 18 selected annually. It is doing a good work and deserves the success it receives.

THE FRASER CANYON ABOVE SPUZZUM.—The principal canyon of the Fraser commences at Boston Bar, and from that point to Spuzzum the scene presents most startling features. The river is forced through vertical walls of black rocks and struggles wildly to escape from its narrow confines. Sometimes its fury is intensified by opposing cliffs that seem to bar the way. The railway is cut into the rock and, at several places, passes through tunnels in the jutting spurs. The locality depicted in our engraving, some distance above Spuzzum, is one of the most interesting in this part of the route.

"HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM IN BOOM TIME."—We give our readers in this engraving an idea of what sort of habitation a man can make for himself on short notice. By the Dominion land laws any piece of land with a settler's house on it is not open to be claimed by any other person; and many men have, in the rush during the boom, as soon as

they found what they considered a desirable situation, hastened to occupy it with a house and break up the land before even notifying the Land Department of their intention. This "shack" is made of boards and covered with tarred paper, the joints in the latter being secured with lath tacked to the boards underneath; the roof being constructed in the same manner as the sides. The view was taken in March when the strong sunshine had melted the snow on the roof and the "banking" round the shack. In just such a building has many a hardy settler spent the first few years of his prairie life—waiting, if a married man, till he felt that he was warranted in bringing his wife and family from the east. If a bachelor, it was to this he returned at night after whiling away an evening at the hospitable fireside of some neighbour with marriageable daughters. There are hundreds of such places in Manitoba that already have their legends and their memories, never to fade from the minds of the occupants, and every few miles can be found the scene of a true story of adventure, heroism and pathos, equal to what suggested Will Carlton's lines, beginning with:

"Out of the old house, Nancy, move up into the new,
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
Only a boudon duty remains for you and I,
And that's to stand here on the doorstep and lid the old place good-bye."

The interior of a bachelor's "shack" is a neat one indeed. The kettle is standing on the stove, and the utensils are familiar enough all of them; but no one who has not actually seen life in a new prairie settlement knows the important part played by the syrup jug displayed on the table, which contains the "top-off" for every meal. Where three or more bachelors are farming sufficiently near to one another to make it possible, one is detailed to be cook and housekeeper; but where a man lives alone and is compelled to do his own housework and cooking, his lot is not to be envied as to comfort, his labours are unlikely to be rewarded with success, and his digestion and spirits are in all likelihood "soggy." Many a young man possessed of this world's goods, sufficient for a family's maintenance, but "existing" only, alone, goes about ragged, shiftless, dispirited and dyspeptic-looking; but give him six months of the society of a housewifely helpmate and he is transformed into a trim, bustling, ruddy-faced, cheerful "rustler."

"THE SECOND YEAR IN MANITOBA."—This engraving is taken from a photograph of the home of a pioneer of the Brandon district. The air of comfort about a log house is, in Manitoba as elsewhere, attractive in the extreme. In this illustration does not the half-open door invite the warm and weary to cool and shade within? The interior of such a house as this is often found to contain evidences of the culture and refinement of the occupants, not suspected from outward inspection, and the ingenuity of some of the decorative devices, accomplished by nimble female fingers, form a pleasant study to the casual visitor. It is haying time, and the patient greys are waiting to be unhitched from the mower, which they have been drawing all morning through the marshy grass, and are about to take their noon-day rest in the stable close by. This stable is of logs and is roofed with poles, which last are covered with the straw of last year's wheat crop to the depth of several feet, making a rain shed impervious to the rays of the summer sun and the winds of winter. The trim little bay in the centre of the picture is the progeny of a "shaggenappi" mare, or Indian pony, by a blood horse. This little horse shows what can be produced by judiciously crossing these insignificant looking animals with good eastern bred horses. He is well-known in Western Manitoba by the name of "Beecher," and has several times won races at the Brandon Turf Club course in respectable company. Such a group as this would be a welcome sight a few years ago to a traveller driving through the country in the early days, say in 1882. It was then hard to get more than pork, bread, tea, cheese and syrup to eat in places few and far between; but the sight of two trim and neat female figures brings to the mind of the traveller dreams of such delicacies as good bread, potatoes, milk, eggs and butter; for the baking, the cow and the fowls are concomitants of the advent of the housewife. To one whose idea of the prairie consists of a level plain, bounded only by the horizon, Morley, the residence of Mr. W. T. Heard, is a picturesque scene unlooked for among western landscapes. Here we have a miniature lake with boats hauled up on the shore, bespeaking a delicious row at sunset, in the twilight, or by the most glorious moonlight to be enjoyed where Luna sheds her rays. On three sides of this comfortable and commodious house a natural bluff, as a small wooded belt is called, makes a cover for partridge, provides a cool shade for man and beast in summer, and a wind-break in winter. The reed-grown banks of the charming sheet of water are the haunts of ducks, plover and snipe; and on the open prairie, or in autumn, in the stubble fields, edged or dotted with hawthorn, hazel, wild rose and cherry scrub, prairie chicken abound. Mr. Heard is an English gentleman, with passionate fondness for all the recreations of the sportsman. He has instituted, with the assistance of some neighbours from the old country, a hunt club with a respectable pack of hounds. Though upwards of seventy years of age, he still rides to hunt and shoots his bird with all the enthusiasm of budding manhood. Though enjoying field sports, Mr. Heard does not neglect the business of the farm, and it is only on an occasional morning early that, with his sons and young friends, he chases a fox or wolf to the death, thus thinning the ranks of the enemies of the poultry yard. For hunting or riding over the prairie the prairie-bred horses are invaluable. These sure-footed, wiry little animals, avoid, without appearing to look for

or notice, the gopher and badger-holes, which are most insidious pitfalls to the eastern bred horse. The former are on their native heath, the latter verily in an enemy's country.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.—We will publish next week the portraits of Mr. Wm. Rutherford, President, and S. C. Stevenson, 1st Vice-President of this society. If we can secure good photographs of the games on Saturday, these will also be illustrated.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VIII.

DONALD IN 1887—PROVINCIAL PROGRESS—AN ADDITION TO OUR HOUSEHOLD—A TREATISE ON THE MONGOLIAN RACE—ITS USE AND ABUSE ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Early in October, six weeks after my return to Donald from Cranbrooke and the interior of the Kootenay district, I left the Columbia valley to spend the winter in Toronto,—nor did I see it again until the summer of 1887, when I reached the mountains in June and found a distinct advance and improvement in the general aspect of the growing town. A good station, a large boarding-house, and numerous official residences, erected for the benefit of the C.P.R. employees, added greatly to the architectural development of the place. My own household had progressed proportionately, and received a valuable addition in the person of a hideous, cross-eyed Chinaman, properly Ah Sang, commonly called Charlie, who possessed all the ideal virtues and none of the traditional vices of his much-abused race. He proved an excellent cook and a most useful servant, being honest and remarkably quick in the performance of his various duties; coming to us as he did without any recommendation, further than that of the chief Celestial resident in Donald, we congratulated ourselves not a little upon our domestic treasure. At first his lingo of pigeon English and Chinook, a cosmopolitan jargon spoken by the Indians of the Pacific, compounded of all known and unknown tongues, puzzled me considerably, and our intercourse was somewhat limited in consequence; but having luckily a naturally quick ear for languages, and some slight acquaintance with Chinook which I had picked up from our Indian guides during the summer of 1886, I soon established a medium of communication with Charlie, and could understand him and make him understand me much more successfully than my husband could. And here let me plead the cause of the much maligned Celestial, whom it is the universal custom to abuse. I stand forth unhesitatingly a Chinese champion. John Chinaman is a godsend to the Pacific Province at any rate, which, without his efficient services, would be utterly uninhabitable. Women servants are high-priced and unprocurable, unless imported from the East, when they are experimental and generally unsatisfactory; nor has the domestic class of emigrants found its way so far West. Consequently, the resident of British Columbia must accept the Celestial or do his own housework. In a new country, devoid of all the conveniences and improvements of settled districts, this same housework is of a nature in itself too arduous for ordinary women, requiring, as it does, both outdoor and indoor labour—such as carrying water for baths from one end of the house to the other, bringing wood for stoves and preparing it for use. Every woman demands \$20 a month for light duties, and requires a man to do the heavy work, for which she is constitutionally unequal.

John Chinaman rises to all occasions,—he cooks, bakes, washes, cuts wood, makes beds, sweeps, fetches and carries generally, and gardens in his odd moments, for which collective employment he receives remuneration of from \$20 to \$30 a month, according to his age and experience. The general depreciation of the long suffering race throughout the American continent seems to me both unjustifiable and ungrateful. The popular cry and opposition to Chinese emigration, from the States and

British Columbia, arises from the masses, not the classes, whom they can undersell in the labour market. At the same time the undersellers belong to the lowest grade of Chinamen, designated as Canton wharf rats, who should be discriminated against. They have neither the constitutions nor the physical strength to contend with white men in actual labour. Such Chinamen as are paid 80 cents a day by the C.P.R. as against \$1.75 or \$2 paid to ordinary labourers, are equal only to shovelling gravel or doing grading work. They can never supply the place of the average American or European. In trades and professions they certainly do not attempt to undersell white men. In laundry work, their own peculiar province, they demand in the interior of British Columbia 75 cents per dozen, which is certainly not cheap labour. Other nationalities have the same field open to them, but they do not attempt to enter it. So, were it not for the Celestials, every resident would have to wash his own clothes, a rather unpleasant alternative for the majority. As servants, Chinamen are certainly rather over than underpaid, their wages ranging from \$20 to \$30 a month, according to age, experience, and capabilities. As merchants, they appear to cater for their own race, and not to trespass upon the commercial interests of others. As to the hue and cry of the race being non-consumers, so far as I have observed, they live well and seek the best that is to be had, *when they are prosperous*. During the summer of 1888 Chinamen were employed in the construction of the Kootenay Canal, and I learnt from eye-witnesses of their proceedings, that they scoured the district for chickens and other delicacies, and lived far better in their camps than the contractors. In my own opinion, very few but the wealthy merchants in Victoria really send money out of the country. They are not an acquisitive race, are most generous to their compatriots and inveterate gamblers, so their earnings circulate pretty freely throughout the Pacific Province. With regard to Chinese immigration, a well-known San Francisco paper, in an editorial on the subject, published in May, 1889, says: "We are more solicitous that a stop should be placed upon the more alarming invasion which comes to us from countries and people in no sense superior to the Chinese, and, in many particulars, beneath them in every desirable qualification which relates to orderly and respectable labourers. We could name half a dozen nationalities in no respect equal to the Chinese as working men, and in no sense superior to them in any of the intellectual or moral qualifications which contribute to citizenship. We hail with satisfaction the fact that the Chinese do not desire to become citizens, and that they have no aspirations to intermeddle in the political affairs of our country. In this particular they are more desirable than some of the emigrants from other lands. It is impossible for us to regard with indifference the contrast between law-abiding, peaceable people, who are willing to work and who do not vote, and those who riot, engage in labour strikes, get drunk, etc."

Again, a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" for the present year, on the same burning question of Chinese emigration, applied to Australia, puts the matter as follows: "Poor persecuted Mongolians, cleanest of cooks, steadiest of servants, always sober, willing, active, patient under abuse, never bearing malice, is it simply a question of fear of cheap labour, or is it that the steadiness and sobriety of the heathen Chinese puts to shame the Australian Christian, that the colonies are now going to close their ports against you?"

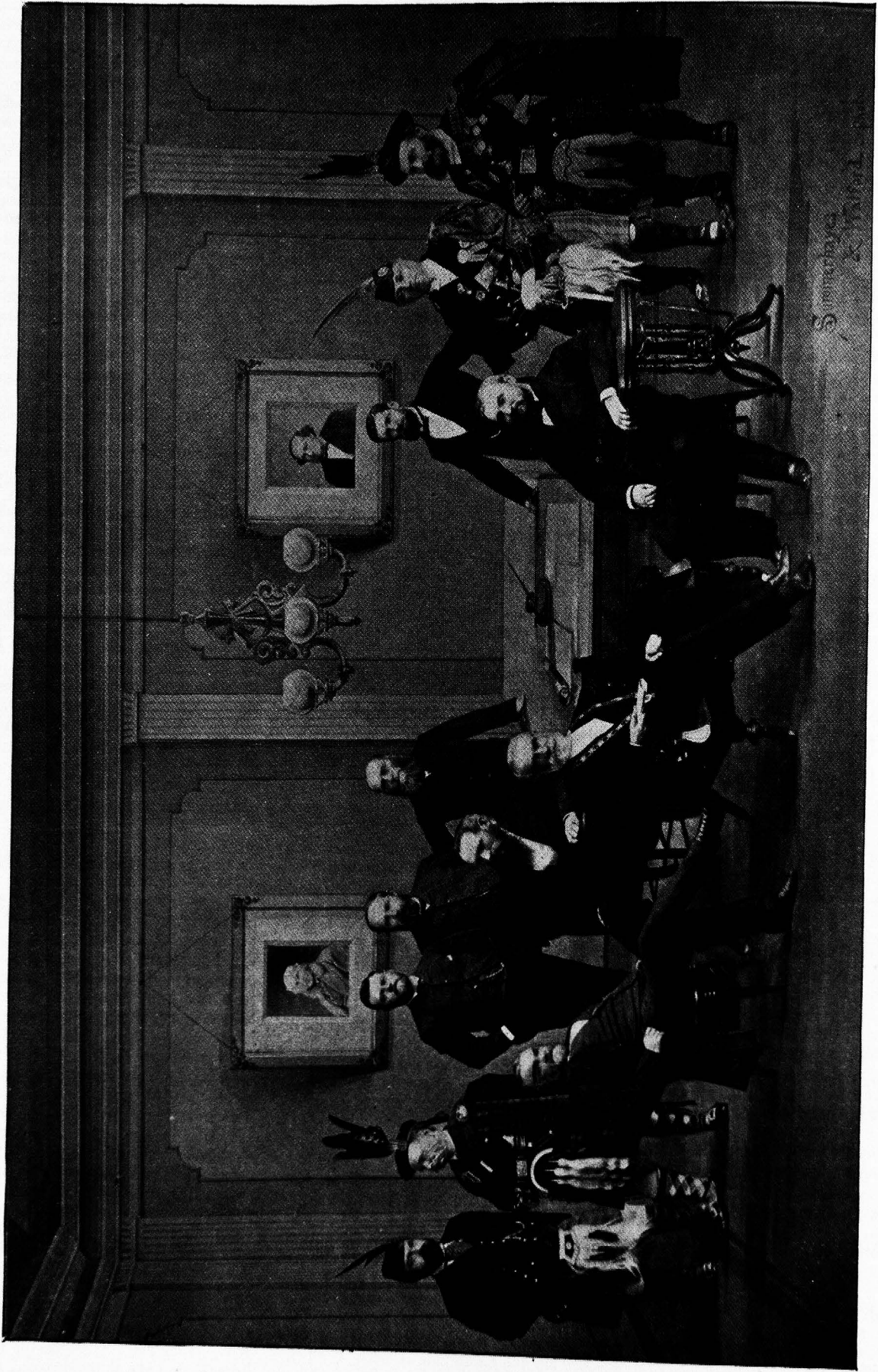
I have had but two Chinamen in my service—Ah Sang, *alias* Charlie, I deemed a treasure; but, when he fell ill and was obliged to leave us, he provided me with a substitute as much his superior as he was that of the Canton wharf rat. I have had various dealings with Chinese shop-keepers and Chinese clients of my husband, to whom I acted as interpreting medium. Arriving in British Columbia so anti-Chinese that I was extremely annoyed to find a Celestial had been engaged for my household, I have been completely converted or perverted by my experience of the race, and can honestly say that it is my intention, when I settle again in the East, to employ a Chinaman in

my service in preference to half a dozen maids. I have been told I have been exceptionally fortunate in my ventures; but I do not flatter myself that I am specially blest. There are other households in my neighbourhood equally well satisfied with their domestic portions. Never, however, employ an old Chinaman if possible; they are cunning, vicious, independent, and disagreeable. A youth of 16 or 20 can be adapted to any establishment. He will be obedient and submissive, and will gladly learn anything and everything you choose to teach him. He will be full of gratitude and appreciation of the interest taken in his development, and will treat you as well as you treat him. The average Chinaman is a wonderfully keen judge of human nature, and has a perception of character which is seldom met with in white men of the same class. His observation is exceptional in its clearness, considering his ignorance of the English language. If the inhabitants of the American continent choose to treat Mongolians as the off-scourings of the earth, a despised and rejected race, the penetrating Celestial will be quick to resent the injury and injustice. He is perfectly aware he is not such very common clay, and realises to the full he possesses power the European has not. He is endowed, moreover, with a keen sense of justice, and with abundance of reasoning power. Could he only speak the language of the country or fully understand it, he would cease to be oppressed as he is at present, and for him I feel the deepest sympathy.

It is a mistake to try and convert the Chinaman from the error of his ways, than which no greater has ever been made in the United States. The race is one apart, and will read, mark, and learn the new faith, but never inwardly digest it, remaining true, in word and deed, to the traditional faith of their forefathers, for which who shall blame them? With regard to their vices, they are above and beyond all practical, and among themselves have a systematised form of morality or immorality, which is certainly very superior in its cause and effects, to the utter lawlessness of the so-called Christian race, in its deviations from the paths of virtue. So far as I can learn, only the very lowest and most demoralised class of Mongolians, who should be discriminated against, are ever accused of criminal actions, and such men are as much ostracised and disowned by their own superior compatriots as they could be by foreigners.

CRISS-CROSS ROW.

The assertion that the alphabet was written or printed in hornbooks in the form of a cross is one that may be moralized on to advantage by explainers of old stories and would-be etymologists. Christ's cross was cruciform, the alphabet was called Christ's cross—the word "row" being of no consequence when it stops a theory—therefore the alphabet was in a cruciform shape. Imagination further asks, How could this be done? The answer comes readily, even from one of the meanest capacity—the consonants formed the perpendicular, the vowels the shorter transverse. Q. E. D. Yet all is imagination, and the fact that the cross commenced the alphabetic row is wholly ignored. I say "imagination," for I, like some of your correspondents, doubt extremely whether such an eccentric arrangement as a cruciform one can be found in any hornbook. Our ancestors had various faults, but they were practical, and not faddists; they seldom, too, moved out of a groove. In addition to the examples of hornbooks quoted or representations that I have seen, I would give these: Minshew, 1617, has, "The Chriss-cross (and Christ's cross) Row, or A B C"; Cotgrave, "Le croix de par Dieu, The Christ's-cross row, or the hornbook wherein a child learns it"; while Sherwood synonymizes the cross-row with "Le croix," etc., and with "l'Alphabet," this last work being omitted by Cotgrave. Again, Th. Cooper, 1574, and Holyoke's "Rider" speak under "Alphabetum" and "Abecedarius" not of the "cross-rows" nor of the "cross," but of "the cross" as synonymous with the alphabet; and Thomasius, 1594, says, "The cross row or A B C,"—*Notes and Queries*.



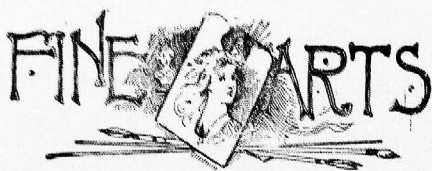
J. FULTON D. ROBE J. ROBERTSON D. GUTHRIE A. MURRAY COL. FLETCHER J. WRIGHT COL. A. STEVENSON A. MCGIBSON
D. CUNNINGHAM DR. FINNIE WM. ANGUS

PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

Summerhayes & Walford, photo.



THE FRASER CANYON ABOVE SPUZZUM.
Wm. Norman & Son, photo.



Holbein's portrait of Dean Colet, in the library at Windsor Castle, has been copied, by permission of the Queen, for St. Paul's School.

Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, says that, so far from the opening of free libraries on Sunday leading to the opening of the theatre, English actors would be the very first to resent any such proposal.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC ART.—An exhibition of works of ceramic art from all parts of Italy, especially from Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venetia, was recently held at Rome. The chief makers of glass and mosaic objects were well represented. The Marches sent their choicest majolica ware, and the city of Perugia exhibited a splendid collection of enamelled terracotta. Several private persons contributed their chief treasures; among them were the Barberini and the well-known connoisseur, Mgr. Tagiasco, and many of the princely families.

THREE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S RINGS.—It is said that the three rings which Queen Victoria prizes the most highly are: First of all, her wedding ring, which she has never taken off; then a small enamel ring, with a tiny diamond in the centre, which the Prince Consort gave her at the age of 16, and an emerald serpent, which he gave her as an engagement ring. For many years after the Prince Consort's death Her Majesty slept with these rings on her fingers, only taking them off to wash her hands, as the water would, of course, spoil the enamel.—*New York Telegram.*

Verdi, the composer and philanthropist, has erected and equipped a hospital at Villanova, and has also deposited funds sufficient for its maintenance. It is a large but unpretentious building, commanding a fine view of the River Po and the Apennines in the distance. There are wings for the separate treatment of the sexes, a ward for contagious diseases, and a hydropathic department, while all the arrangements are elaborate and modern. With characteristic modesty, the giver refused to let the institution be named after himself; and it is to be known simply as the Hospital of Villanova.

Near the large bridge on the road between Tripolitza and Myloi, in Arcadia, a peasant, in digging, has found various antiquities. Among them is a bronze statuette, without feet, but otherwise well preserved, representing Artemis stretching a bow and with a quiver slung on her back. It is of a good period. In the excavations of the Acropolis some pieces have been found of the ancient aetoma or pediment of the Parthenon in Paros stone, preserving good traces of the polychromy. Some fragments of vases have also been found representing a Gigantomachia. Some of these bear the inscription of the artist Nicosthenes.

Beethoven, although it must be conceded that he had every right to be vain, conceited and what not, never took the trouble to hide his feelings, and when his ire was aroused—and that is with men of genius more easily done than to allay it—he expressed himself very clearly indeed. Thus you may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are now forming a sort of Beethoven Museum like the Mozarteum at Salzburg, a sketch of a chateau in Nether Austria where, a few years before his death, Beethoven used to compose. It belonged to Beethoven's brother, a chemist, who had made some money and was rather fond of displaying his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left a card, upon which he had engraved his name: "Jean von Beethoven, landed proprietor." This innocent vanity so enraged Beethoven that he returned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be at home and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, brain proprietor."—*Temple Bar.*

Gilbert Duprez, the great French tenor, was in his voice as well as in his appearance a very model of power; short, thick-set, as tenors so often are, he was created for the part of Samson, but as to his beauty, the following little story will enlighten the reader: Duprez once walked away from the Grand Opéra with the baritone, Baroilhet, who was not an Apollo either. Whom should they happen to meet but Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin, and ugly to such an extent that a manager, whom I do not wish to name, said to him he could never engage him unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological garden), as he engaged no monkeys. Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him, Perrot said: "Why, surely you need not laugh; if I am ugly I am certainly not so ugly as either of you." "You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled," and seeing a gentleman pass whom he had never known, but who appeared to be a well-bred man, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to make the umpire in a little difference of opinion between us?" "With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can." "Well," said Duprez, "just look at us and say whom you consider to be the plainest of the three?" The gentleman looked quietly and pensively for some time from one to the other, and then he said: "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide!" and he went off roaring with laughter.—*Temple Bar.*

GRACE CONNELL.

AN IRISH IDYLL.

A simple story of a woman's love:
'Twas told by one whose voice is silent now.

Grace Connell—not unfittingly she bore
The name of Grace—was scarcely five years old
When death bereaved her of a mother's care.
A dismal time! At length, her father, vexed
With countless nothings that recalled his wife,
And all her sweetness, said: "My little Grace,
We will away, and leave this desolate house,
And spend our lives among the fisher-folk,
Where I was born, and learnt to sail a boat.
I will go first and find some dwelling-place,
And take thee hence." He went, and soon returned.
Then, aided by a kinsman of his wife,
Whose kindness claimed it as a privilege
To drive the wanderers to their future home,
He packed—it did not take them long to pack—
His humble stock of household furniture,
And, with wet eyelids, travelled leagues away.
The simple fisherfolk, who knew so well
How heavily loss of mother and of wife
Falls on survivors, warmly welcomed him
Back to his native place, and did their best
To make the truant feel once more at home.

A nest-like cottage, that had been for sale
On his first visit, he had bought, and there
They settled down. It stood aloof from storms,
Backed by precipitous cliffs, and faced the green
Atlantic waves that wash the southern coast
Of that fair island, for which God hath done
So much and man so little. Grace was glad,
And loved to ramble on the shore in quest
Of shells and shining pebbles, or from rocks,
Draped with long wreaths of dripping weeds, to watch
Wave following wave, first swelling up and poised,
Then toppling over, with a booming fall,
In sheets of foam, that quivered on the sand.
Still she grew lonesome, and the boundless sea
Made her more lonesome, till her father missed
The smiles that once lent sunshine to her eyes.
"She wants a woman in the house," he said,
"While I am gone. To fishers like myself
The houseless ocean seems, perforce, a home,
But she, poor child, sits brooding here, alone,
With no companions but the tumbling waves."
And thus, in time, he wooed a second wife.
She, with soft, winning ways, soon brought the smiles
Back to the eyes of Grace, and, when she gave
Birth to a daughter, Grace, to shew the love
She bore the woman of her father's choice,
Was never tired of nursing baby Nell.

And now two years, two happy years, had flown,
Winged with God's blessings, when a cruel chill,
Caught while half-drowned by floods of drenching rain,
And lashed by hissing spray, she paced at night
The windy, weed-strewn, breaker-beaten shore,
And watched the trawlers plunging through the foam,
Brought the young mother to the bed of death.
Holding her husband's hand within her own
She passed away, with prayers upon her lips
For both the children, prized with equal love.
Forthwith a younger mother took her place,
A sister and a mother—two in one—
While Nellie played, scarce conscious of the loss.
And so they grew together, like two buds,
Heralds of dainty blossom—day by day
Unfolding all the fragrance of their youth,
But with contrasting natures. Grace was grave—
Graver by far than maidens of her age,
But Nellie seemed a waif from Fairyland,
A tricky sprite, a butterfly or bird,
So swift her movements and so sweet her song.
A fisher's wife, whose girlhood had been passed
In cities, taught the pretty maids to read,
Lent them good books, and to the subtle art
Of making lace their lissome fingers trained.
And thus the years, like summer birds, flew by.
Their kindly neighbour, when she sold her lace
At market, sold theirs also; and this gain,
Joined to their father's earnings, brought them in
A modest competence that met their needs.
So, in a changeless round of household work—
Mending of nets and patching up of sails—
With books, and lace, and pleasant strolls at eve
On the warm sands, or bathtings in the surf,
Their maiden lives were innocently passed,
Till Grace had reached the age of twenty-one,
Six years forerunning Nellie. Folks around
Vowed she must marry some tall fisher lad:
"Sure, 'twas a shame," they said, "to balk the lad,
Who waited only for a smile to woo."
But Grace said, blushing, "That could never be
Till Nell had grown a woman and was wed."
In after days she called her words to mind.

Meanwhile, no cloud obscured their sunny sky,
And all was peace and harmony and love.
But the night cometh when no man can work.
One eve their father, with persistent heart—
"The fish," he said, of late had been bewitched—
Sailed forth to reap the harvest of the sea.
As night came on, the turbulent winds awoke,

And roused confederate billows from their sleep,
Like ruthless felons that abhor the light,
Bound on some errand of appalling crime.
Then, through the hurricane, at midnight's hour,
While thunder, with reverberating peals,
Crashed, the two sisters, draped in heavy cloaks,
Roamed the wet shingle, where the breakers roared,
And, through the veil of darkness, dimly scanned
The awful ocean's tempest-wrinkled face.
The lightning's glare, intolerably bright,
Flashed, like a fiery serpent, from the clouds
With lurid gleams on black, tumultuous waves
Crested with foam, and on the white-winged gulls,
That, fluttering inland, eddied round, and shrieked
With mocking cries, like demons of the storm.

Fair rose the day, as on Creation's dawn:
The sea still trembled, like a turbulent thing,
And all the sands were fringed with curdled foam,
And strewn with tackling, spars, and rents of sail,
Spurned by the deep's annihilating wrath.
At noon, two mates of Connell were at work
Calking a cable, when the helpless limbs
Of a drowned fisherman were tossed ashore—
The toil-worn sire of Nellie and of Grace.
Grim was the human wreck—no sight, they said,
For orphans' eyes—as on some stranded deals
They bore the dead man to a vacant hut.
There, when in strips of canvass they had swathed
The corpse, to hide its ghastliness, they framed
A rough-hewn shell from planks of sturdy pine,
That once had lined the carcass of a ship,
And through the hamlet spread the sorry news.
So when the curtain of the night had dropped,
And womanfolk and children were asleep,
The fishers, gathering from each cottage, met
Hard by the hut. Thence six broad-shouldered men
Bore forth the coffin, shrouded in a sail,
And raised it tenderly, and led the way,
While a long line of mourners, two by two,
Followed in slow procession, by the glare
Of torches, to the village burial ground.
Bareheaded, silent, while the hungry sea,
That slew their comrade, in the distance moaned,
Sorrowing they stood. The patriarch of the crowd
Poured forth an unpremeditated prayer
In tremulous tones, and many tears were shed
Both for the dead and living. Then a grave
Received the coffin, and the sandy earth
Was shovelled o'er it, trampled down, and smoothed,
And the mute object of their care was left
Safe in God's acre, where alone is peace.

Two mothers and a father thus were lost
From earth for ever, in a few short years,
To one brave girl: but, undespairing still,
She fought life's battle for the sake of Nell,
The giddy trifler, whom she fondly loved.
The neighbours watch her efforts to be gay
With wondering pity, and each vied with each,
By gracious acts and kindly offices,
To shed some warmth upon her cold, bleak life.
More than all others there was one who yearned
To change each tear of Grace's to a smile.
Young Ned Adair, a sailor's only son,
Who in the neighbouring seaport served his time
To a skilled carpenter, would oft at eve
(His plane and saw and chisel laid aside),
Stray to the cots that clustered by the sea,
Drawn thither by the yet unconscious Grace.
At last he spoke: "Sweet Grace, you must have seen,—
You, who are so quick-sighted,—that I love
The very ground you tread on—that I long
To chase each shadow from your life, and pass
My days in happy labour for your sake.
The years of my apprenticeship are over,
Though still I work for Master, and my pay
Will more than furnish all our simple needs.
Trust me—my love is truthful—be my wife.
My father and my mother will be glad—
They know you well—and all the fisherfolk,
Here in my native place, well pleased will see
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair."
She heard, but spoke not: she had learned to look
On Edward's coming as a kind of charm
That laid the ghost of sorrow for a time—
Nay, more, unknowingly she loved the lad—
But when she thought of Nellie, the bequest
Of a dead mother, Grace, whose loyal soul
Had seemed throughout her lover's speech to hear
The still small voice of duty interdict
All thoughts of marriage, faltered timidly
Some inarticulate words, in which "dear Nell"
Alone could be distinguished. Then the lad
Replied: "My darling! think not I would part
Sister from sister: Nell shall still be yours,
And, till she weds, shall call our home her own."

The lover's pleading won the girl's consent:
His father and his mother were well pleased,
And the kind gossips looked ere long to hail
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair.
Alas, for woman's love! How oft it seems
To waste its wealth on some ungrateful heart,
Like precious seed that falls on stony ground!
Grace, by some subtle instinct that detects
Each lurking symptom of capricious change,

Felt, and half blamed herself because she felt,
That he who held her captive to his will
Was, like a caged bird, pining to be free—
Free, but if free, freed only from herself,
Slave to the beauty of her sister Nell.
The boding gaze of sad mistrustful love
Could not be blinded, and, resigning hope,
Grace sighed, "O God! my life's short dream is o'er!"
Yes! it was true: with every passing hour
Doubt grew to full conviction, and the date
Fixed for her wedding-day was close at hand.
At hand! Grace shivered; will no pitying power
Unravel deftly this entangled skein,
And save their lives from life-long wretchedness?
Mere chance, it seemed—Grace said the hand of God—
Cut the coiled knot. One eve, at set of sun,
She, with her wayward lover, strayed along
A narrow path that bordered on the sea.
Lighthearted Nell, above them on a cliff,
Was gathering sea-pinks, and with warning cries
They strove to check her daring, but the girl,
Who knew no fear, scarce heeded them, until,
With venturous arm outstretched to cull a flower,
She fell, head foremost, from the crumbling ledge
Sheer to the waves, and, grazing with her brow
A smooth-worn boulder, floated out to sea,
Crying, "Dear Edward, save me!" He, half crazed,
Plunged in, and, swimming with victorious stroke,
Caught the frail form, and bore it to the beach.
In madness o'er the senseless maid he hung,
Called her "Sweet Nell," and sobbed, "Come back to me—
I cannot live without you, sweetest Nell!"
And Grace, with breaking heart, was looking on.

In aftertimes she told the fisherfolk,
"I did not marvel—could not think it strange
That the light fancy of the lad had veered
From me to her; for, when that night I scanned
My own grave features, and then looked upon
That fair young blossom as she lay at rest,
Like a bruised lily, on our little bed,
I thought how sweet she was, compared with me,
And felt no touch of anger that the child
Had twined round Edward's fickle heart, when well
I knew how closely she had twined round mine.
And so, next day, I said to Edward: 'Dear!
I think you will not blame me when I say,
Take back your vows and pledges, for I feel
I am too sad a woman for your wife,
Nor shall I marry any man on earth.
Take Nellie—for she loves you well, I know.'"

So, when in time the colour had come back
To Nellie's cheek, the three were of accord
That the gay madcap should be Edward's wife.
Fresh plans were formed. Said Edward: "I will go
To a new world beyond Australian seas,
And seek my fortune. I am strong of arm,
And cannot fail where there is work for men;
And, when my life has prospered, I will send
Home for sweet Nellie, and you, too, must come,
Dear Grace, and live with us where'er we be."
"Nay, brother, nay," Grace answered, with a sigh
(Such sighs are breathed by broken-hearted maids),
"That cannot be. My home is here, alone,—
Here, by my father's grave, until I die."
Thus the stern sacrifice of self was made
For two, whose shallow natures failed to gauge
The deep devotedness of woman's love.

Adair had sailed, and Nell, betrothed, was left
To bide the summons from beyond the sea,
Watched o'er, like some inestimable gem,
By her whose heart was bleeding all the while.
Grace toiled, and saved, and lived for Nell alone,
Training her tenderly to be the wife
Of one whom still she cherished in her dreams
As the sole star that once had lit the gloom
Of her young life, and then had faded out.
The end drew near: a letter came at last,
Nell's first love-letter. How the fairy smiled
And blushed to read the golden words of love
That Erin's sons coin best of all mankind!
It told of Ned's prosperity and health,
Of solid wages paid for solid work,
Of town and country, climate and the rest.
There was a draft, too, on the seaport bank,
Made out in favour of the careful Grace,
To pay Nell's passage, buy the wedding-dress,
And all things fitting for a lovely bride;
And last, not least, within the letter's folds
Nell found, close-muffled in some silken floss,
A tiny ring of Australasian gold,
Fit for the finger of the Fairy Queen.
All soon was ready. Morn, and noon, and eve,
Grace, with a self-denying love that seemed
Too strong for nature, too sublime for earth,
Yielded sweet service to the restless girl,
Who hourly chid the leaden-footed hours,
And sighed for wings to waft her o'er the main.

The day of parting came: beside the quay
A giant steamer lay, prepared to house
The thousand emigrants that thronged the decks.
Oh! sad the sights, unutterably sad,
That met the gaze upon that crowded wharf—
Fond mothers, folding in their arms the necks
Of stalwart sons; grey-haired, decrepit sires

Invoking blessings on the heads of those
They could not hope to meet again on earth;
And tearful lovers, parted for a time.
There, too, were Grace and Nellie. From the huts
Of the poor hamlet tender-hearted dames
Had joined the sisters, wishful to assuage
The bitter anguish of the last farewell.
Grace scarce could speak; with deep convulsive sobs
She strained weak Nellie to her throbbing heart,
And murmured, "Nellie, love, God bless you both!"
The deck was cleared of strangers; then a band
Struck up "St. Patrick's Day" to drown the noise
Of groans, and prayers, and blessings, and laments—
Back surged the crowd—the gangways were withdrawn—
And the huge steamer, with its joyless freight
Of Erin's exiles, slowly moved away.

An hour went by: Grace still was standing there,
Still gazing o'er the green Atlantic waves,
Rapt in deep thought. Softly the women came
And touched her, saying, "Dearest Grace, come home."
She answered, meekly, in pathetic tones:
"Kind friends, I ask your pardon, leave me here.
Pray, be not vexed—I fain would be alone.
Grant me this favour, for I am not well,
My heart is aching. When the night has come,
Perhaps I shall be better. God is good!"

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Feeling vastly as if we were about to "do" St. Peter's, Rome, Slowbridge and I sauntered, one Saturday afternoon, not long since, to the Church of the Gesu.

Arriving at the entrance, a notice, placarded to the right, announced to the public, viz., Slowbridge and myself, that a pamphlet containing descriptions of the frescoes and paintings was obtainable from the sacristan. While we were debating as to which aisle would the soonest bring us there, the massive centre door was pushed slowly from within, and a woman, shrouded in black, issued from her retreat. She had such a sad, unsmiling countenance that we almost feared to question her, and when Slowbridge, gaining courage, spoke, she was answered in that dull monotone which belongs to misery alone.

Following her directions we soon gained the vestry. Here there was a slight delay. The priest was being interrogated by one of his flock, and so we had to wait with the patience which comes from necessity. When our object was made known, the reverend father hurried away, returning in a few moments with two pamphlets, entitled "College St. Marie et Eglise du Gesu." We bowed our thanks and clasped the precious pamphlets eagerly, while I made a suggestion timidly: "Shall we bring them back afterwards?"

He smiled a little at this. They were twenty-five cents each—"a small trifle; it went to the church." Here we discovered that one book would suffice for us both; Slowbridge paid for it, I carried it, and thus things were even!

An air of supreme solemnity was throughout the holy building; it seemed sacrilege to even whisper commentaries upon those life-depicted figures. Here and there were stray worshippers—women, who had stolen in from their work for comfort and courage; some children, with curious, staring, uncomprehending eyes; a few men, bearing the mark of life's bitter struggle in their forms and faces. What sight more beautiful, more touching, than to witness a strong man bent before God's altar in prayer? It brings before one so vividly a vision of Him "who was wounded for our transgressions."

What pages of life's unwritten history may be read in a place such as this! "La grande dame," in her silks and furs, sobbing out her sorrow in the confessional, while her carriage awaits her at the door; the poor widow praying close by for forgiveness and strength. They are sisters in sorrow, these two, though they know it not, though they pass each other, touch each other in the aisle. An old man, with snow white hair and serene countenance, is saying his rosary, while a child kneels beside him following each movement. Presently the child espies the waxen figure of a monk; so life-like, so death-like is it, that the child's curiosity must be appeased. Cautiously, on her hands and knees, she creeps, until her hand touches the carved features. Their cold ghastliness fills her with fear; she retreats hastily, and, reaching the old man's

side, slips her fingers into his, reassured at the living contrast!

Fearful of disturbing those in prayer, we pass slowly and silently from one fresco to another. Above the High Altar a realistic representation of that grey morning at Golgotha keeps us spellbound, the cross, freighted with that most wonderful sacrifice, standing out against the sky, the weeping women at the foot, the merciless men, "gazing unmoved at what they had done"—even the camels standing by, so natural in every detail, add startling reality to the portrayal.

St. Ignatius, in the cave of Manresa, and the crucifixion of three Japanese martyrs, Paul Michi, John de Goto and James Kisoï, in fresco, are worthy of admiration for their execution alone, while the representation of the death of Fathers de Brebœuf and Lallemand, who, by the hand of the Iroquois, perished at the stake on the shores of Lake Superior, March 16th and 17th, 1649, gives us an insight into the suffering of those who have done so much for our country and Christianity.

While we were meditating before the features of St. Francis Xavier, the students of St. Mary's College had entered; they fill the south transept. One seats himself at the organ and then their beautiful Lenten Litany rises on our ears. St. Francis Xavier is forgotten as the soul-stirring supplication swells through the church, and we, too, fall on our knees.

"Sancta Maria," chimes one rich, rare voice.

"Ora pro nobis," the choir of fresh young voices takes up the strain.

"Agne Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri," blend they all as one voice, and the sun steals in through a high window and slants down on the sweet boy singer. An impressive sight, the devotional band of boys on their knees in the gloom of the transept, while the form of their fair young leader rose by the organ, rapt in the sunlight of a springtide afternoon, and to our fancy the sweet face of St. Cecilia looked on and listened with approval.

We had gone to admire, to criticize the walls' wonders, but we had gained something greater than an afternoon's amusement—we had gained a deeper consciousness of that life which is *the life*; yet, as we step out into the busy, noisy street, where wealth and poverty, joy and misery, met and passed each other by, it seemed as though the peace of the church could not be so near. But still that divine petition was ringing in our ears, echoing in our hearts—

"Agne Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri."

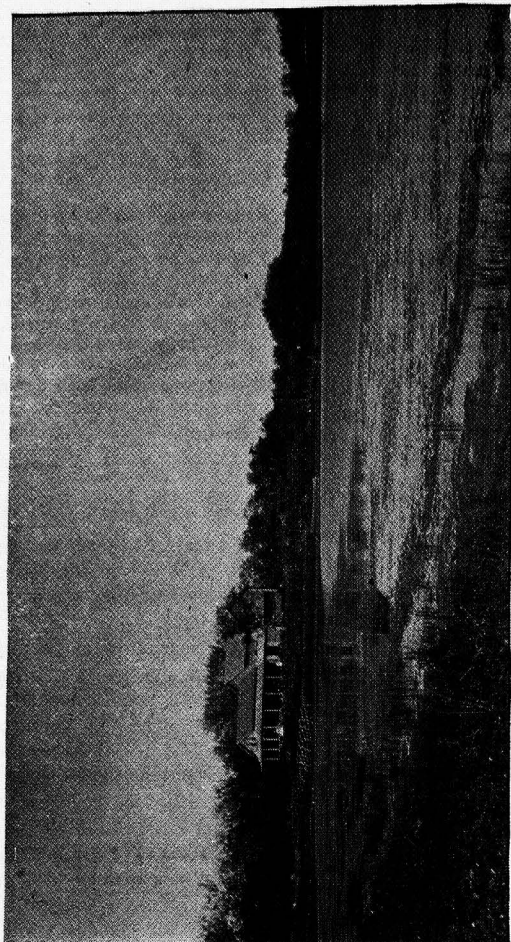
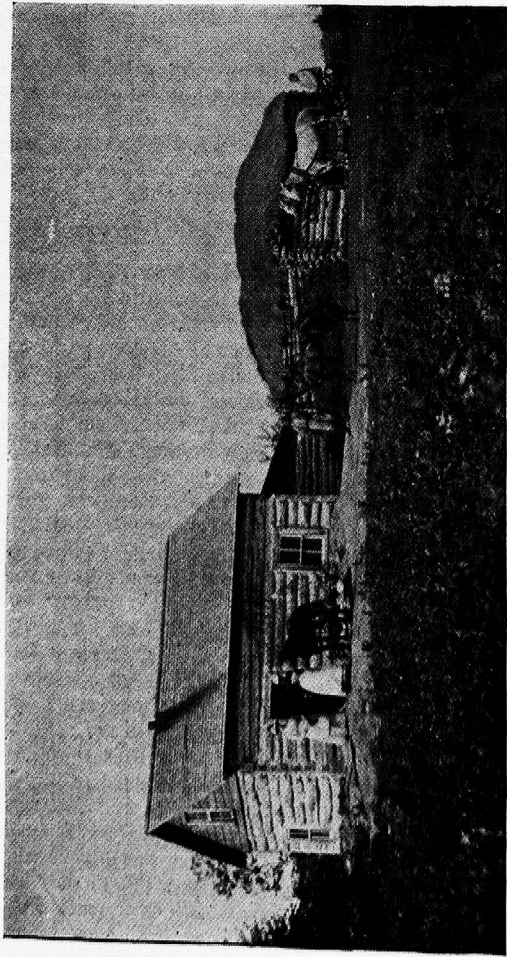
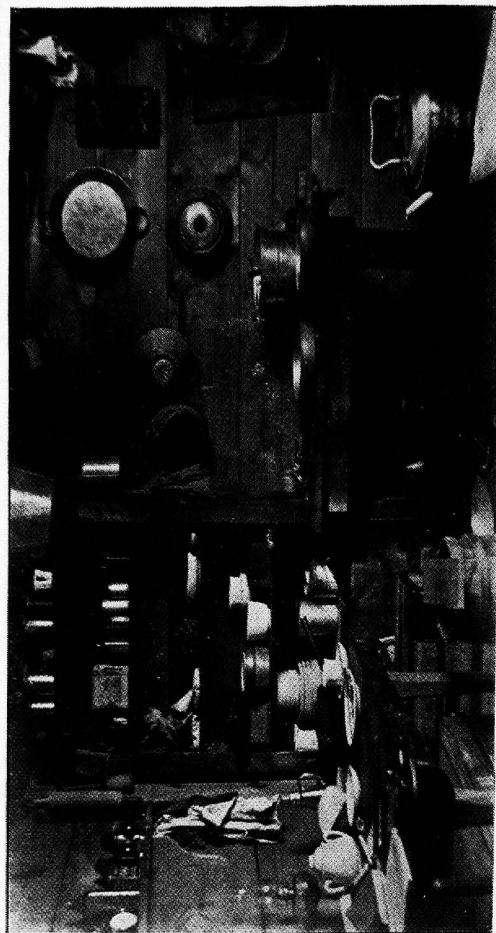
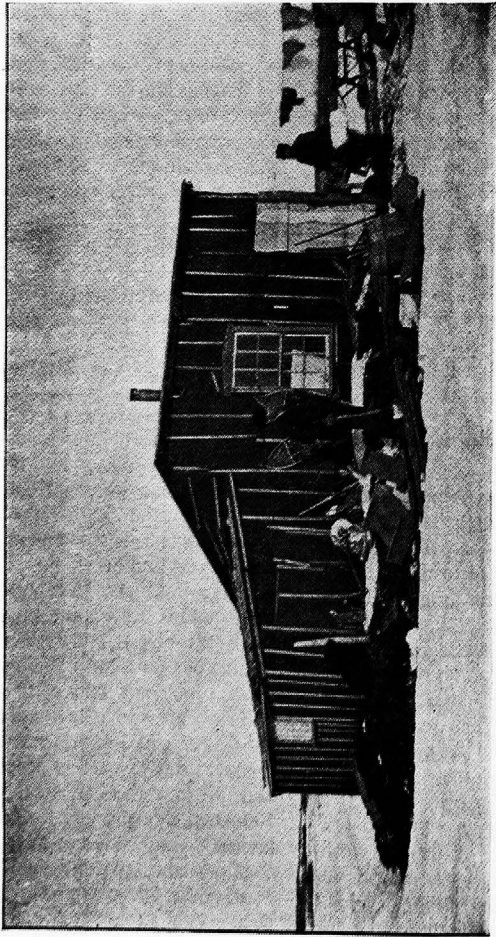
Montreal, April, 1889.

FERRARS.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

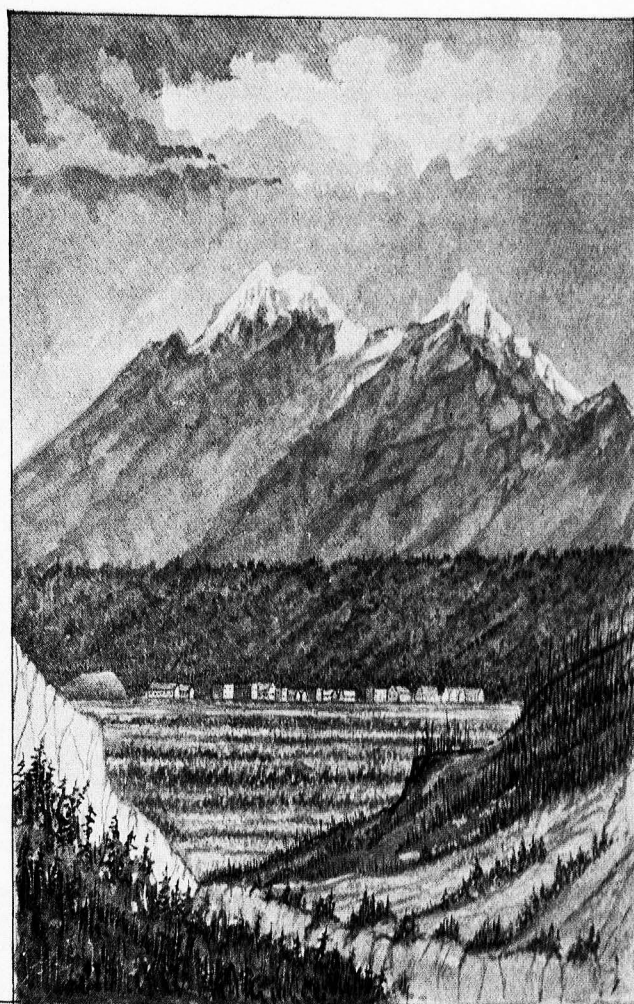
His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a government appointment, and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-milinery affair, the Tenth Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately, there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell, late as usual, was looking out for him. The old Colonel thundered, "Why don't you find your troop?" "Why, Sir, said the imperturbable Brummell, "I am looking for my nose." At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think, himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand after one night's lodging that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Manchester seemed not to be good enough to stop even one night in.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

M. Charles Richet, editor of the *Revue Scientifique*, Paris, is investigating heredity in man, and invites information from correspondents respecting remarkable instances of the transmission of powers.



MANITOBA VIEWS.

1. Holding down a claim in boom time. 2. Interior of a bachelor's "shack." 3. Second year in Manitoba. 4. Morley; Residence of W. T. Heard,
From photos. by Davidson, Carberry, Man.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VIII.

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague.

1. Distant view of Mountain Town, B.C. 2. Donald Station in 1887, looking East to Quality Hill.



Dr. Osler, whom Montrealeers have not forgotten, chose "Equanimitas" for the theme of his valedictory address to the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, before entering on his duties at John Hopkins. The address abounds in wise reflections and good advice, and contains, *inter alia*, a tribute of esteem and gratitude to the memory of the late Dr. R. P. Howard, whose portrait we published not long since. We cannot, however, entirely accept Dr. Osler's definition of *aquanimitas*. It means, he says, "coolness and presence of mind under all circumstances, calmness amid the storm, clearness of judgment in moments of grave peril, immobility, impassiveness, or, to use an old English and most expressive word, phlegm." It is to this latter alternative that we object. "Phlegm" is not only an old English word, but an old Greek word, and had several meanings, more or less contradictory to each other, before it obtained hospitality in our own language. The original sense of it was not coldness but heat. *Phlegma* is from *phlego* (to burn). *Flamma* (softened from *flagma*) is its Latin equivalent. In course of time, however, it came to be used for the humour or matter gathering in an inflamed spot, then for any humour, and lastly, for a cold, viscous humour. The four chief humours in that system of medicine, which, though obsolete, has left us some of its symbolism, were blood, choler, phlegm and gall. Hence the temperaments were divided into the sanguine, the choleric or bilious, the phlegmatic and the melancholic.

Now, as far as our experience goes, the term "phlegm" has never been used in a laudatory sense by good English writers. It is generally applied to that dull, sluggish temper which it is almost impossible to arouse to action or passion. A phlegmatic person is even-minded only in the sense in which any torpid creature may be called so, unless, indeed, we take Dame Quickly's use of it as normal. For, without in the least intending it, that lady employs the word in its original ancient sense. "I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic," she says to Dr. Caius, meaning just the reverse of what the word means in its common acceptance. To our mind equanimity stands on a much higher plane than phlegm, as a quality, has ever attained. It implies, what phlegm does not, conquest over self, and is allied, as phlegm is not, with timely resource and other virtues, which Dr. Osler has named in his definition. Another synonym which he suggests, imperturbability, is also much preferable to phlegm. Dr. Osler's valedictory should be read by all students and practitioners of medicine.

AN AUGUST SONG.

Two boys of all sweet boys alive,
Two boys I have and of babes none other,
And one is five and the other five,
Two sweet boys that call me mother.

Ah, if you knew my keen delight,
O water-lily, when bending down
Over your gold and over your white,
The sweet heads jostle their gold and brown!

Two boys of all brave boys on earth,
Two boys I have and of babes none other,
Two such boys at a single birth
As were never borne by any mother.

O August sky, if you but knew
How all regret in your gulfs can drown,
When looking up to your depths of blue
I see those eyes of blue and brown!

What to me was a night of pain
That won me boys so strong as mine!
While I have these, take golden gain,
Take goodly honours and mellow wine!

TYNG RAYMOND.

In his article on "Social Life at Ottawa," in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte says some interesting things about Lady Macdonald. After describing her as strong and robust, with large, well-shaped head and strongly marked features, Mr. Harte observes that "there is the

same lurking determination and power about her eyes and mouth that one notices in Sir John's face. Indeed, it is generally remarked that in their long married life the Premier and his wife have become wonderfully alike both in their habits of thought and in physical expression."

This influence of strong individualities, even on the features and expressions of their friends, was noticed by Lavater a century ago. "As the gestures of our friends and intimates often become our own," writes the physiognomist, "so, in like manner, does their appearance. Whatever we love we would assimilate to ourselves, and whatever in the circle of affection does not change us into itself, that we change, as far as may be, into ourselves." And again: "This resemblance of features, in consequence of mutual affection, is ever the result of internal nature and organization of the character of the persons. It ever has its foundation in a preceding, perhaps, imperceptible resemblance which might never have been animated or suspected, had it not been set in motion by the presence of the sympathetic being."

"Lady Macdonald," Mr. Harte continues, "is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a wonderful power of drawing out people, and, by getting them to talk about their hobbies, mentally taking their measure. She is a shrewd judge of character, and her opinions on all subjects are worth having. She is a warm friend to the struggling litterateurs of Canada, and is herself a valued contributor to many of the leading English magazines. She has much of the personal magnetism that has been a material factor in Sir John's long and successful career, and, when she takes an interest in a person, she is a truly delightful hostess." The whole article is worth reading.

Our readers will, we are sure, enjoy this pathetic poem from the pen of an old friend:

THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal
Deep blessedness of heart,
I feign the joy I long to feel,

And check the sobs that start:
Shrouding the agony that lies
Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,
Because on earth eternally
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key!

In solitude I love to dream
Of what I may not hear,
And muse how sweet a sound must seem,
A human voice how dear!

Alas! that dreams which soothe and bless
Should be so full of nothingness!
I wake, and all is mystery:
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key!

I shall not long be here on earth,
My mother's eyes are wet:
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth,
My star would quickly set.
I grow less earthly day by day,
Then, tell me why should death delay?
God calls me home, God sets me free:
The door of sound is closed for me,
But oh! it shall not always be.

My form is frail, my sight is dim,
Life's tide is ebbing fast:
My failing senses seem to swim,
And all will soon be past!
Peace, peace! I hear sweet angel-tones
Singing in Heaven around the thrones:
One last brief prayer on bended knee,
The door of sound is opened for me,
But God, God only, had the key!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

One of the scenes described in Mr. LeMoine's "Explorations," to which we recently called attention, recalls the City of the Birds, in which

"The welkin rings with sounding wings,
With songs and cries and melodies
Up to the thunderous æther ascending."

Miss Pope, whose account of her visit to the Magdalens will repay perusal, thus tells of her ascent to the aerial city on the summit of Great Bird Rock: "By the aid of a crane and windlass, a wooden box was lowered, into which we packed ourselves with, it must be confessed, a slight misgiving. The word was given and this primitive elevator began to ascend: up we went past countless denizens of the feathered kingdom—gannets,

puffins, guillemots and gulls, birds of all sizes, shapes and colours. The air was full of birds, and the air was also very unpleasant by reason of the contents of these birds' larder being somewhat decomposed; everywhere, scraps of decaying fish and bits of egg shells, birds tame, fearless almost to stupidity. The ascent took about half an hour. Those who possess the spirit of adventure will find it well worth their while to call on the light-house keeper in his 'sky parlours' on Bird Rock. The light on the top is a fixed light visible for twenty-one miles. With the station is connected a telegraph office to report accidents. The noise made by the birds is something deafening."

The *Newbery House Magazine* is one of the latest periodical claimants for the favour of English readers. The associations of its name are not the least forcible of its recommendations. Lovers of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will recall that John Newbery, "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard" and "the friend of all mankind." He was born in 1713, and, after doing a fair business in Reading as printer and editor, he moved to London, and in 1744 opened a warehouse at the Bible and Crown, near Devereaux Court, without Temple Bar. Next year he transferred his establishment to the Bible and Sun, near the Chapter House, St. Paul's Churchyard, where he began the publication of books in great variety and quantity. Dr. Johnson and he became friends and Goldsmith wrote for him. Smollett was the editor of one of his periodicals. The unhappy Dr. Dodd was his partner in several literary enterprises. Newbery died in 1767, but his business lived after him, and the *Newbery House Magazine* is published by his successors.

"Let us not imagine that the mystery of ages will suddenly be unfolded to us. The increase of knowledge is ever gradual. The Unknown is infinite. Man can at best know little, but he can ever know enough for his purpose. Let him use such means as are placed at his disposal, and with the growth of the higher type of life, the perception of it will open to him such knowledge of the Great Intelligence who controls all as will fulfil his needs." This passage is taken from a thoughtful paper read some time ago by Mr. Percy Pope before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa. We thank the author for his courtesy in sending us a copy. We have found it well worth reading.

We have received a characteristic letter from the elder of the authors of "The Masque of Minstrels." Enclosed in it was

A spray of the keen wild briar
That has grown beside

the cottage of Pastor Felix. Much, indeed, did we appreciate its fragrance and the kind thoughtfulness that prompted the gift. And all the more so as the sender was weary with unremitting toil and anxious with cares that made rest for a season impossible. But though "fagged and ill-conditioned," "amid many cares he steals an occasional hour with the muse," to the fruitfulness of which bears witness

THE ISLE OF SONG.

I dreamed of a white isle, girt by such seas
As never rave, nor freeze;
So lonely, rare, the world hath never come,
But poets make its solitudes their home.

The cherub winds flew down, and in delight,
Toyed with the wave-tips white;
And happy maidens danced, hand locked in hand,
O'er tracts of snowy and of golden sand.

Infinite pearls of shadow, lay the shells,
Where wove the sea its spells;
And the shy nymphs tossed up their shining hair,
And the sun glimmered on their shoulders bare.

And tall pines overhung, and fringed palms,
Where soft the sea sung psalms;
And from their dells the scented inland air
Bore breath of myriad blossoms everywhere.

An echoey temple, bent the arch of blue;
And moon and stars peer'd through
The myriad mossy arms of many a glade,
Where lovers silent walked, and unafraid.

With leaping laughter gurgled down the stream,
Then murmur'd in a dream
Along the vale, or jubilantly free,
Till kissed to voiceless rapture by the sea.

Here bright-eyed Fancy roved, and slaked her thirst
Where earliest dreams are nursed ;
Here Harmony her winnowing wings outspread,
And round the shores and through the groves forthsped.
And when the moon was silverly revealed
In her ambrosial field,
Down to the shore, with harps no longer dumb,
Nor fearing death, I saw the poets come.

A wondrous Genius led them, and impelled,
Who, when their songs excelled,
Plucked the fresh laurel for the victor's wreath,
And showed the fame that cometh after death.

There in that glorious cluster of renown
That to the shore came down,
Were some—a deathless and fraternal few,
Whom in the flesh I saw, and dreamed I knew.

There, with his harp, stood the benignant shade
Who sang th' Acadian maid ;
And one like reverend form beside him rears,
Who in sweet Roslyn marked the flight of years.

And with them were the sons of ages gone,—
But now whose years are one ;
I knew them well, for I had loved them long,
Kissed their dead faces, yearned upon their song.

There they who chanted Israel's lore sublime
Sang to the sea's soft chime ;
And there Etruria's bard had kindred place,
While a sweet smile lit up his mournful face.

And they of Hellas, and the Mantuan plain,
There smote their harps amain ;
Homer had his clear song, and vision bright,
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light.

There he of the serene, capacious brow,
Stood 'neath a laurel bough ;
Song's matchless One, the mightiest of his peers,
Star that on Avon rose in earlier years !

But when I saw my earliest love draw near,
And heard his song sincere,
Who charmed sweet Doon, and did his cadence suit
To sylvan Coila's step, and woodland flute ;—

And Rydal raised his grave and reverend face
To Shelley, in his place ;
And he, whose dust 'neath Latium's violets lies,
Lifted to me his languorous, melting eyes :—

With tears, I reached to them my hands and cried,—
“ Let me not be denied !
Take me to be with you, ye much-loved throng,
And teach me, too, to be a child of song !

“ Forlorn, companionless, in dread and dearth,
And weary of the earth,
Bid me to your serene, immortal shore
Where hearts faint not, nor song is hindered more.”

Their beckoning hands I saw, nor longer stayed,
But ardently essayed
To join them in the place of their delight,
And hear them fill with song the rapturous night.

But ere upon that white, sea-fretted marge,
I landed from my barge,
Where, by the dreamful wave's most silvery lip,
Lingered for me that goodly fellowship,—

Dim from my eyes went the illustrious host—
Each beauteous fading ghost ;
Melted their isle like snow ; alone I lay ;
And, lo ! it was the breaking of the day !

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

“ What a live poem,” comments Mr. Lockhart,
“ that was of Mair's ! The last stanzas move like
a North-West rapid themselves. Good ! good !”
And echo replies, “ Good ! good !”

OUR GARDEN TALK ON LILIES.

Now is the time to keep your Calla lilies dormant, they will flower far better during the winter if you do so. An important point to remember in the culture of foreign bulbs is that their flowering season is the rainy season of their native countries. The Calla, a native of the Nile, blooms when the roots are a foot under water, in the spring, and rests at low water, when their roots are as dry as it is possible to be and live.

WATER LILIES ON THE LAWN.—*Orchard and Garden* suggests a very pretty plan for growing *Nymphaea odorata*. Several tubs, coal oil barrels cut in two will answer, may be sunk in the ground quite close to each other in a group, the spaces between them being filled up with Calla lilies, tuberous-rooted Begonias, Caladiums, Ferns, Grasses, etc. In planting, fill the tubs half full of a mixture of good loam and thoroughly rolled cow manure in equal parts, in which imbed the roots, and cover the soil with about half an inch of clear sand. Fill the tubs slowly with rain water, and replace the loss by evaporation.

Nymphaea Devonensis is commended as the queen of all water lilies, surpassing in brilliancy of flower if not in size of leaf, the famous Victoria regia. It is a night bloomer, each flower opening from 8 p.m. to 10 a.m. for three nights in succession. Under favourable circumstances a single plant of this variety will, in one season, cover a circle of twenty feet across, with leaves twenty-five inches in diameter, and flowers twelve inches from tip to tip of petals. The flowers are rosy red with bright scarlet stamens.

The Gladiolus will grow under any conditions, but it will not grow well. A cool, moist atmosphere is the one in which they delight. Climate alone is what makes them succeed so well in England. Last year we had rain in abundance, with low temperature, and never before have we had such perfection in Gladiolus flowers. We make a mistake in planting our bulbs too early. They should be kept cool and dry, and in a dark room until the first of July, when they will come into bloom about the first of October, throwing up spikes that for number and size of flowers would hardly be recognized as the varieties that bloomed in midsummer. If planted early, so as to flower in July and August, they should be protected against the heat of the sun by a lattice or light canvas covering, and the bed should have a light mulching of newly-cut grass. This will keep the roots cool and is not unsightly. The capabilities of the Gladiolus are only known to those who grow them in this manner. The soil makes but little difference with the Gladiolus. Any soil that will yield good crops of potatoes will be equally good for these plants. If it is heavy, plant shallow, say from one to two inches deep ; if light, from four to six inches will be better. It is best to use ground made very rich for some other crop, the previous year, as fresh manure does not suit them.

Lilies, quite as much as Gladiolus, need a good mulching to keep the root cool and moist. A bed of lilies that has been properly mulched a few years will yield enormously ; more than thrice the number of flowers will be produced, and they will be much larger, with better defined colours and of greater substance. A lily-bed should be made in a position where it can remain undisturbed for a number of years, and as long as the plants flower well. An Ascension Lily (*L. Candidum*), the handsomest of all Lilies, should be planted in July or August, while the bulb is resting. They will live when planted at any time, but will flourish only when planted at the proper season.

THE ART OF DRESS.

Herein lies the great art of dress : to know just how far to draw attention to clothes, and no farther ; never to allow them to impinge upon the interest that should be centred in the face. I have seen intelligent human beings who apparently chose that their attire should be the first and last thing one thought of in connection with them. No beautiful woman, if she be clever withal, makes this mistake. Her dress may be sumptuous ; it may heighten her attractions if judiciously chosen ; it should never astonish and bewilder us. We read of the gorgeous attire of Queen Elizabeth, and are dazzled with the cloth of gold, the pearl-embroidered ruff and jewelled stomacher recorded in Zucchero's portraits of that vain and ill-favoured sovereign. They are the woman, and take an undue prominence in our recollection of the thin, shadowless face, surrounded and overpowered by so much magnificence. But of her beautiful rival's clothes we hear little ; and when we think of the Holyrood portrait of Mary, it is the refinement and dignity of the lady we remember, not the splendour of her apparel. The butterfly prettiness of a Pompadour, or the vacillating plainness of many an *espiègle* countenance that smiles upon us from canvasses painted in the Directoire days, may thrive under a flutter of lace and roses and parti-coloured ribands, or be humourously accentuated by a monstrous wig, gigantic hat, and *jabot*. Perhaps they need such adventitious aids ; at all events, eccentricity of form and violence of colour (as in the flowered brocades the ladies of the court of Louis XV. so much affected) cannot hurt them. But it is otherwise with the noble ladies whom Vandyck and Reynolds loved to paint.—*Hamilton Aide*.



The Emperor of Russia has purchased Siemiradzke's colossal picture of “ Phryne in Eleusis ” for 70,000 roubles.

E. R. Doward, Toronto, has been appointed a fellow of the Society of Science, Art and Literature, England, in recognition of his standing as a musician.

The medal for the Ottawa Normal School has been taken by Miss Maggie McPherson of Dolton, Elgin County, who made 1,097 marks out of a possible 1,400.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in Canada and the United States. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

M. Gaume, the Catholic bookseller of Paris, who recently died at the age of 89, was one of the last survivors of Napoleon's armies, and took part in the expedition to Moscow.

One of the latest works which Sir Edward Boehm has executed for Queen Victoria is a colossal bronze statue of John Brown, which has been erected in the grounds at Balmoral, on a wooden bank near the garden cottage.

One of the titled American ladies now living in Paris is the Countess d'Adhemar. She was born in Cincinnati, but has resided in Paris for several years. Her devotion to theosophy and occult science has secured her a high rank among oriental scholars.

The illustrious Abbé Bois, curé of Maskinongé, to whose antiquarian and historical researches Shea and Parkman have been so much indebted, who died lately after a long and painful illness, is said to have left behind him a large quantity of precious manuscript relating to Canadian history.—*Saturday Budget*.

The noted Siberian traveller, George Kennan, is spending the summer in Cape Breton. His wife is with him, and he spends the most of his time in editing a large amount of matter not yet published concerning his Siberian journey. Cape Breton is getting to be quite a favourite summer resort for tourists, and deservedly so, for the air is bracing and the scenery everything that the lover of the picturesque can desire, while the people are hospitable to a degree.—*Chronicle*.

It is claimed that the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has at last been settled. Canon Barrett, rector of Kelloe, a small village situated about half way between West Hartlepool and Durham, has discovered in the parish registers of the place an entry recording the baptism of the poetess. It appears that she was born at Kelloe on March 6, 1806, and privately baptized. She was, however, “ received into the Church on Feb. 10, 1808, when her brother, Edward B. Moulton Barrett, was baptized.”

Miss Eliza Ritchie, of Halifax, is a B.A., of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and is the first Canadian lady who has received the degree of doctor of philosophy at Cornell, or perhaps any University. There has been a good deal of talk on the thesis which she sent in to Cornell. It is a discussion of individualism ; and is an effort, a very serious and thoughtful effort, to trace the connection of the mental organism with the physical organization, the conclusion reached being a rejection of the materialistic theory, and a reference to the Divinity as the origin of all that is best and purest in the human soul. In the accounts given of Dr. Ritchie's paper there is no statement as to the source to which she refers the origin of the evil thoughts which abound in man, beyond a somewhat misty hint that they are animal, and, therefore, base ; leaving the inference to be drawn that God does not create the baser animals. Doubtless the publication of the paper in its entirety—and such a powerful essay deserves wide circulation amongst those who are interested in this great theme—would be necessary in order that people may learn just how it disposes of this portion of the subject.—*Exchange*.

REQUEST TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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HUMOUROUS.

A ROTHESAY HOTEL DIALOGUE.—Englishman: Let me speak, sir. I'm an alderman, and from London. Scotchman: An' I'm fræ Lanark, an' I'll bate ye whit ye like I'm the auldier man!

SYMPATHETIC old lady: Oh dear! I do so feel for that poor man with the long trumpet. (She must mean the trombone in the orchestra.) All through the piece he's been trying to fix it right, and he can't do it poor fellow.

TEMPTATION SOLICITED.—Willie (who has eaten his apple): Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve, and I'll be Adam. Mabel: All right. Well? Willie: Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb.

LADIES are just like watches, said M^WWhitler, reflectively; such pretty things to look at, with such sweet faces and delicate hands. Ay, and deucedly difficult to regulate when you get 'em, added Jolliboy, with his most satirical chuckle.

WHEN a man sees another wearing a hat of identical pattern with his own, he takes it as a compliment to his judgment. When a woman sees her new hat duplicated, she either buys another new one or sits down and cries because she can't afford to do so.

MILITIA.—Officer going his round one night. Officer to Sentry: Why don't you challenge sentry? I'm no a feeltin' man; I never challenge anybody. Why don't you cry Halt! who goes there? Sentry: Man there was nae need for that, for I kent fine wha you was when I saw you comin'.

THE IMPROVED METHOD.—Strolling musician: Can you give me a few pennies? Housewife: But you haven't made any music yet. Strolling musician: Certainly; but although my instrument is sadly out of tune, I shall play unless you contribute something. Housewife: How thoughtful and kind of you. Here is a dollar.

MILLIONAIRE (showing his grand house): How do you like my new dining-room? Observe the frescoed ceiling, the pictured walls, the sideboards made to order, the costly chandelier, the massive high-backed chairs, the magnificent silver and glass dishes, gold spoons.

How do you like it? Fat guest: that depends entirely on what there is to eat.

SAD BUT TRUE.—First lady: It's a shame that all the stores do not close at noon Saturdays and give the tired clerks a rest. Second lady: Yes, it is. A good many of them do. I was shopping last Saturday and found several of them closed, but fortunately De Stayer's was not and I bought quite a bill there. First lady: Why, it is strange I did not see you. I shopped there most of that afternoon.

THE ROAD TO FAME.—Mr. Dumpsy: Johnny, put away that arithmetic and go out into the barn and punch a bag for awhile. You've got to make a prize-fighter to succeed nowadays. Johnny: But, pa, I'm figuring out how many blows, delivered with the force of Sullivan's, it would take to knock an elephant out. Mr. Dumpsy: All right; but you must get in some more exercise pretty soon.

THE MEANEST MAN ON RECORD.—Husband (kindly): My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you? Wife (with alacrity): No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already. Husband: Yes; that's just what I told Blifkins when he offered me two tickets for the opera for to-night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted, so I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?

WANTED TO SPARE THEIR FEELINGS.—There were a dozen or more excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps, Detroit, recently, when one of them asked of a gentleman who was passing by what the two cannon were placed there for. He looked the party over and replied:—"So as to guard the building if attacked by a mob?" "That's funny," said a woman to her husband when he had passed on. "It's more'n funny, Hemily," answered the husband. "Them 'ere guns was a-took from the British at the battle of Lake Erie by that 'ere feller called Perry, and you can read it right there for yourself." "Then he meant to deceive us?" "H'o no, 'e didn't. 'E meant to spare our feelin's, hand our feelin's his accordingly spared." "Then he took us for Canadians?" "Right you hare, Hemily, hand that's the

honly place where it 'urts me. Hi sot 'ere a-thinkin' that we looked to be Hamerican hall hover, hand e twigged hus hat a glawnce."

HAD TO DO IT.—The little girl in this story had been very anxious to peep in upon the grown-up world and find out what kind of conversation took place between her mother and her friends. She had begged to be permitted to stay in the drawing-room when her mother received visitors, and at last she was granted permission. She was very quiet; she sat demurely for a while and listened. Then she went out, and presently a curious noise of thuds and knocks was heard outside. It was not very loud. Presently she came in again and took her seat, sat patiently a little longer, and got up and went out. Again the same peculiar noise was heard. After the visitors had gone her mother called her and said: "What were you doing out there and why did you leave the room?" "Well, I'll tell you, mamma. I got so very tired of hearing those women talk that I went out in the hall and turned somersaults to relieve myself."

LITTLE girl: If I should die and go to heaven, would I have wings? Mamma: Yes, my pet, and a crown and a harp. Little girl: And candy? Mamma: No. Little girl (after meditation): Well, I'm glad we've got a good doctor.

THE HISTORY OF BILLIARDS.—The latest *English Illustrated Magazine* gives us a paper on the game of billiards, with portraits of players. "An investigation into the early history of billiards reveals the curious fact that while many English writers on the game attribute its invention to a native of France, the French authorities declare that it had its origin in Britain. There is, however, great conflict of opinion on both sides of the Channel, and no research has definitely settled when the game was first invented. Among those who declare for its English origin we find that Bouillet says—"The game of billiards appears to be derived from the game of bowls. It was known in England in old times, and was, perhaps, invented there;" and, he adds, it became the fashion in France owing to Louis XIV. playing the game after meals by the advice of his physicians."

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DEBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 59.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 17th AUGUST, 1889.

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THE CANADIAN KOLAPORE TEAM.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers,
GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGER,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

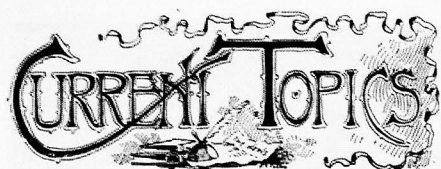
J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

17th AUGUST, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We are obliged to go to press without having the whole of our Wimbledon illustrations ready. They will consequently be distributed over two numbers, the balance of the subjects announced appearing next week.



Canadians may return thanks that, though the laws of the Dominion are occasionally broken, they are not openly defied by organized brigandage. If the outrage that befel the passengers of the sleeping car attached the Wabash Western express had been perpetrated in Bulgaria, Asia Minor or Greece, we might wonder at the obstinacy with which certain forms of outlawry lingered in the bandit's traditional haunts. But that in the heart of new world civilization, in the very fortress of freedom, the people's highway should be beset by robbers so audacious that their word takes the place of law and is far more efficacious in winning compliance and enforcing their claims than any legal officer demanding acknowledged dues, is a state of things that offers abundant food for reflection. The terrors inspired by those armed brigands who work their will on honest travellers by a variant of the old highwayman's challenge are surely little consonant with that freedom which is founded on order. As usual, successful and unpunished crime prompted fresh villainies, and the Harlem "hold up" was followed by a number of others still more desperate. The United States authorities will have to use more vigilance or railway travel will become as hazardous as an African expedition.

Halifax is to be congratulated on the success of its carnival. The organizers omitted no feature that would enhance its attractions. In undertaking such an enterprise they had, indeed, much in their favour. To Nova Scotia's capital nature has been exceptionally bountiful. The scenery has characteristics peculiarly gratifying to the lover of the beautiful. The history of the place is not lacking in romance, and in the city and surrounding country there are many spots worth visiting for their association with a twofold past. The proximity of the sea adds to the charms of coastline and interior, and the naval demonstration, combined with military displays, to delight the pageant-loving eye and suggest memories of many a "famous victory." The outlay on such holiday-making is by no means a fruitless expenditure. Those who saw Halifax in its gala season will never be at a loss for pleasant and kindly remembrances of people and place, while the citizens who vied with each other in doing the honours of their common home will find in that co-operation and its well-earned triumphs a wholesome impulse to fresh endeavour in those daily

tasks, the faithful discharge of which is the surest basis of progress and prosperity.

There is one point in connection with the Halifax carnival, the St. John celebration, and other like events of the present summer on which we are tempted to dwell with a pride which, we trust, is not unreasonable. We mean the share of the newspapers in insuring their success. How much the winter carnivals of this city were indebted for their large and merited popularity to the efforts of the Montreal press our readers will, we are sure, be glad to acknowledge. That journals should have aided in promoting any movement which would arouse the latent energy, invention and ambition of the community and direct the public mind to new sources of profit, health and happiness is not to be wondered at. The gain of the people is their gain. As the country grows more wealthy and vigorous, their chances of bettering their condition correspondingly improve. The tone of the live journal is, therefore, a tone of encouragement. But aspiration often outruns achievement, and the most noteworthy features of our carnivals and other similar celebrations—such as the grand procession in antique costume of 1884 and the Jacques Cartier memorial ceremonies of last June—is that the reality transcended the forecast. For this result, we are inclined to think, our newspapers can justly claim a part of the credit. The illustrated editions issued on those occasions were, as a whole, remarkably good. Indeed, we may venture to say (without invidious discrimination), that some of them were comparable to anything of the kind that this continent has produced.

The regret has often been expressed that Canada has hitherto failed to give continued and paying support to the higher class of periodical. This is, certainly, to be deplored. It is, however, some compensation that the daily press (both French and English) devotes a good deal of space to literary subjects. For some time past this phase of Canadian journalism has been becoming more marked. Nearly all the best city papers and several of the country journals have on their staff of writers literary men who keep the public fairly informed as to what is going on in the world of letters. We have, moreover, at least one good literary journal. If the *Week* were published in the United States or in England, we would probably learn more (in Canada) of its merits. Abroad, it takes deserved rank among the leading expositors of the thought, taste and tendencies of our time, and at home it is prized by those whose favourable judgment is worth having. But it is not rash to say that, were it published in New York or Boston or London, its circulation would be ten times as great as it is. Meanwhile, it has, we rejoice to know, made good its hold on the affections of a sufficient number of Canadian readers to assure it against premature demise.

France may feel some self-reproach for having forfeited, in a moment of weakness, her share in the dual control of Egyptian affairs. But her sentimental soreness is not without its compensations. England's responsibilities have been excessively weighty. The prestige of being the power behind the Khedive's throne can hardly atone for the sacrifice of the brave soldiers that fell fighting for a doubtful cause. The shade of Gordon, like the spectral Banquo, interrupts with gloomy memories any self-complacent survey of triumphs achieved by British influence. And Gordon comes not alone. Many a valiant fellow—officer, sergeant and private,

some of them among the bravest of the brave—left his bones on the desert sand, from the disastrous day of Hicks Pasha's defeat to the last encounter with the fanatic Dervishes. The consciousness of superiority and the moral certainty of ultimate success may mitigate, but it cannot annul, the grievous sorrow which this vague struggle has brought to countless homes. Even the news of victory has, for the most part, more terrors than joys, so Cadmean has been almost every advantage gained in this war with men who fear not the death which they inflict. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that in his victorious and apparently decisive battle at Toski with Wad-el-Juni, Gen. Grenfell's losses, notwithstanding the desperate and obstinate resistance of the Soudanese, was comparatively slight. The Egyptians fought with great courage.

Mrs. Spragge, without in any sense assuming the tone of a partisan, has dealt candidly and fairly with the Chinese problem—that vexed question of the Pacific coast. Her conclusions coincide, in the main, with those reached by the Commission of 1884 (consisting of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau and the late Hon. J. H. Gray), as contained in the voluminous Report of its inquiries. The Chinese are quick at learning and industrious. Morally, they are like other races, divided into good, bad and indifferent. There is a class of them that it is well to keep aloof from. There is another class which is, on the whole, as faithful and as trustworthy as the respectable workingmen of any nationality. Like other people, they improve under good treatment, deteriorate under bad. That the European and American labourer should resent their importation is not to be wondered at, but it is well established that many employers, in California and elsewhere, who pretended to join in the outcry against them, were, at the same time, secretly availing themselves of "Chinese cheap labour." On the whole, when it is considered that they do not, and probably never will, assimilate with western civilization, and that charity begins at home, it is as well that their influx should be restricted as far as is consistent with the general welfare and with international fair play.

If we believe certain writers, the Chinese have really a prior claim to the occupation of the Pacific coast region. Mr. Edward P. Vining wrote a bulky volume in which he gathered into compact and appreciable form all the evidence in favour of the discovery of America, in the fifth century, by a party of Buddhists under Chinese leadership. According to the Chinese record on which this theory is based, the missionaries, adventurers or explorers having started from the mainland opposite the northern part of the Island of Formosa, made their way along the coast till they came to the Aleutian isles, which they skirted as far as the Alaskan peninsula, whence they cruised past British Columbia, and kept on southwards as far as Central America. That Japanese junks have been forced by the thermal ocean-current called the Kuro-Siwo across the Pacific even to California rests, we understand, on indisputable testimony. Nevertheless, neither the Johns nor Japs have as yet made good their claims to the honours of the great Cristoforo.

Vitus Behring, who gave his name to the sea about which we have been hearing so much of late, was by birth a Dane, but at a comparatively early age he entered the Russian service, Peter the Great, who was then on the throne, being constantly on the look-out for foreigners of capacity who could help in organizing his navy. After taking part in

the wars of the time, Behring was entrusted, in 1725, with a scientific expedition to Kamtschatka. It was while thus engaged that he verified the fact that Asia and America were separated by water. In 1741 he made a second voyage to the same waters and made some further discoveries. This expedition proved disastrous, however, for Behring and his crew, being disabled by sickness and trying in vain to make their way to Kamtschatka, were wrecked on the island now called Behring, and there the great explorer breathed his last.

The Hon. Mr. Abbott, whose mission to Australia we were glad to announce some weeks ago, will leave England on the 22nd inst. for his destination via Canada. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Abbott's negotiations with the agents of the Australian colonies in London were in every way encouraging and that he will start on his journey with good hope of fulfilling the important objects with the attainment of which the Government has entrusted him.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

While the account of the great naval review at Spithead is calculated to arouse patriotic pride in the heart of every loyal citizen of the Empire, it is impossible to ignore the coincidence that at the very moment when "the most magnificent naval pageant of modern times" was eliciting the admiration of thousands, a British sealing vessel was fleeing for refuge to the harbour of Victoria. The seizure of the Black Diamond by United States revenue men did not happen without warning. The authorities of Washington had announced their intention of dealing strictly with any foreign craft that should infringe on their pretended rights in the waters of Behring Sea. There was, indeed, a degree of vagueness as to the exact purport of the President's proclamation and the character of the claims that it implied. It was known, however, that Congress had passed a law extending to American waters in Behring Sea the same protection over the seal and other fur-bearing animals as that which was accorded to the waters of Alaska. Certain comments in the American press seemed to indicate that the interdict thus proclaimed had the sanction of Great Britain. But the whole question was involved in such obscurity that the most hazy notions prevailed on both sides of the border as to the aim, character and extent of the prohibition. One thing, however, was clear enough: the effect of the proclamation on the sealers of British Columbia was embarrassing and injurious. They felt themselves menaced by seizure, confiscation and other penalties in the pursuit of their calling, and though they were assured again and again that the powers of intervention arrogated by the Washington Government had no foundation in any treaty or in international law, they could not rid their minds of apprehension in undertaking their usual operations. Some of them were deterred from venturing within the pale of the controverted sealing grounds, thus losing the chances of sharing in the season's best catch. Of the comparatively few who determined to test the sincerity of the American pretensions, the captain of the Black Diamond was the most fearless and the most successful. According to his sworn affidavit, Captain Thomas entered Behring Sea on the 3rd of July, and, after an interval of unfavorable weather, he and his crew found themselves on the 11th right among the seals, with every prospect of a good catch, when they saw the

revenue cutter, Rush, bearing down on them. In the afternoon the Black Diamond was boarded by Lieutenant Tuttle, with three officers and ten men. Captain Thomas refusing to hand over his papers, the aggressors took them by force, as well as 76 salted skins, and the arms and spears used in sealing. The commander of the Rush then placed an able seaman on board the schooner, with written instructions to take it to Sitka and deliver it up to the Customs officer there. Captain Thomas first tried to find the British men-of-war so as to secure their protection; but failing to discover them, he sailed out of Behring Sea on the 15th ult., and (after some delay in searching for sea otter), made for Victoria, which port was reached on the 7th of August. On the way to Ounalaska, while looking for the British men-of-war, Captain Thomas passed within sight of the Rush, which, however, took no notice of him. After he had directed his course for Victoria, the blue jacket in charge made a demur, but, the Indians aboard assuming a menacing tone, he made no further objection.

The news of the seizure naturally caused a good deal of excitement and discussion. The press of the United States, Canada and Great Britain made such comments as their respective sympathies and the interests involved suggested to the respective writers. The Washington authorities evidently found themselves in a quandary. Now that the vague pretensions of control over Behring Sea had been affirmed in such a high-handed manner, no member of the cabinet seemed desirous of taking the responsibility in his own person. Inquiries being referred to the Treasury Department, the acting Secretary, in view of its admitted gravity, declined to make any explanation until Mr. Windom's return. In England the seizure caused intense indignation, as well as the wanton outrage as at the apathy on the part of the Government, which had encouraged the Americans in their audacity. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have, of course, had their apologists; but there is really no excuse for the procrastination of which the Premier and Lord Knutsford were guilty in the face of the repeated appeals for protection of the British Columbia press. It is well to know that the Mother Country has at last awakened to the grave consequences of permitting absurd claims to remain for months undisputed until, taking silence for consent, the pretenders resorted to violence in supporting them. Even, before 1867, when Alaska and the chain of islands that links its peninsula with Asia were in possession of Russia, neither Great Britain nor the United States conceded to that power territorial rights in Behring Sea. That our neighbours should now regard it as a *mare clausum* is, therefore, inconsistent with their own past contention, as well as with common sense. Surely, if Russia, with territory on both continents, had no exclusive rights there, neither, *a fortiori*, can they claim such rights. In fact, a misunderstanding on the question could never have arisen had Great Britain been faithful to the only true principle of Imperial unity and looked upon the interests of British Columbia, as she would look upon those of Kent or Northumberland, of Argyle or Galway. Still it is satisfactory to know that the vexed problem is at last about to have a definite and final settlement, and we hope that, in the negotiations, the losses of the persecuted sealers will not lack consideration.

The price asked for Dickens' house, near Rochester, is £7,000.



The work of photographing the stars of the Northern Hemisphere has been commenced at Mount Vincent with the Harvard thirteen-inch photographic telescope.

Paper has long been made from wood pulp, but it is now manufactured from the sawdust refuse of mills. When tarred and dried it makes an admirable sheathing for houses.

A French chemist has spun nitrated cellulose into artificial silk more wonderful and more beautiful than the well known spun glass. It is coloured at pleasure while in solution, and, after drying, is unaffected by acids, alkalis, hot or cold water, alcohol or ether.

Canada has not been able to make much of its mineral oil deposits, owing to the presence of sulphur in the oil, which caused a disagreeable smell, and fouled the lamps when burning. A means has now been discovered of removing the sulphur, so that the Dominion will no longer require to import great quantities of oil every year from the States, and may even begin to export on its own account.

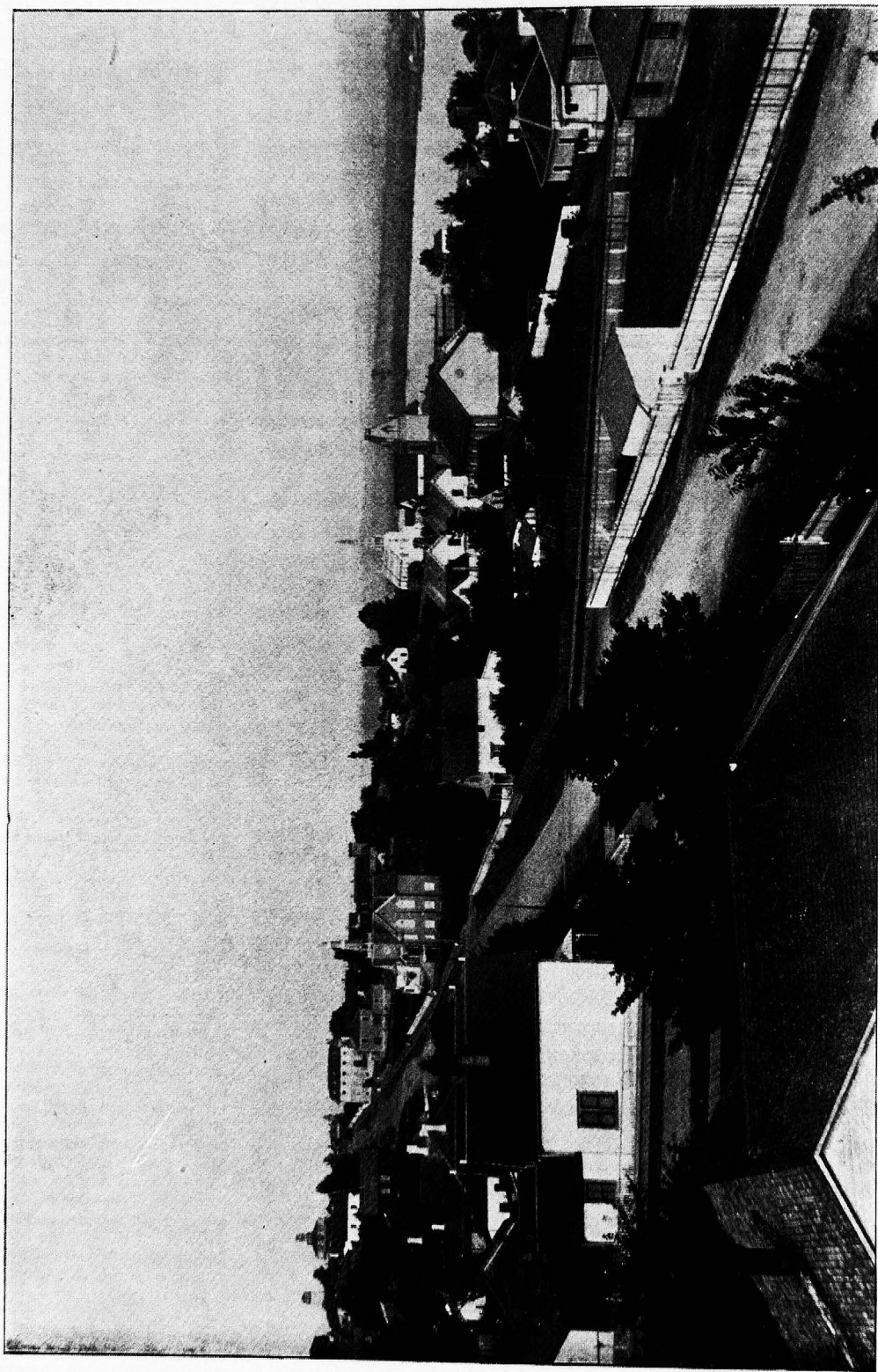
In regard to the natural soap mines of Owens Lake, California, it is said by one of the company now working there that the waters of the lake contain a strong solution of borax and soda. In these waters there breeds a grub that becomes a fly. The flies die in the water and drift ashore, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or more. The oily substance of the flies blends with the borax and soda, and the result is a layer of pure soap. These strata repeated from year to year form the soap mines, where large forces of men are now employed.

An association has been organized in Boston to assist Dr. A. DeBaussett to construct a steel air ship upon the vacuum principle. The ship is to be constructed entirely of thin steel plates of the strongest possible tensile strength, and thoroughly braced inside to resist the pressure of the atmosphere when a partial vacuum is obtained. It is expected to lift 200 passengers and 50 tons of mail or other matter, and also carry all the machinery and apparatus with electrical power sufficient to give the ship a speed of 70 miles an hour. A national subscription is being made to secure the necessary funds—\$250,000. DeBaussett claims his plans are approved by eminent scientists and engineering experts. An attempt was made to get him an appropriation from Congress last year, but failed.

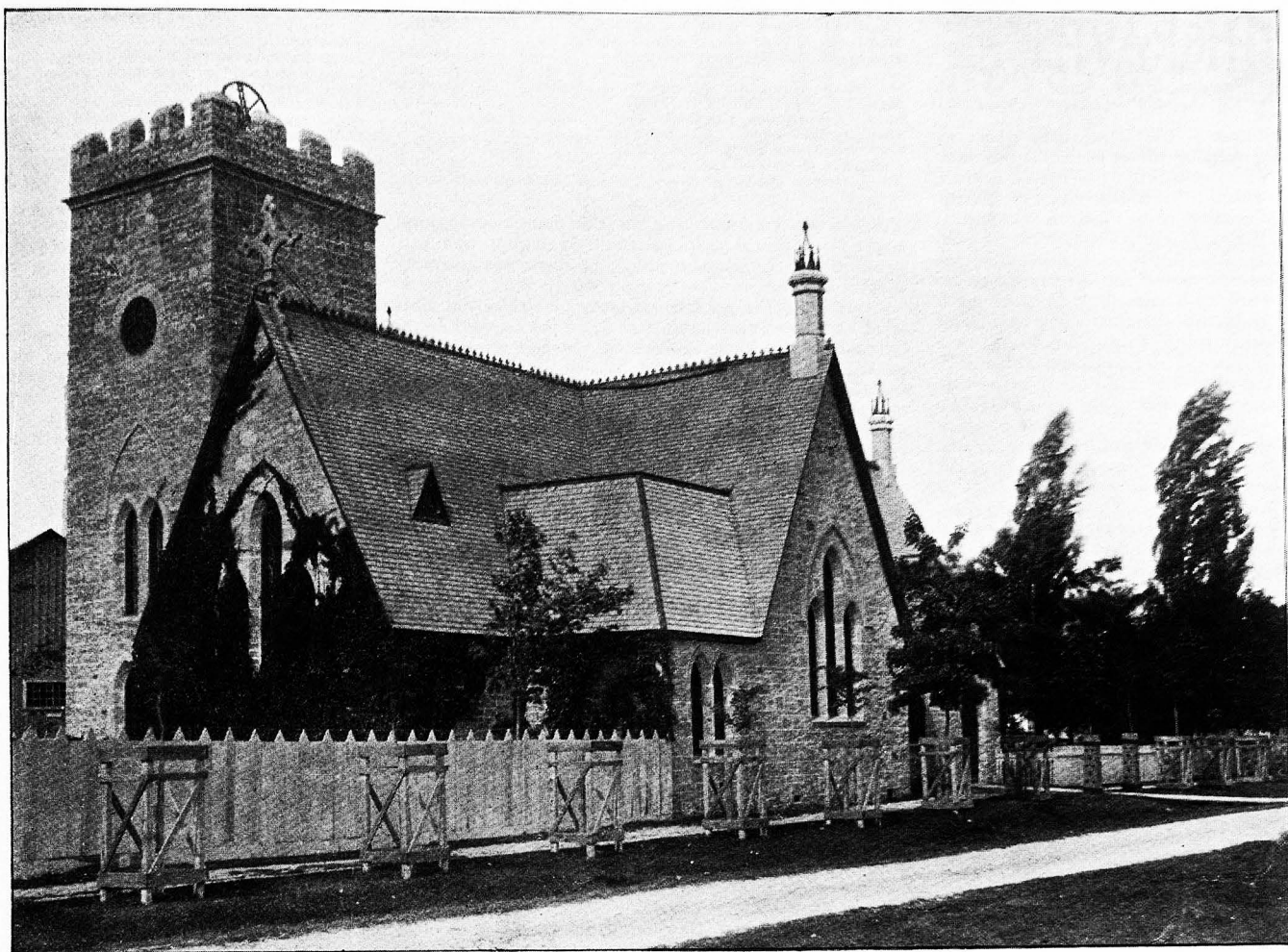
A NEW TEXTILE.—M. Vincent Solis Leon says, in the *Revista de Merida*, that a new textile plant has lately been attracting some attention in Yucatan. The natives recognise it under the name of *xtuc*. The *xtuc* grows on the hillocks and in the waste grounds at Yucatan, which are called *cuyos*. The owner of the Xcanhacan hacienda has sent several pounds of the *xtuc* fibre to a New York firm, which immediately gave an order for 2,000 bales, offering the price of 15 cents per pound. The fibre, it appears, can be substituted for flax, or be mixed with linen yarn for the manufacture of fine tissues. The *xtuc* grows like the henquen (sisal hemp). In growing, it successively loses its lower leaves, and forms a trunk which grows to a height of four metres and sends out branches in the manner of a tree. It produces, till its decay, several thousands of fibrous leaves averaging 62 centimetres in length.—*Industry*.

FUTURE OF THE STEAM ENGINE.—It has been thought that the sphere of the steam engine would be greatly circumscribed in the future by the growing development of electricity, but Prof. Thurston, of Cornell University, in an article in the *North American Review*, is inclined to the view that this invention is capable of vast improvement, and that it has not yet begun to exhaust its inherent powers. On the basis of the greater developments in the application of inventions to the steam engine, Prof. Thurston predicts that the next generation will see it consuming one pound of fuel per hour for a single horse-power; that ships of 20,000 tons will be driven at the rate of forty miles an hour; that the American continent can be spanned by flying trains in two days, and that transportation between the cities of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific coasts will be so cheap that the general average of living will be vastly improved upon what exists to-day.

THE DEVIL CAST OUT BY SCIENCE.—Conscientious men still linger on who find comfort in holding fast to some shred of the old belief in diabolic possession. The sturdy declaration in the last century by John Wesley, that "giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible," is echoed feebly in the latter half of this century by the eminent Catholic ecclesiastic in France who declares that "to deny possession by devils is to charge Jesus and his Apostles with imposture," and asks, "How can the testimony of apostles, fathers of the Church, and saints who saw the possessed and so declared, be denied?" And a still fainter echo lingers in Protestant England. But, despite this conscientious opposition, science has in these latter days steadily wrought hand in hand with Christian charity in this field, to evolve a better future for humanity. The thoughtful physician and the devoted clergyman are now constantly seen working together; and it is not too much to expect that Satan, having been cast out of the insane asylums, will ere long disappear from monasteries and camp meetings, even in the most unlighted regions of Christendom.—*Dr. Andrew D. White, in the Popular Science Monthly*.



NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.
Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo.



THE RECTORY, COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo.



SCENES AT WIMBLEDON.—The illustrations which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are of special interest, as the meeting which closed a few weeks ago on the historic ground was the last meeting to be held on Wimbledon Common. Selected in 1860 by the National Rifle Association of the United Kingdom, then recently formed, for the carrying out of its purpose—that of encouraging the volunteer movement and fostering a taste for rifle shooting—it has for nearly thirty years been a familiar name in military and volunteer circles wherever the British flag waves in the breeze. For eighteen years it had been associated with soldierly sentiment and with the marksman's honourable ambition in the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian teams had, moreover, enjoyed a fair share of the triumphs of which Wimbledon was the scene. They had also been treated with unvarying kindness by their fellow-soldiers of the old land and of the other colonies, and when "Farewell to Wimbledon" and "Auld Lang Syne" expressed the feelings of the assembled throng on that night of parting, a few weeks ago, the Canadians present had ample cause to sympathize with the general emotion. Thus, writes one who was there, closed the last of the regimental entertainments at Wimbledon. Of the presentation of the prizes by the Countess of Wharncliffe on the 20th ult., the same writer says:—"It was a scene not devoid of pathos, and fate seemed to have designed that it should be as pathetic as might be. It was certainly curious that the first name pronounced by Captain St. John Mildmay, who has been connected with the association ever since the meeting was established, should have been that of Mr. Edward Ross, the first Queen's Prize-winner. He was received with cordiality, and it was impossible for those who were present to avoid glancing back at the history of the association. The Queen's Prize-winner of 1860 stood on the same ground as the winner of 1889. The first named could remember, as Captain Mildmay, and it is believed, Captain Pixley, of the Victorians, and Captain Cortis, to say nothing of others, could remember, the days when 40 men only were entitled to compete in the final stage of the Queen's Prize with strange rifles, only placed in their hands a few days before they shot for the great prize. He could remember the days of the Swiss riflemen, when there were no bulls-eyes at the long ranges, when the meeting lasted but a week, when iron targets were used. He could look back to the time when there was a prize called the Duke of Wellington's for "any" rifle at 1,000 yards, for which the competitors fired from a fixed rest. He could recall the years in which bulls-eyes at the 200 yards pool target, which were then called "Aunt Sally," were sometimes worth £3 3s. 6d. He had seen the regimental camps grow more and more every year from 1861, when the Victorians, under the direction of Captain Tomkins, set up a modest encampment and performed their own cooking. These thoughts and others akin to them crowded into the memory as Mr. Ross mounted the crimson carpeted dais to receive the prizes to which he had become entitled by virtue of his really great performances with the sporting rifle. After him came the Messrs. Winans, famed for their skill with the revolver, and Major Williamson, of the 43rd Light Infantry, who, with the double rifle in the Hillhouse, had succeeded in beating by a point his score of 1888, which was, up to this year, the highest on record. Then, looking vastly different in their full-dress uniform from the men who had shot so well and steadily on the common, came prize-winner after prize-winner. Some, Major Pearce, of Devon, for example, came often and were heartily applauded. Very cordial was the reception given to the Irish Eight, to the Canadians as they received the Kolapore Cup, to the Americans as, in their quaint uniform of dark blue coats and light blue trousers, they mounted the dais, from which they descended with a Wimbledon Badge to add to the numerous marks of successful shooting which they already bore on their tunics. But the feature of the day was the reception given to the young Scotchman, Sergeant Reid, who walked up to receive the Queen's Prize. Before he placed his foot upon the steps there was a pause. The bandmaster of the London Rifle Brigade, which was in attendance, held a whispered interview with Captain Mildmay; then Reid was allowed to mount the dais, and the whole assemblage rose to its feet as, while the band played the 'Conquering Hero,' he received the honour—an honour more coveted than any other by every rifeman—of carrying off the last Queen's Prize from Wimbledon Common. After the cheers had subsided, in a silence which was almost mournful, the band played the National Anthem, and men uncovered their heads with a feeling of genuine sadness. The music had a double significance—it portended not only the close of the meeting of 1889, but the last of the Wimbledon meetings."

CANADA AT WIMBLEDON.—In our issue of August 3 we gave the portraits and the names of the Team. We now repeat them, however, with an indication of those who were previously with the Team opposite their respective names:—

Previously with Team.	
Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 10th Royal Grenadiers.....	1874-77-79-81-83
Staff-Sergt. K. McVittie.....	(Came to Canada 1888)
Pte. J. A. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	1884-86
Sergt. J. Rolston, 20th Bn.....	1885

Capt. S. M. Rogers, 43rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Staff-Sergt. F. W. Curzon, 10th Royal Grenadiers.....	1885
Lieut. W. A. Jamieson, 43rd Bn.....	1885
Major A. P. Sherwood.....	(first trip)
Lieut. J. A. Wilson, 33rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Staff-Sergt. F. G. Corbin, 63rd Bn.....	1879-80-81-87
Staff-Sergt. John Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	(first trip)
Lieut. W. Conboy, 30th Bn.....	1878-81
Major B. A. Weston, 66th Bn.....	(first trip)
Major T. J. Egan, 63rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Lieut. C. H. Dimock, 78th Bn.....	"
Lieut. R. Blackmore, Jr., 63rd Bn.....	1876-82
Corp. John Crowe, 1st B.F.A.....	1883-85-88
Staff-Sergt. W. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	(first trip)
Pte. J. Horsey, 45th Bn.....	(first trip)
Sergt. M. C. Mumford, 63rd Bn.....	1886

It will be seen at once that the Team was a strong one. Capt. Dow, of the 91st Battalion, Winnipeg, who happened to be in England on private business, was also to be seen in the camp. The opening day (July 8) was somewhat rainy, but a good shooting day, as there was little wind and the light was all that could be desired. In the Alexandria Match (seven shots at 500 and seven at 600 yards), fired on the first day, the general shooting was superior to that of last year—the extremes in the prize list being 68 and 57 as against 64 and 53 in 1888. The Canadians did good work, as may be seen from the following showing:—

	500	600	Total.	Prize.
31st. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th R.G.....	33	30	63	£5
32nd. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th R.G.....	33	30	63	5
70th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	29	32	61	3
83rd. Major Weston, 66th.....	30	31	61	3
116th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	34	27	61	3
169th. Sergt. Horsey, 45th.....	27	32	59	2
229th. Capt. Hood, 5th R.S.....	28	30	58	2
237th. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd.....	28	30	58	2
258th. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th R.G.....	29	29	58	2

In the Alfred (seven shots, standing at 200 yards,) a Canadian, Sergeant Rolston, came in 20th. In the second stage of the Queen's Prize four Canadians found places among the 300 allowed to shoot. Their names, positions and scores were as follows:—

7th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	30	32	31	93
92nd. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	28	33	27	88
171st. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	31	27	28	86
189th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	32	28	26	86

Staff-Sergeant Ogg came out at the top of the list in the Windmill Match (seven shots at 200 and seven shots at 500), thus winning the prize of \$125. In the Martin's Cup (seven shots at 600) Staff-Sergeants Mitchell and Ogg, Capt. Rogers and Lieut. Wilson had scores of 33, 32, 31 and 31 respectively. Here is the showing in four other matches:—

Graphic, 200 yards, seven shots—Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 34; Staff-Sergt. Ashall, 34; Capt. Rogers, 34.

Bertram, 500 yards, seven shots—Pte. Armstrong, 33.

Secretary of State for War, 900 yards, seven shots—Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 30.

Steward, 200 yards, seven shots, standing—Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 32.

In the Tyro Match, the prizes in which are awarded to the highest hundred in the first stage of the Queen's who never won a prize at a previous meeting of the N. R. A., these Canadians came in:—

24th. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	86	£2
66th. Sergt. Mumford, 63rd.....	83	1

In the St. George's, which brought out some splendid shooting, the following were the Canadian prize winners:

17th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd.....	34	£9
19th. Major Weston, 66th.....	34	9
67th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	33	4
110th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	33	2
129th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	32	2
150th. Sergt. Mumford, 63rd.....	32	2
199th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	32	2

This is the record of four Canadians who won the right to shoot in the second stage of the Queen's:—

	1st stg.	2nd stg.	600	Gd. total.
17th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	88	44	61	193
56th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	86	44	56	188
106th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	63	92	185	
260th. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	90	84	170	

Rolston got £4, and Jamieson £3, on retiring from the contest. Armstrong and Ogg being in the first hundred, shot in the third stage.

One Canadian, Lieut. Wilson, won a prize in the Prince of Wales match. The Canadian prize record in the Wilmot Match reads as follows:—

17th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	61	£5
33rd. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th.....	59	3
38th. Major Weston, 66th.....	59	3
56th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	58	3

The great event of this year's Wimbledon meeting for Canada was the shooting for the Kolapore Cup, which took place on the morning of the 17th ult. Four teams competed—the Mother Country, Jersey, Guernsey and Canada. The match, as between the United Team and the Canadians, was very exciting. The totals were: Canada, 687; Mother Country, 684; Jersey, 648; Guernsey, 632. The following is the full Canadian record:—

KOLAPORE CUP MATCH, M.H., for teams of eight. Seven shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Pte. Armstrong.....	5554534—31	2555555—31	5424554—29	91
Q. M. Sergt. Ogg.....	4554444—30	3455455—31	4454335—28	89
Staff-Sergt. Ashall.....	4554454—30	5455455—33	3452453—25	88
Captain Rogers.....	4455454—31	5333555—29	5555355—27	87
Lieut. Wilson.....	4454444—29	5553535—31	3435555—27	87
Major Weston.....	3554555—32	4423554—27	4593525—25	84
Staff-Sergt. Mitchell.....	5345545—31	4543535—29	9435955—24	84
Staff-Sergt. McVittie.....	5454544—31	4444445—27	3023445—19	77
	245	238	204	687

The Mother Country showed as follows:—

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Corporal Perry, 2d Cheshire.....	32	31	32	95
Lieut. Brown, 3d Lanark.....	29	30	30	89
Sergt. Bates, 1st Warwick.....	32	27	29	88
Corporal McLaidie, 2d Renfrew.....	30	31	24	85
Lieut. Barrett, 1st Argyll.....	31	33	21	85
Pte. Wattleson, 2d Liverpool.....	32	28	34	94
Col.-Sergt. Ingram, 3d Lanark.....	26	24	29	79
Q.M.-Sergt. Grier, 3d Renfrew.....	30	26	23	79
	242	230	212	684

In the Wimbledon Cup Match (ten shots at 600 yards) Ogg, of the Canadians, was fifth with 42, and Staff-Sergt. Ashall seventh with 41, the prize score being 45.

The Elcho Shield was won by Ireland, (the Duke of Abercorn, captain,) with a record of 1689, beating England by five points, Scotland standing 1626. The record is now—England, 13; Ireland, 10; Scotland, 5.

The Corporation of the City of London prizes, consisting of a silver cup, value £31 10s, and fourteen in cash, are restricted to Indian and Colonial volunteers. Canada this year took all but two. The scores counting were those of the Grand Aggregate:—

1st. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	329	Cup
2nd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd.....	317	£20
3rd. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th.....	316	15
4th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd.....	314	15
5th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	313	10
6th. Major Weston, 66th.....	308	10
7th. Sergt. Horsey, 45th.....	308	10
8th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	306	10
9th. Corporal Crowe, 1st B.F.A.....	304	6
11th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	303	5
12th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	293	5
14th. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th.....	298	5
15th. Major Sherwood, 43rd.....	296	5

THE AGGREGATES.

<i>Grand—</i>		
16th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.	329	£5
93rd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd	317	2
104th. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th	316	2

There were 125 prizes and four 315's counted out.

<i>Volunteer—</i>	
18th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.	150 £3

Nursery—		
9th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd	95	5
71st. Major Weston, 66th	90	2
73rd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd	90	2

<i>All Comers—</i>	
85th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.	179 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

<i>Secretary of State for War (900 yds., 7 shots)—</i>		
35th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th	30	£2

<i>Pavilion—</i>	
7th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.	32 2

<i>Armourers Co. (900 yds., 7 shots)----</i>		
5th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th	30	5

<i>Heath (500 yds., 7 shots)-----</i>		
26th. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th	34	2
24th. Capt. Dow, 91st	34	2

In the Mappin, Robin Hood (Capt. Cogers, 33 points), Graphic (Sergts. Corbin and Mitchell, 34 points), and other special matches, Canada was honorably represented. On the whole, the last Wimbledon meeting was for our volunteers an appropriate conclusion to the career of success inaugurated in 1872, and there is every reason to hope that the creditable record achieved will be maintained, and even improved in the new Wimbledon at Bisley.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—This city, formerly the capital of British Columbia before the union of the mainland with Vancouver Island under a single administration, is still a place of considerable importance, and, like nearly all the centres of population in our Pacific Province, is picturesquely situated. It does not lie on the main line of the C.P.R., but on a branch which diverges for the purpose of reaching it. It contains the Provincial Penitentiary and Insane Asylum, and has many handsome buildings. Its life as a city and industrial centre is assured, as it is the centre of the salmon canning business, one of the most important in the province. It has also large saw mills, and exports considerable quantities of prepared lumber to China and Australia. It has constant intercourse with Victoria by means of a line of steamers that ply regularly between the two cities.

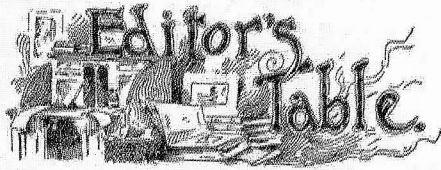
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, COLLINGWOOD, was erected in 1856, but was greatly improved in 1884 and assumed its present appearance. A new bell was placed in the tower, which may be heard for miles around. For architectural beauty, the church will compare favourably with any in the province. The grounds surrounding are quite in keeping with the building, which reflects great credit on the rector (Rev. L. H. Kerkby) and the congregation. The interior is very conveniently laid out and handsomely finished in oak, which gives it a very rich appearance. The present rector is a man of superior education and ability, and the appearance of the church is largely due to his talents and exertions.

THE RECTORY is a stone building of modern architecture, and is surrounded by beautiful grounds, situated a short distance from the church. Here the rector's taste and ability are displayed to advantage, as the arrangement of the various walks, flower beds, trees, fences, was designed and carried out by himself. The interior is quite as comfortable and easy as the exterior would lead one to expect. Tourists visiting Collingwood should not fail to view the grounds and building, as they will be of interest to all who love the beautiful in art and nature. These views are from excellent photographs by C. A. Fangay, of Collingwood.

NORTH SIDE OF DEVIL'S HEAD LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.—This is a sample of that magnificent scenery that stretches in a grand circle around Banff, and of which we have in previous issues presented our readers with other salient features. As they are aware, Banff is the station, *par excellence*, of our national park—a reservation 26 miles long, N.E., and 10 miles wide, S.W. It embraces parts of the valleys of the Bow, the Spray and the Cascade Rivers. The view from Banff is peculiarly interesting. Away to the north is Cascade Mountain; eastward is Inghismaldie, behind which lies Devil's Head Lake, the north side of which is shown in our engraving. This body of water is noted for its trout of extraordinary size, the trolling for which affords fine sport. On the neighbouring heights are to be seen wild sheep and mountain goats—the hunt of which has already formed the subject of engravings in this journal. Major Peters, as may be recalled, led the way in that elevated and elevating amusement.

GROUND AND BUILDINGS OF THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION.—The engraving presented in this number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the grounds and buildings allotted to the association. The grounds, over sixty acres in extent, are the finest, and the buildings the largest and most commodious in the Dominion of Canada. The grounds are beautifully situated in the west of the city on the shore of Lake Ontario, and therefrom can be had a comprehensive view of Toronto, of the lake and the surrounding country. Railways, steamboats, street cars and many other comfortable and expeditious means of conveyance will be at the disposal of the thousands who are expected to crowd the grounds while the exhibition lasts. The *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* special photographer will take views during the fair, and illustrations of the great show will be published with all possible despatch. The date of the exhibition, September 9 to September 21, should be borne in mind by all who desire a pleasant and instructive holiday. The *Toronto Mail* recently published the following remarks on the preparations that are now going on for this fall's great exhibition:—“The busiest man in this city to-day is Manager Hill, of the Industrial Exhibition. Already he is being assailed on all hands by prospective exhibitors anxious to get space at Toronto's great show. In many of the buildings every inch of space is taken up. The implement building is crowded. The carriage and stove buildings are overflowing. There are more than enough applications in to fill the annex. The prospects are that the forthcoming show will be far ahead of anything yet seen in Canada in that line. Some \$20,000 is being spent in buildings. The old Zoo building is being remodelled and will be used as a poultry hall. The Prince of Wales' abode will become the pigeon house. The bear pit will remain untouched, with Mr. Bruin still in possession, and he will be exhibited free. The old poultry hall will be given to the dogs. Interest in the dog show is not confined to Canada. Mr. W. S. Clarke, Lindon, Mass., writes that he intends to make six entries, and adds that it is a pleasure to show under such square and conscientious judges as have been chosen. The new stables will be an innovation. This year three stables will be erected, giving accommodation to 150 additional horses. The great complaint has been that visitors are unable to see the fine animals that are always seen at the exhibition. The new stables will leave the horses open to the public gaze and afford accommodation for man as well as beast, as there are sleeping apartments above the stables. The arrangements for special attractions have not yet been completed. Mr. Hill has just returned from New York, where he has been booking some of the latest novelties in this line, and Mr. D. C. Ridout is there at present completing the engagements. The British Columbia exhibits will this year be an important feature of the exhibition. The people of the Pacific Province are determined to have a good exhibit of their products at Toronto. They have formed a Provincial Exhibit Association, and organized district travellers to collect exhibits and ship them to Toronto. The local railways are carrying the goods free to the central point in the province, from which they will be forwarded East. This year the gate system will be entirely changed, and no money will be taken by the gatekeepers. Every visitor will be required to purchase a ticket, to which end the number of ticket offices will be greatly increased. All tenders for refreshment booths and other exhibition privileges will be closed by Saturday, August 10. The association has made the following railway arrangements:—Single fare for the round trip from all points in Ontario west of Brockville and Ottawa, with special cheap excursions, covering all points in this district, during the first week. Single fare for the round trip west of Quebec city and Island Pond in Quebec and Ontario, with special cheap excursions covering all points in this district, during the second week. All tickets good to return up to the 23rd of September. The Intercolonial railway will also issue return tickets from the Maritime Provinces at reduced rates. All exhibits brought to the exhibition by rail will be returned free of charge.

That swallows are disappearing from France is shown by a report laid before the Zoological Society, which also reveals the cause of this decrease and indicates the remedy. The authors of the death of millions of these pretty birds are the ladies, who wear the feathers, wings and even the bodies of swallows in their hats and bonnets. The report on the subject states that during the springs of 1887 and 1888, hampers containing many thousands of dead swallows were sent from the south of France to Paris to be used by the milliners.



To some of our readers the name of the author of “Flossy; or a Child of the People,” will be familiar. The Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, D.D., was for many years Rector of St. James Church, St. John's, P.Q., and, while holding that position, was well known as a contributor of verse and prose to Canadian periodicals. Compositions bearing his name or initials are found in the *British American Magazine* (1863-64), the *Dominion Monthly* (1867-79), the *Canadian Illustrated News* (1868-80), the *Canadian Monthly* and *Rose Belford's Magazine* (1872-82), and other publications contemporary with his residence in Canada. He also published a volume of poems, which he dedicated to his flock at St. John's. For several years past Mr. Darnell has been Rector of Zion Church, Avon, N.Y., but his change of abode has not impaired his devotion to the muses. His “Songs of the Seasons” and “A Nation's Thanksgiving,” published in Philadelphia in 1886 and 1887, were favourably received by the American press and public. Since then Mr. Darnell has written two stories, dealing with English social life. One of these, “Philip Hazelbrook,” appeared two years ago and was reviewed by the press of this city. The interest of it turns largely on the relations of the more earnest of the Anglican clergy with the working classes of the large cities. It contains some fine types of character and is not lacking in interest, without, however, being at all sensational. From internal evidence we would say that it reflects a good deal of the author's own experience. Its success has prompted Mr. Darnell to write a sequel to it—“Flossy; or a Child of the People”—in which the history of some of the leading characters is followed up. In this volume, though the scene is changed, the reader finds himself in the same atmosphere of earnestness and devotion to duty, and meets with old friends in new circumstances. The pictures of English factory life and of the wild riots that in past generations marked any noteworthy labour-saving improvement in machinery, are doubtless drawn from memory. As in all Mr. Darnell's writings, the moral tone of the book is excellent. (Buffalo, N.Y.: The Courier Company.)

Our readers may remember that the alternative title to Mr. Lighthall's popular “Songs of the Great Dominion” is “Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada.” We have just received a volume of such “Voices,” already heralded by Mr. Lighthall's kindly enthusiasm. “Lake Lyrics and Other Poems,” the title that the Rev. William Wilfrid Campbell has chosen for his collection, indicates the prevailing theme in his impassioned strains. The influence of the lake scenery on his mind has, indeed, become a sort of cult, and he compels our sympathy by the fervency of his adoration. The lakes on which poets have most often lavished their rhythmic praise have been associated with mountains, and it is the absence of such environment which gives its peculiar aspect to our vast system of sea-like expanses. As Mr. Campbell sings:—

Girl with a magical girdle;
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

And again,—

Low rimmed in woods and mists, where wakes
Through musk and moon the marsh bird's cry.

Mr. Campbell, like other worshippers, is sometimes impatient even of self-questioning as to the peculiar charms that attract him to his idol. His descriptions of the lakes in summer are too general and vague. In “The Winter Lakes” he has been more coldly observant, and, therefore, his picture is more definite. In these stanzas, we have an impressive panorama of winter desolation:

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid, faint glimmer of dawn,
Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfs are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Landscapes that loom like spectres, whitened regions of winter,
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles and miles of lake far out under the night;
Dancing crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Ah! drowsy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moon-lit, ice-rimmed, winding,
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks as sandward and landward it roars.

One of the most touching poems in the book is “Keziah,” After the poor betrayed girl had

Died quick in her shame, the mother her sadness
Wore out into bitterness, sorrow, then madness,
“Keziah! Keziah!”

Years after she'd sit by the lint door at even
When vapours were soft over lake shore and heaven,
And dream in her madness a girl-figure coming,
With youth's dreamy beauty in out of the gloaming.
“Keziah! Keziah!”

Dead! gone these to G years, by the hut-side she's sleeping,
Where over its dead walls the red vines are creeping,
But the fisherfolk say that at summer eve's falling,
In out of the stillness they hear a voice calling:
“Keziah! Keziah!”

And over the lake with its glamour of vapours,
Through which the faint stars seem will glimmer like tapers,
From the dim islands lit with the purpled day's dying
Like a far, caverned echo a faint voice replying:
“Keziah! Keziah!”

Though he sings the Lakes, Mr. Campbell is a Lakist in only such modified sense as is consonant with allegiance to Baron Tennyson. In his Ode to the Laureate, he addresses him thus:

“My master, nor I shame to call thee so,
But rather glory to have drunk from thee,
And thy deep springs of song, as Virgil did,
Greater than I, from that old Grecian bard
Who sang in dark immortal song for men.”

There is fine thought in “Lazarus,” and a lesson that some self-complacent dogmatists might profitably take to heart. It is too long to quote, but this first verse gives the keynote:

O Father Abram, I can never rest,
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,
Where love blooms on through days without an even:
For, up through all the paradises seven,
There comes a cry from some fierce, anguish'd insect.

We like the sonnet to “Infancy.” Many a mother and father will echo the feeling of these lines:

O crowing lips and dimpled clinging hands,
Clear laughing eyes and chubby baby face,
This world without thee were an empty place.

How empty those can tell who have sorrowed with Rachel's sorrow when the “laughing eyes” had closed and the “clinging hands” relaxed their soft hold, and the “crowing lips” grown dumb and left a silence that seemed despair.

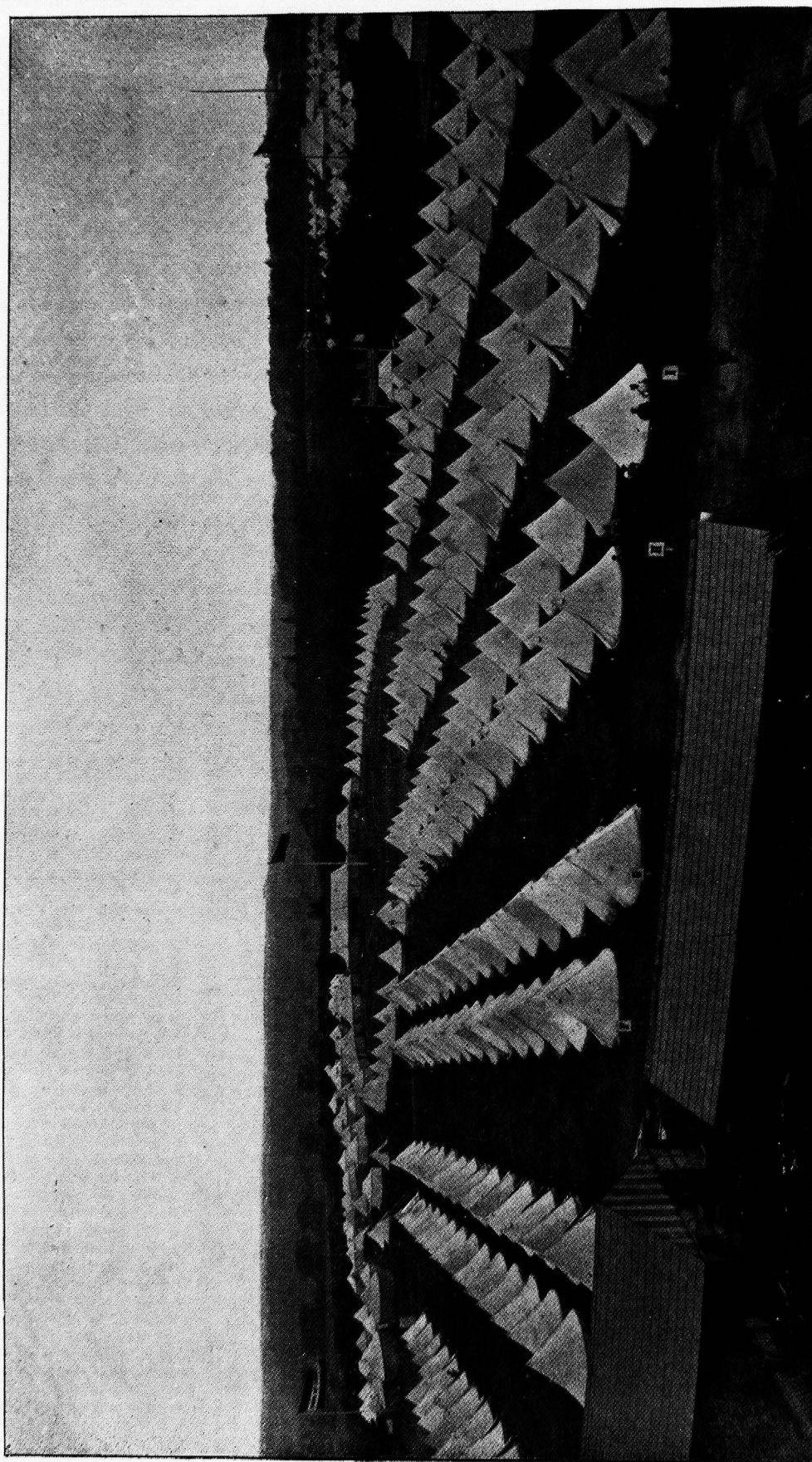
The chief fault that we find with Mr. Campbell is that he is too impetuous, trusts too much to inspiration and to feeling, and abhors the irksome labour of the file. It is true, indeed, that a great critic has warned us against estimating the poet's work as that of mere composing or putting things together, whereas (he insists) his real calling is to put life into things. But the same great critic closes his counsel by citing the final act of Socrates, which was to purify himself for having listened negligently to the voice within him. And that voice urged him not merely to “make harmony,” but also “to elaborate.” (St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.)

The *Canadaman* for August opens with an article on “Social Life at Ottawa,” by Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, which is illustrated with portraits of Lord and Lady Stanley, Lady Macdonald, Lady Alice Stanley, Mrs. J. A. Kirkpatrick, Miss Hotchkiss, the Hon. Edward Manning and Captain MacMahon and with views of Government House and Parliament Hill, the residence of Sir John A. Macdonald. Mr. Harte's comments on persons and things in the capital are marked by independence and vigor. “The murder of Philip Spencer,” by Carl Hamilton, is concluded. Cardinal Gibbons discusses “The Dignity, Rights and Responsibility of Labour.” Fred. Douglass gives his reminiscences of “The Great Agitation.” Emile Blanchard treats learnedly of spiders and their habits under the heading of “The Children of Arachne.” The Rev. F. E. Hale writes of some “Social Problems.” Richard Wheatley has something interesting to tell of Gerontio and other Apaches. Nearly every article is illustrated. (New York: 353 Fifth Avenue.)

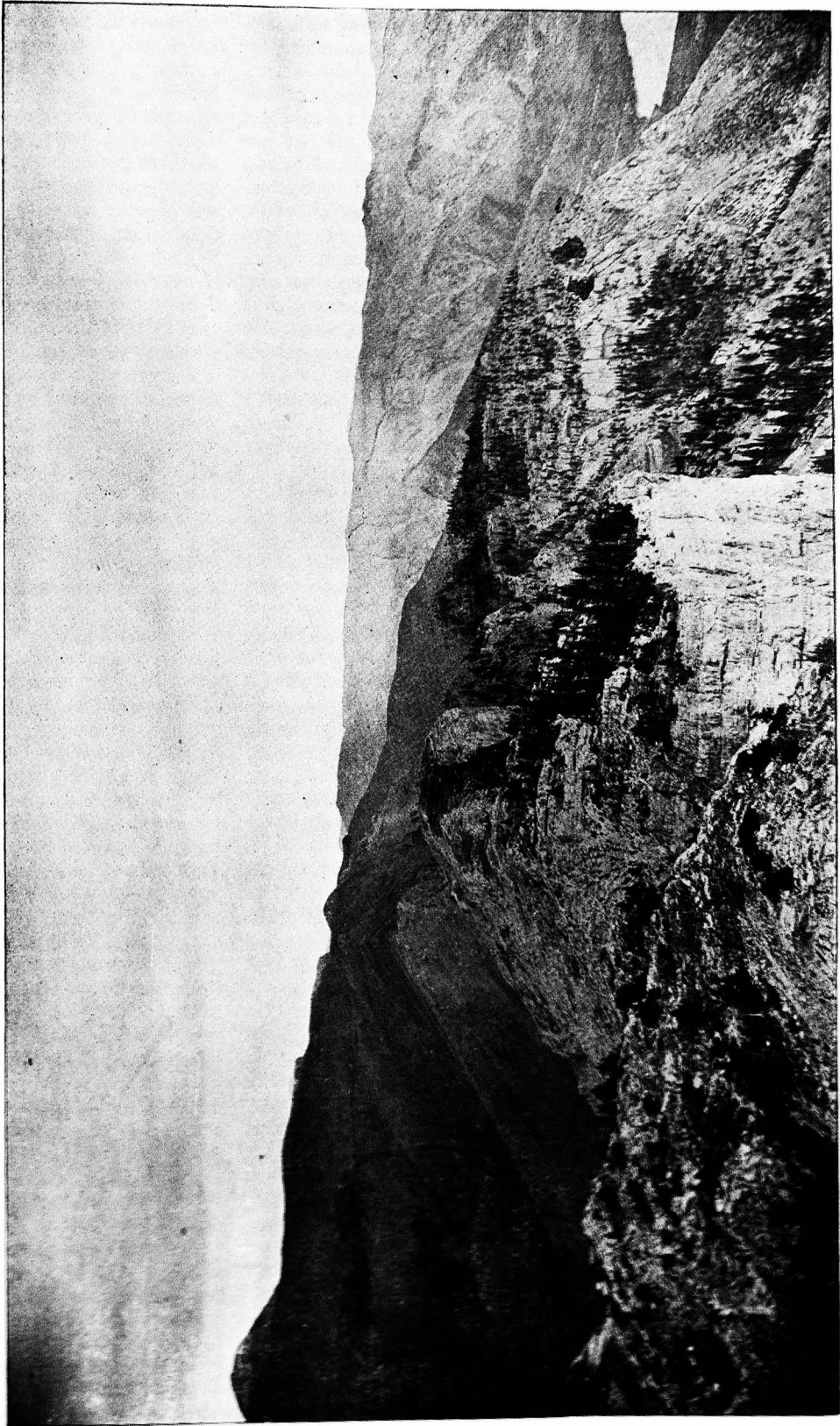
Canadiana for August contains the substance of an instructive paper read by Mr. J. P. Edwards before the Society for Historical Studies. It deals with “Events in Canada from 1812 to 1815,” and gives a good deal of information touching the state of the country during that troubled period. What concerns Montreal is more especially interesting to city readers. The old fortifications, the memory of which lives in Fortification Lane, were then being removed. There were three English papers, the *Gazette*, the *Convent* and the *Herald*. The *Gazette* had still, however, its French columns. *Le Spectateur*, which lasted for eight years, made its first appearance in 1817. In the same year a periodical called *The Times or Miscellaneous Magazine*, was projected by Samuel Foster, but Mr. Edwards, than whom Canada has few more persevering and successful collectors, has never been able to find a copy of it. In January, 1812, the Hon. John Molson applied for the exclusive right to run a steamboat on the St. Lawrence, and soon after the “Swiftsure” was launched, to run regularly between Montreal and Quebec. Monseigneur Plessis issued a pastoral letter on the occasion of Wellington's victories in Spain and the successes of Brock in Upper Canada, and ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung in all the churches of the province. Besides Mr. Edwards's paper, the August number contains “Notes on the Intendants,” by “Corvia,” “Reminiscences of Old Montreal,” by Mr. John Horn; an obituary notice of the late learned Abbé Rois, etc. *Canadiana* is edited by Mr. W. J. White, vice-president of the Society for Historical Studies, and is printed by the Gazette Printing Company. It is doing good service to the cause of historical inquiry, and well deserves encouragement.

The July number (No. 3) of the *Magazine of Poetry* contains sketches (with portraits) of two of our contributors, Miss Helen Maud Merrill and Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. Professor Roberts contributes a brief biography of his friend, Edgar Fawcett, whose portrait is also given. Other noteworthy features of this number are sketches of Samuel Waddington, the accomplished author of “Sonnets of Europe” and other works, with engraving of pen and ink portrait by Sumner from photograph by Debenham and Gabbell of London; sketch (with portrait) of John Vance Cheney, author of “Wood Blooms,” etc.; and portraits (with biographical and critical notices) of Geo. Macdonald, George Meredith, Mary Mapes Dodge, Catherine Tynan (frontispiece) and Ina Donna Coolbrith. Altogether, it is a fine number. (Buffalo, N.Y.: Charles Wells Moulton.)

WIMBLEDON.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP; THE VICTORIA RIFLES OF LONDON IN A CIRCLE AT THE REAR.



NORTH SIDE DEVIL'S HEAD LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

IX.

THE SUMMER OF 1887—RECREATIONS IN THE COLUMBIA VALLEY—"AIDE TOI ET DIEU T'AIDERA"—VARIETY OF SCENERY IN A SMALL SECTION OF THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

Having the fear of want of exercise before my eyes from the experience of 1886, I took out with me to Donald in June, 1887, a tennis net, and poles, balls and racquets, with the determination to establish an earth court, the peculiarities of bunch-grass vegetation prohibiting the possibility of a grass one. There was sufficient real estate in the neighborhood of our house to afford the proper measurements for the courts, and having pressed some of the C.P.R. officials into our service, with the inducement of prospective recreation, which was badly needed in the Columbia Valley, we cleared the ground and prepared for action. This same preparation consisted in the uprooting of bushes and stumps, the filling in of the holes from which they had been extracted, so as to render the courts firm and solid; this last process furnishing us with a land question somewhat difficult of solution, owing to the nature of the soil, which is so sandy. I refused to bind or harden in any way. Some one suggested pounding with a heavy log, which was accordingly procured and manipulated by means of an iron bar handle, resulting only in the dispersion of the necessary matter in clouds of dust. Water alone would settle the soil satisfactorily, and to obtain the aqueous fluid, the skies not being propitious, was easier in theory than in practice, since it was brought from a spring in the town and delivered by the barrel, costing a quarter for every replenishing, when the waggon made its bi-weekly rounds. It was, consequently, too dear and precious a commodity to be lightly bestowed upon mother earth. An improvised roller of a ponderous log of wood was employed with great success in the generally levelling process; but failed utterly to amalgamate the soft spots with the hard ones, and when the net was first set up for play, service and returns often resulted in a dead drop of the ball where the ground was not solid, and we finally decided to possess our souls in patience and pray for rain. In about ten days it fell, a long heavy downpour, lasting twelve hours, which made the court as hard and firm as a wood floor. Henceforth tennis was established and played regularly every day. During the months of July and August we turned out before breakfast, thereby avoiding both heat and mosquitoes; and, as the season advanced and the power of the sun and insect decreased in quality and quantity, we moved our hours of exercise onwards from before breakfast to before dinner, and finally, in October, backwards again to noon. The temperature was always delightfully fresh in the early morning, sweeping down from the Selkirk range immediately above us over its icy snowfields in waves of almost chilling coolness. The lights and shades, too, on mountain and valley, with the exquisite pearly tints of dawn thrown upon misty clouds rising from the warm valleys below, gave us ideal pictures, which were never seen at any other hour, and amply rewarded early rising. Our tennis court runs north and south, facing at one end the Rocky and the other the Selkirk mountains, enabling us to enjoy all the benefits of scenery as well as exercise. Fortune favored me so greatly in 1887 that I felt a practical illustration of the French proverb, "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*" Having provided myself with one form of amusement, I had another thrust upon me.

I noticed soon after my advent in Donald a nice looking pony running loose, apparently unappropriated. A rider from my youth upwards, I had a keen eye for a bit of horseflesh, and soon discovered that the vagrant belonged to an itinerant carpenter, no longer a resident of the town. I suggested to my husband that he should communicate with him, having learnt his address at a neighbouring town, and ask the loan of the pony which we had caught and I had tried, happening

to have brought my saddle, bridle, and habit out with me. I found the cayuse a most tractable little beast, and, on condition that we fed her with oats, a costly article of diet in the West, our request was granted and Peggy added to our establishment. That she thoroughly appreciated her luxuries was evident from the fact that she came regularly twice a day to receive her appointed portion from my husband's hands, when there was no difficulty in securing her for my afternoon ride. Peggy proved as successful as the tennis court, which is saying not a little, and an equal source of enjoyment to me. She was a well made little chestnut, about twelve hands high, very surefooted, gentle, willing, and capable of jumping or scrambling over any obstacle half as big as herself. She could negotiate bad places and enormous logs, provided her rider would stay with her, that would puzzle me even to contemplate, and I often used to amuse myself and vary the monotony of my rides by diverging from the trail and taking her across country to see what she could and would accomplish. Every afternoon regularly at five, on the warm July and August days, my head enveloped in a mosquito net, my hands encased in thick doeskin gloves, I sallied forth on Peggy's back, and, thus armed, fairly defied the mosquitoes, which I need hardly say swarmed at that hour. The current of air promoted by rapid riding enabled me to support with equanimity the oppression of a full net veil, confined by one elastic band round a stiff Christy, and by another round my devoted neck below the collar. Fortunately, the pony was hard as nails and in good condition, so that a fast pace did not come amiss to her, and was really a kindness, preventing, as it did, the mosquitoes from settling upon her. Indeed, she was quite intelligent enough to recognize the fact herself, and it was always a difficult matter to induce her to walk at all, and no wonder poor beast, when the tender spots about her eyes and nose were black with the venomous insects. So much did they annoy her that, in appreciation of my sympathetic attempts to remove them with my hunting crop, she would often turn her patient head round to the saddle, when frequent convulsive shakings failed to relieve her sufferings.

There were unfortunately but two available trails in the vicinity of Donald. One called the Wait-a-Bit, the other the Golden City trail, tending as their names indicated; the former toward the Rocky Mountains, following the course of the Wait-a-Bit River; and the latter in the direction of the auriferous town, 17 miles east of Donald, at the junction of the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers. Over either of those so-called roads it would have been impossible to ride any but a native horse except at a foot's pace, they having both for the first few miles been cut out of the pine woods, not from the primeval forest, which represents trees of girth and stature, but from that second contemptible growth of juvenile evergreens that springs up in the track of forest fires, and consists of slender poles, about 12 inches at the most in circumference. Stumps of this class, not being sufficiently formidable to the traveller's progress to remove, are left in the trail just as they were cut off, projecting about a foot or more above the ground, and a similar distance from each other. The first time I cantered down one of these roads, I must confess, I did so in fear and trembling, with my heart in my mouth. It seemed a choice between mosquitoes and sudden death, so I gave Peggy her head and let her go, and she never made a false step, picking her way most cleverly between the stumps, planting her fore-feet here and hitching her hind-feet there with jerks and shuffles that rendered a firm seat a matter of some importance to the equestrian. I rode always alone; indeed, neither mountain trails nor horses are conducive to company—the former being narrow and the latter accustomed to travel in single file and to select their own path according to their own ideas, and are opposed to the customs of civilization. The scenery of the Columbia Valley, however, is so beautiful that it compensates, in a great measure, to the solitary equestrian for the absence of a congenial companion. The Wait-a-Bit trail had been made originally to a silver mine six miles from

Donald, subsequently abandoned by its owners, not proving the El Dorado anticipated. A mile below it a pretty little lake, set like an emerald in a circle of thick woods, at the base of a steep foot-hill, lay shimmering in the sun a mirror of green harmonies, very deep and very still. I rode thither scores of times, yet never saw its bosom ruffled by the slightest motion; it was always calm and silent like the face of Death. The road to it was the ascending scale, penetrating first through a mile or more of wood, north of the town, where stumps congregated abundantly,—a barren, dreary region, through which a fire had swept, leaving desolation, as yet unrepaired, behind. An area of bare blackened poles, tangled together in wild confusion, having fallen across and against one another in their dying throes, their twisted and contorted branches were curiously suggestive of possible sufferings endured. They grew so close together and the flames of bush fires spread so rapidly, leaping from one tree to another, that many remained still upright, slender charred sticks of really uninjured wood. Among these relics the inhabitants of Donald found in the winter a fine harvest of firewood, which they had reaped level with the snow, leaving thousands of these stumps, some four feet high, in different localities where the spirit had moved them to hack and hew, marking by their height the snow line of the season. In addition to the stumps in this trail, which was also a waggon road, were stones of all sorts and conditions, sizes and shapes, making it unusually suicidal in character. Once traversed, however, a poplar wood, rich in shade and cool green tints, mingles its leaves with the bare poles of the outer district, showing some curious whim of the fire fiend, which had passed along its outer edge in a straight line, leaving this favoured grove untouched. It always reminded me of a desert oasis, so fresh and fair did it feel and look, with its luxuriant tangle of undergrowth, grasses, and long-leaved plants, impervious to the keenest eye. Riding through half a mile of greenery, a steep ascent was reached, up the face of a foot-hill; the top of this plateau attained, another had almost immediately to be surmounted, which was steeper than the first, and was circumvented by a slanting track up its side, instead of the perpendicular road that rose from the level of the lesser foot-hill. Both these elevations were of a gravelly nature, which did not facilitate the climb. From the brow of the second, however, the road wound gradually higher through a low scattered growth of pines and poplars—among which a few of the lords of the forest still proudly reared their plumed heads and gnarled branches. Up and up by more gentle ascents, till at last level ground was reached, and the top of a high foot-hill attained, which stretched away to another succession of foot-hills leading up to the Rocky Mountains. Here a panoramic view of the whole Columbia Valley rewards the rider or pedestrian which is worth any amount of exertion to enjoy. The track now turns sharply to the west and follows the course of the Wait-a-Bit River, which dashes along through a deep canyon hundreds of feet below, its waters being distinctly visible from many points in the road, now really good and free from the stones and stumps of the valley below. It leads eventually to the mine and lake at the base of the foot-hills, which are bounded by the mighty barrier of the Rocky Mountains. My homeward ride was always the most beautiful, for then Peggy's head was turned towards the Columbia Valley—above which I found myself—with its southern boundary of the noble Selkirk range glowing near and far in the glorious crimson and gold of the setting light, which turned its walls of rock into crags of liquid gold. One peculiarity of the Selkirks is that they look immeasurably grander and higher from the elevation of the Rocky foot-hills than from the valleys in which Donald nestles, as they towered in gilded heights against the firmament. The bird's eye view I enjoyed of the entire valley, intersected by the silver threads of the Columbia and Wait-a-Bit Rivers gleaming in the sunlight amid masses of dark foliage, possessed beauties to which I cannot pretend to do justice.

The Golden City trail is so different in character to the Wait-a-Bit, that some account of it will

serve to illustrate the variety of scenery contained in a small section of the mountain district. Leaving Donald, on its eastern instead of its northern extremity, the road lies parallel to the Columbia River, between the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, passing first through a dense growth of young pines, unscathed in 1887 by fire, growing as close together as a field of wheat, and presenting a perpetual vista of grey stems. Here the stumps in the trail were the very worst that could be seen or imagined, yet I invariably cantered over it with a blind confidence in Peggy's sure-footedness, which was never misplaced. A mile and a half of scrambling and shuffling, which was not the poetry of motion, brought me to the foot of a hill, where the true forest primeval began. An ideal woodland road rewarded my perseverance, free from all obstructions—dark, cool on the hottest days and silent as the grave; no sound perceptible but the footfall of the pony; no sight but of rugged trees, whose roots are hidden amid low bushes of variegated foliage. It is a locality very suggestive of bears, as berries abounded in it. I knew that two were often seen in the neighbourhood, one of these being subsequently shot half a mile from the road, and I was warned further of all kinds of wild animals. Truth, however, compels me to confess that never in the course of my numerous expeditions did I come across anything more formidable than a squirrel or a grouse. The track led for a mile over many ravines; finally quitting the forest it skirted the face of a hill, high above the Columbia and the railway, a sea of green rolling down from the edge of the road to the iron line, which follows the course of the river eastwards. Two fine mountains of the Rocky Range guard the outlet of the valley towards which my face was turned, while on the opposite side of the Columbia the Selkirks fade gradually away to a pale blue distant line, marking its course southeast to the Columbia Lakes, in which it takes its rise. This trail is more varied in character than the other. Being little used since the construction of the C.P.R., it has been neglected and is full of such natural evils as huge fallen trees, which must be jumped. A stream, too, has in one place usurped it for upwards of a quarter of a mile, necessitating splashing, wading along its bed, varied with leaping from one bank to the other, as the nature of the ground suggests. There are also two diversions of some length along the track, which has also monopolized the trail in some localities near the river bank, where there was not room for both.

"IN THE NEWSPAPERS."

What opinions we do sometimes get from the newspapers! Those who devour journalism wholesale obtain a perfect travesty of information upon one topic from various statements, truthful and incorrect, touching thereupon. There is many a newspaper reader who, if asked to tell what he knew of, for instance, Amélie Rives-Chanler, would reply with this recital:—I first heard of the lady in September of '87, when a short story of her's, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Considerable talk was made of its merits, and shortly after it was published by the Harpers, with two other stories by the same author, in book-form. In January of the year following a novellete, entitled "Virginia of Virginia," came out in *Harper's Monthly*. The newspapers began to speak more freely of "the new genius," but it was not until April of 1888, when her first novel, "The Quick or the Dead," was published in Lippincott's, that marked attention was paid her in the press. At that time, however, a perfect storm of criticism appeared. The book was called nasty, wishy-washy, spoony and dreadful, if I remember aright. *Puck* said it was written with a low-necked pen. "It is refreshing," said one; "A trifle salacious, but shows great promise of future things," wrote another. Then, in the "Literary Notes" of a patent inside, which issued, probably, several hundred thousand copies, the item was printed: "It is currently rumoured that Harpers have offered \$10,000 to Amélie Rives for a novel to contain fifty thousand words." Then

parodies on several of the lady's works appeared. "Be Quick and be Dead," by Ophelia Hives, was a tale which came out within, I think, two weeks after the April Lippincott's was for sale. It was about the same length as the Southern writer's book, and its style of juggling with the Queen's English was meant as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the diction in "The Quick or the Dead." There was at least one other parody in book-form. But it was in the newspapers that many rich sketches on the lines of the above appeared. One worthy of special mention was "The Dead Will, or the Quick Mr. Meeson, a composite novel; after too much of H. Rider Haggard and Amélie Rives." And the many-sided stories that were told about "the fair Amélie!" One, for a time, might look in vain for a column of literary notes which did not contain some such items as these: "Her stories are written from personal experience. She wanders about her Virginia homestead singing and romping with her hound, who is, by-the-by, the prototype of Hearne in 'A Brother to Dragons.'" "Miss Amélie Rives comes of a fine old French family, which settled in Virginia nearly a century since. She is *petite*, with blonde hair." "Miss Rives has, as yet, written little that will be read a decade hence. She is described as a magnificent specimen of womanhood, with raven-black hair and eyes." "Amélie Rives thinks nothing of dashing off a rondeau or triolet before breakfast. She is now re-touching some of her early verse, and it is said that a volume of quaint poetry is to be published soon, whose title-page will be graced with her name." "Her poesy palls upon the ear; is evidently laboured; in some verses we read between the lines 'This is my busy day.'" "Amélie Rives' verse comes from the heart of the singer, and goes to the heart of the hearer." After these had become threadbare, some enterprising pencil-pusher gave to the world another batch, rehashed from imagination and a newspaper interview: "It has been stated that Amélie Rives indulges in the wood-nymph pranks which she attributes to her heroines. This is not the case; the studies are from life, it is true, but they are those of a young girl friend, who resides near the author's home." "It is now whispered that Papa Rives is coming across the deep blue seas, from his summer sojourns, to put a stop to the hysterical nonsense his daughter is rushing through the press." "Miss Amélie Rives has a Spanish pony named Bonniel. She has worked his name into 'Virginia of Virginia,' and also, in the qualified form of 'Belibone,' into 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth.'" "This eccentric genius is being pushed too fast; her work would show a pronounced improvement did she but take a fair time to do it in." The "funny columns" contained nauseating gibes, which, were this a biographical sketch, would be eliminated. As, however, it is merely an exposition of information on one topic, gained by perusing the daily and weekly prints, they may be allowed. "The Quick or the Dead?" may not be choice or classical, but its author A. Rives there, *tout le même*." "Graceful Amélie should be transported to the Riviera." "'The Quick or the Defunct' is a valuable book to keep by one in the house, for if there is no sulphur at hand, for purposes of fumigation, it will be found to be a serviceable substitute." Such squibs as these made facetious departments a source of horror for a time.

"Herod and Mariamne" came next from Miss Rives' pen, and did not create a great stir, although Edgar Fawcett said: "I find it a tragedy of uneven but often astonishing vigour. . . . It exhibits more of fecund promise than sterling accomplishment"; and although, too, the cry of plagiarism was raised against it. The critics again said that the young authoress was being too hastily goaded on, and assured publishers that her work would be of a higher calibre if there was less of it. "The Witness of the Sun" followed in January last, appearing in the same pages as the previous works. Although widely heralded, it was hardly heard of a month after publication.

January and September seem to be Miss Rives' months for fiction publication in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Her poems first see the light in leading magazines. "Oh, Children's Eyes, Unchildlike," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for May, with an

error in the last line. In the editor's sheet of extracts sent out by that magazine, in the periodical itself and copied far and wide in nearly all exchanges, the line was printed:

"Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell."

The word "is" preceding "but" would have added to the sense and perfected the metre.

Several of Miss Rives' sonnets are remarkably pretty, and two of them were given a place in "American Sonnets," a book lately published in London. One says Miss Rives' books are *risqué*, another says they are stupid, but anon the following item catches the eye: "H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Monthly*, is reported to have said recently, 'Mrs. Chanler, or "that girl Amélie Rives," as you choose to call her, is the most wonderful literary genius of this century.'" There was also something in the papers about her marriage to Mr. Chanler, but the story was not very highly coloured by the literary gossips.

These vague ideas which I have of the authoress are purloined from what *on dit* in the newspapers: She has black hair, red hair, golden hair, but of whatever colour, the commentators agree that it is always there in profusion and is brushed carelessly back with a sweep of the hand. She is short and stout; she is of average height and possesses medium plumpness; she is tall and slim. She is pretty and she is plain. Her works are very, very good, very, very commonplace, and very, very poor.

Here your newspaper reader would pause and add: "This is what the newspapers have told me of Amélie Rives."

The public press is a revolving panorama, showing diverse phases of many things, but never have the gossips more to say than of the things least important. Truly the newspaper is a great educator, but the old motto, nevertheless, holds good to-day: "Don't believe all you read in the papers." There are few things more paradoxical than public gossip.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

THE 74th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

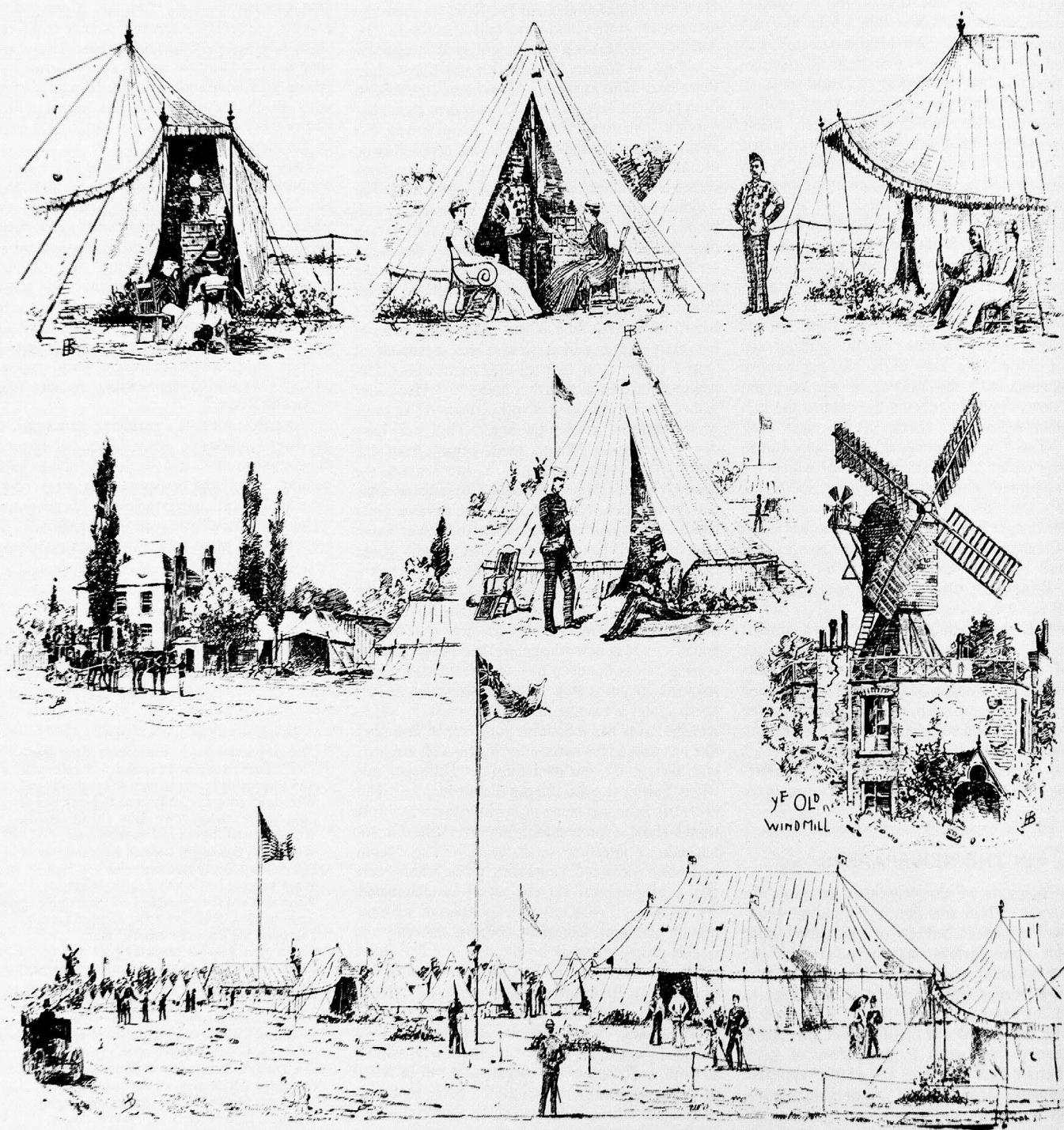
Fought 25th July, 1814.

Upon this hill where now we gently tread,
Mid graves and stones—memorials of the dead,
Where greenest turf and sweetest flowerets smile,
And whispering leaves to sacred thoughts beguile—
Where gathering free, with none to break our peace,
From meaner thoughts we claim a short surcease.
We pause, and list to awful memories far
When from this height boomed forth the roar of war.
Soft contrast this to that fierce day and night,
When surge of battle hither rolled in might;
When shot and shell ploughed all the trampled ground,
And wounded, dead, and dying dropped around.
Pharsalia, not upon *thy* dreadful plain
Lay in more frequent heaps the glory slain!
But, O proud contrast! there Ambition fought,
And personal ends the conquering Caesar sought;
But here, 'twas Patriotism fired the fight,
And Drummond struck to save our dearest right.—
Drummond, whose name still lives in proud Quebec,
Shall saved Niagara's foot be on thy neck?
Can Lundy's Lane untrue to Drummond live,
Or grudge thy memory all she had to give?
Thy right, O Canada, thy Drummond sought,
And from high justice all his valour caught.
He traversed not another's right to Be,
But sternly guarded thy sweet liberty.
What asks the patriot more? He knows but this—
His country and her welfare very his.
Her honour his, her greatness all his care;
Quick to defend, her woes his willing share;
Her name his pride, her future but his own;
Each word and deed, seed for her harvest sown.
What asks the patriot more? For her to live,
Or gladly for her life his own to give.
Such were thy sons, O Canada, that fought for thee,
Sprung from the boundless West, or utmost sea.
Such are thy sons to-day—the same their sires—
Or French or British quick with loyal fires,
Here on this holy hill their bodies lie
As thick as stars that stud the winter sky.
Here on this hill baptized indeed with fire,
As from an altar may their flames aspire,
O Canada! Thon of the seven-fold bond;
Let evermore such sons in thee be found;
Let evermore thy sons thy guardians be,
High-souled and pure, content if thou be free.

21st July, 1889.

S.A.C.

WIMBLEDON.



PEN AND INK SKETCHES

By Captain Bunnett.

The Colonel's tent.

Lady Wantage's Reception tent.

The U. S. camp.

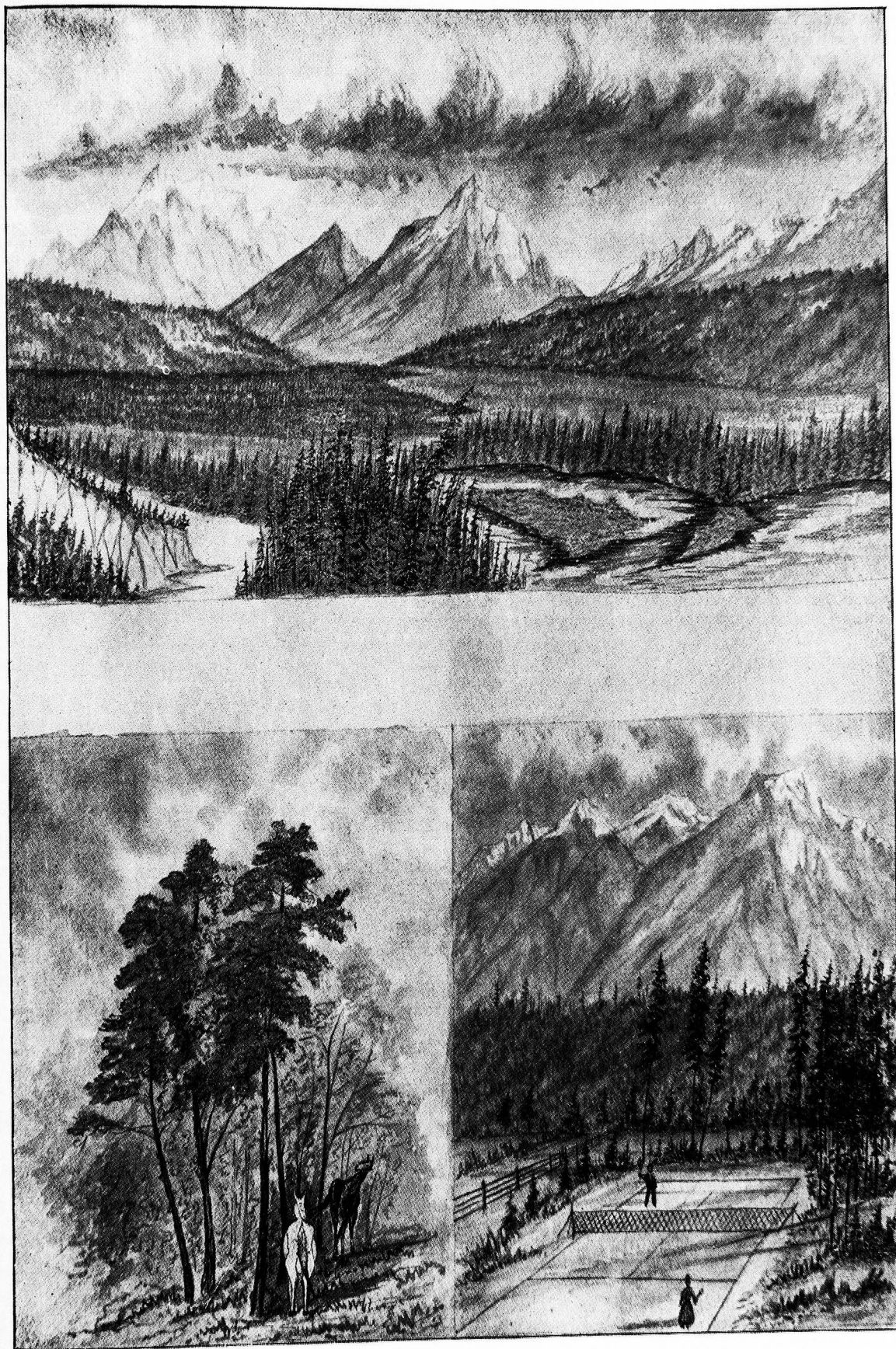
Afternoon Tea.

Writing letters home.

The Adjutant's tent.

The old Windmill.

The Canadian camp.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series IX.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. General view of the Columbia Valley, shewing course of the Wai-a-bit River. 2. A Mountain Tennis Ground. 3. Peggy, the gray mare, at liberty.



HOME FURNISHING AND DECORATION.—*Table Glass Ware*.—A table glittering with prismatic, diamond-like hues, lending its brilliancy to deeply tinted flowers, and contrasting with the fair white of the linen covers and napkins—what hostess could desire a more beautiful sight to display to her guests. Not long ago she was fortunate if she possessed a few pieces of choice imported glass to mingle with the more formal service of silver and china which every good housekeeper was supposed to own. That was in the days when all, or nearly all, our cut glass was brought over from England. Now we have in America perhaps a dozen factories, at Corning, Pittsburg, New Bedford, Honesdale and elsewhere, in which a glass equal in quality and superior in brilliancy and whiteness to the imported ware, is manufactured, and their elegant products are seen everywhere. As with silver, the introduction of machinery into the manufacture has greatly lessened the expense of production. Nearly every article of table ware, and many other useful household articles are now made in glass, and of so strong, durable, and beautiful quality that it has become deservedly popular.

The connoisseur understands that the pattern of a cutting makes a vast difference in the price. Here, for instance, is a "hob-nail" cutting, in long lines, very handsome and effective, although its name belies its beauty, representing no more than half the work bestowed on this rich jewel-cut bowl, which closely imitates the cutting of a rose diamond, and dances out in a thousand bright rays. This "strawberry, diamond and fan" pattern is a combination of a diamond shaped base at whose interstices a small strawberry leaf has been let fall and the outer edge finished in fan-shaped cuttings. The Russian, Maltese, prism and bead, Phoenix, raised diamond and old English are other handsome varieties of cuttings.

You will find all these glittering pieces arranged on mirrors in the sales-room, in order to still further dazzle the eyes of the purchaser. We may begin our tour of inspection anywhere. Here are several large tables crowded with globes for gas and electric lights. Some are finely etched in cactus, rose and a great variety of patterns; some, both etched and cut, but the most beautiful are full cut. They are seen in all shapes and sizes, with straight, fan-shaped, and convoluted sides. For electric lights the display is unusually fine. Drop an incandescent burner into one of these sparkling cones of glass and your room is fairly ablaze with the reflected and multiplied lights. The cutting is every bit as fine as that of the choicest table ware.

Here is a long array of tumblers of thick, deeply cut glass, in all sizes and a hundred different patterns. Something must be added to the sweetness of a draught quanted from such a receptacle. You may pay any price that you choose, according to the difficulty of the workmanship, but let me assure you that if your means do not warrant a large outlay, the patterns in long waving lines with beads interspersed are nearly as effective and much less expensive than the more ornate devices, especially if the piece is well covered. To accompany the tumblers, we are shown tall, slender-necked elegantly cut carafes, beautiful designs in pitchers, and ice-bowls and tubs. The carafes are new only in design, but are still very popular. One may see them at almost any restaurant, but they still hold their own. Some prefer the rich pitchers which are called jugs, and are very elegant in appearance. They are in tall, slender shapes, very richly cut, and have very strong thick handles. For some distance about the place where the handle is joined to the body of the pitcher, the glass is left entirely free from ornamentation, and when the vessel is filled with a coloured liquid, lemonade we will say, the handle appears to float on the surface. A pretty novelty is the individual water jug, which is really a little pitcher large enough to hold two glasses, perhaps, and is a graceful bit to put by

one's plate. The old-fashioned carafes with glass cup covering the mouth are no longer seen. Bowls, somewhat larger than the medium-sized finger-bowls, and designed for cracked ice, are placed at intervals about the table, a spoonful of the ice is put in each glass and water from the carafe or jug is poured in. Little glass tubs, quite high and narrow, are sometimes used for ice, but the suggestion is not exactly pleasant.

Salad, punch and lemonade bowls retain their usual shapes and are of such size as to display to the best possible advantage their brilliant cuttings. One immense bowl blazed in the light like a miniature sun. For a choice wedding gift nothing could be prettier than a cut glass ice-cream set, in the jewel pattern, with little diamonds surrounding each small plate, displaying the dainty morsel of pink, green or brown cream in pretty contrast. Each piece is worth a study. In general, plates are round, oval, or square and of noticeably generous dimensions, many of those shown measuring fully six or seven inches across. Berry and preserve dishes are similar in shape and may be used interchangeably except when the plate of ordinary shape is chosen for the cream. A pretty device is in the form of a large sea-shell, and may be used for flowers. The large, elegant berry-dish is an artistic addition to the table, especially when heaped high with red strawberries, raspberries, or the deeper-tinted later berries. Salad, punch and berry dishes are also used for fruit.

Celery glasses are in great variety. The very tall shapes are no longer seen. Some glasses, a trifle taller than a large tumbler, were handsomely finished in the fan design, others had the more brilliant Phoenix cut. One may select his own design, and order a glass of any shape. There is a pretty celery glass which looks like a bright diamond canoe in which the crisp celery stalks are laid, and several similar horizontal shapes which are also serviceable for asparagus.

Here is a mirror-table filled with finger-bowls, round, square, triangular, large and small, but mostly quite small, not over four and a-half inches across. The poor bowl assumes this crushed shape under pressure, and from circles that were wont to regard it with friendly eyes. A decided effort has been made of late, by certain society people, to do away with the bowl entirely on account of the space which it occupies. Its room was considered by some far more desirable than its company. Indeed, so numerous are the articles now placed by each plate at a grand dinner, that one is tempted to compare the spectacle to the display in a sales-room or a "set-out" of wedding presents. What with the plates, knives and forks, the spoons, butter, salt, pepper, sugar (the salt, however, is often relegated to the large old-fashioned dishes at either end of the table, which our grandmothers were in the habit of using), the bread plate, water jug and tumbler, the guest is liable to become a trifle bewildered. But the finger-bowl is an old and tried friend, and was not nor is it likely to yield its place to any new fancy. In its diminished form, it is still sufficiently large for the purpose of its existence. Some pretty engraved bowls of the First Empire style are strewn with small gold stars.

Flower bowls, or rose jars, are shown in bewildering variety, and in all sizes. Of course the large and more costly ones are the most conspicuous, but those of medium and small size are very elegant and serviceable. The larger ones are adapted only to the needs of showy flowers. A great handful of glowing Jacqueminots, or Baroness Rothschild roses, the exuberant, delicate pink peonies, or their aristocratic red sisters which are just finding their way from our grandmother's gardens to the city green-house, are fittingly arranged in one of these immense bowls. The smaller bowls may be placed by each plate, the larger ones occupy a far more conspicuous position, and are sometimes twelve inches across.

The individual sugar and cream receptacles are very dainty and rich. A really beautiful set finely cut, may be obtained for four dollars and a half or even less. The little pitcher or jug has a rather slender neck and is quite tall, while the sugar is daintily bestowed in a quaint little basket, heavy

enough not to be easily upset. This little set makes a modest but a very acceptable wedding gift.

Of small, odd pieces, there is a great variety. Irregular shaped dishes for olives, pickles, cheese, sweetmeats or bonbons, have large heavy handles and are thus conveniently passed around the table. Toilet bottles are low and broad, with immense, heavily cut stoppers, which are sometimes worth far more than the bottle itself. Some of the whisky, claret and champagne jugs are so elegantly finished that ladies purchase them for cologne and toilet waters.—*Good Housekeeping*.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

Its half-past six by us, p.m., so you will soon be wending
Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with
gun,

For 'tis glorious Twelfth to-day, of honour never ending,
And we have not forgotten it beneath an Austral sun.

'Tis not so many years ago since you and I together
Were working on this very Twelfth the old Dumfriesshire
moor,

And treading, with elastic step, the fragrant, crackling
heather,

With "Dick" and "Ben," with noses down, were on the
grouses' spoor.

How grand it seemed for me, whose gun had lain since
February

Upon the gun-rack, suddenly to see his pointer stop
And stiffen out his tail, the while he stood erect and wary,
And waited, till you topped the ridge, upon the brood to
drop.

And grander still, on drawing near, to see the red grouse
springing

Before his well-trained nose, about as far as you could
kill,

And get both barrels on their heads, and shoot them cleanly,
bringing

A cock down right and left, stone dead, with scarce a
damaged quill!

And when the luncheon on the moor, with purple moun-
tains sweeping

Behind each other, wave on wave, as far as you could see,
And little tufts of moss and fern between the boulders peep-
ing,

To mark the brooklet's lair in case the ladies wanted tea.

Ethel had eyes as blue as were the August skies above her,
And hair as bright and sparkling as the bumpers of
champagne

With which we gave her Kentish fire. You would not help
but love her,

She was so dainty in her grace and gracious in disdain.

Mary was Vesta—lit the fire—Ethel our Dian, fairer
To shoot, the smile her sweetest thanks on any gentleman

Who chose to give her up his gun for half an hour and train
her—

Hippolyta the Second and a modern Marian.

Dressed all in tweed, with kilted skirt and manly Norfolk
jacket,

And curious eyes would note below a real shooting boot,
But so well shaped and tasteful that it seemed profane to
black it,

Laced tightly to the ankle of her arched and slender foot.

Is Ethel there with you, besieged with just as many lovers?
Or has she cried "Peccavi" to some fox-and-goose
bashaw,

And been transferred from running wild to strictly-keepere
covers,

Where "Poaching will be met with all the rigours of the
law?"

I long to walk with you once more in your grand August
weather

Upon the old Dumfriesshire moor, with pointer and with
gun,

And scent the fragrance of the breeze that roams o'er sea
and heather—

I almost long to see an adder coiled up in the sun

Upon the warm dry peat beside the edge of the brown
water,

Or a hedgehog, or a stoat, for it would look so like old
times;

And I'd like to show Miss Ethel, too, if by herself I caught
her,

That I have lips for something else besides repeating
rhymes.

[The time in Victoria, Australia, is 9½ hours ahead of English time.]
—Douglas Sladen, in "A Poetry of Exiles."

The death is reported in Turkey of a Mohammedan
named Hadzi Sulejam Saba, who had reached the age of
132 years. He has had 7 wives, 60 sons and 9 daughters,
and had survived them all. At the time he married his last
wife he was 98, and when she joined the majority he wanted
to marry again, but the state of his finances did not permit.
Until four days before he ended his long career he did not
know what it was to be ill.

FASHION NOTES.

The queen of Corea is no figurehead. She has her voice in councils of the king and an establishment of her own inside the palace grounds. The queen dresses, of course, in Corean costume. She carries a chateleine watch, which is diamond studded, and smokes American cigarettes by the thousand.

Tulle boas, although as frail as a butterfly's wing are immensely popular still. They are made of the same colour as the dress, have a bow of ribbon at the ends and also another to tie them at the neck. But for the heat of Summer ballrooms the tulle boa is hardly appropriate and will melt after a few quick turns about the floor.

A lady travelling in Brazil a short time since brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half-breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets that shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wildcat the curve of which turns backward. The whole is barbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

SEPARATE WAISTS FOR SUMMER SKIRTS.—French nainsooks or Victoria lawns are made up in separate waists precisely like those of surah now used, and will be worn all summer with various coloured skirts—a cool and comfortable fashion. They may be tucked lengthwise to form a yoke, or else they are shirred at the top. The sleeves are straight and full, or if preferred in coat shape, are quite full and high about the armhole. The belt may be of insertion or of ribbon, and the space below the belt may be worn outside the skirt or thrust under it, as the wearer chooses.

SLIPPERS FOR EVENING WEAR.—Slippers are more worn than boots for evening wear. Suede slippers and suede gloves are usual accompaniments for the evening toilet, but the newer mode is to wear slippers, of satin if necessary, to match the gown. The slipper has the pointed toe and high heel and is not very low in front. Silk bows as rosettes are used in ornamentation, but they must be small ones. The buckle is silver or gilt, sometimes jewelled, and may be large and square or smaller than those hitherto seen. Small pompons of gold or silver thread are occasional ornaments.

The designs in long lace pins grow more fanciful and beautiful each week. A pair presented by a thoughtful young man to his *fiancée* were moonstones carved with the utmost delicacy and skill, one the head of an Egyptian woman, the other a head of a Roman warrior. A crested helmet of tiny diamonds and emeralds and a breastplate similarly adorned brought his chiselled features into bold relief, while diamonds and rubies glittered in the strange head-dress of the Egyptian. Another quaint design was a long oblong pearl suspended from a crooked prong, with its upper half incrustated in diamonds to represent the shell of this pearl acorn.

A lately imported Paris gown was worn the other day at one of a series of readings given in Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's drawing-rooms at Newport. The lilac batiste that formed the back of the skirts and body of the waist was of French manufacture, as fine as silk and sheer as muslin. The front and left side of the skirt was composed of a solid breadth of lilac silk mull, heavily embroidered in large square figures of white. In spaces between the figures ran dainty designs in lace work as fine as cobweb. About the bottom of the skirts the mull was worked in deep points, showing alternate plaitings of lace and batiste laid beneath. On the right hip was caught a loop and a long end of moire sash that only half concealed a panel of lace and batiste plaitings. The back draperies were long and plain. Alternate bands of moire and embroidered mull formed the waist-vest: the collar and cuffs were also of the mull.

A TENNIS COSTUME EXTRAORDINARY.—A pair of green silk stockings, embroidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pigskin shoes. After these are on the wearer will array herself in an undergarment of gray-green China silk, which looks like a petticoat, ruffled up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each limb and fastened to one belt, which gives her a freedom of movement she has never known before since she went out of short frocks. A little low necked silk bodice goes with the divided petticoat, and this is filled with lace and drawn up with little narrow green ribbons about the shoulders and arms. The tennis dress proper is of a gray-green serge, laid in a deep hem about the foot of the skirt, and embroidered with a deep border of buttercups done in gold-coloured floss. The skirt is gathered in quite full and falls just the fragment of an inch below the ankles. The waist is a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape, made of white serge, with a turnover collar, under which is knotted a yellow silk scarf the same colour as the broad, soft sash, knotted about the waist. The sleeves are loose and full, and are gathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket, whose edges are embroidered with buttercups, which is lined throughout with silk of the same shade, and has no sleeves.—*London Court Journal*.

YACHTING GOWNS.—The material for yachting gowns this season is English serge. This is a genuine seawater-proof material which has been found for many years in the English market, but is imported to this country for the first time this season. It is double width, varies in price \$1.00 to \$1.25, and may be found in white and navy blue only. It is known by tailors as Isle of Wight serge, from its popularity at Cowes, the great yachting centre of the English world. Combinations of blue and white serge are used by

tailors for these gowns which must be simple. Drapery is dispensed with or merely suggested by slashing the skirt and letting in pieces in contrasting colour. The anchor and the sailor's collar and tie are used in many of these dresses. A beautiful gown of dark blue serge has a straight skirt laid in box-pleats in front ornamented with lines of gold braid terminated with a gilt anchor at foot of each. A linen shirt waist with shield bosom standing collar with turned down points exactly like a gentleman's dress shirt is worn with this skirt and jacket of blue serge which has a velvet collar turned back to show the linen waist, is ornamented with gold braid. Another pretty waist worn with a linen shirt waist and turned over collar is of striped blue and white serge and turned back in sailor revers of dark blue, ornamented with anchors of gilt. A beautiful yachting gown of white serge is made with a straight princess skirt with a full front breadth hemmed across the front with a pale blue hem and ornamented above with rows of pale blue braid. The full front of the waist is finished with a row of pale blue braid forming a square at the neck and pointed empire girdle at the waist line in front. The full sleeves are held down just above the elbow by several rows of braid. A white sailor hat and a ribbon band of blue completes the outfit.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has been at Quebec. He left Windsor by the Windsor and Annapolis line for Annapolis, N.S., and is enthusiastic over the beauties of the Annapolis Valley and the picturesqueness of historic Annapolis. Thence he went to St. John by the Sound steamer City of Monticello. At St. John he was met by Mr. Carter, editor of *Progress*, and called upon by Major Jack and Mr. Hannay, the historian, directly after his arrival. Mr. Carter then drove him around the city and on the following day Mr. Hannay took him over the historical parts. After a couple of days in St. John to collect materials for his loyalist poem, he went up the St. John River to Fredericton and is loud in its praises. He thinks it one of the most charming river trips he has made. Parts of it remind him of the far-famed beauties of the Parramatta river and parts of the lower Rhine. He pronounces the steamers excellent. He spent three days at Fredericton, being shown over the Parliament houses and the Supreme Court by the Chief Justice and Judge Fraser and driven out to the Indian village by Mr. Carter, and then came on to Quebec by the New Brunswick Railway and the Tenciscouata Railway, connecting with the Intercolonial at Rivière du Loup. This is a route lately opened, and he describes the scenery as superb. Nearly the whole line of the N. B. R. from Fredericton to Edmonton commands views of the St. John River, and on the run along Lake Temiscouata there is some of the finest lake scenery he has seen, while the little composite carriage is a gem of airiness and comfort, and the inn at Notre Dame—the anglers' headquarters—excellent. After leaving Quebec and paying their visits, Mr. Sladen and his party will proceed to Vancouver, stopping at Toronto, Niagara and other points of interest, in order to acquaint himself with the facilities of the great Canadian Pacific road for making Canada the highway between England and the East.

AT THE GRAVE OF ABRAM HULL.

[Abram Hull was a captain in the United States Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Lund's Lane, 25th July, 1814, and interred on the battleground, near to the spot where he fell, with the fallen on both sides. The battleground was consecrated as a cemetery, and is now kept in order by the Lund's Lane Historical Society.]

Not that thou wast an enemy do I desire
Thy grave shall be no mound of weeds or mire;
My country's enemies are mine, and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.
Not that thou wast an enemy and I forget
The fierce incursion—unforgotten yet.
But that thou wast a mother's son, I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay e'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe,
I would some mother-breast should pity know,
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now,
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears for one so brave and young,
Nor leave, for emmitv, a warrior's dirge unsung.
S. A. CURZON.

TROUBLES.—He who has learned the secret of a happy life will bow his head before life's storms, but will gladly raise it again to welcome the returning sunlight. Many of the troubles men suffer are imaginary and born of their fears; many of them are trifles unworthy to dwell in their thoughts; many more might be avoided by care on their own part; and very many contain within them the seeds of good to themselves, and benefit to others that could be produced in no other way.



What's in a name? Most of the alphabet, in Russia.

A minister one day said in his pulpit: "We pursue a shadow—the bubble bursts and leaves ashes in our hands."

Western constituent: "So you're a Democrat! Give me your hand!" Washington belle (absent-mindedly): "Ask papa."

Ed (to Ada in her ball costume): "What a lovely girl you are!" Ada (simply): "You ought to see me when I am dressed!"

When a modern youth becomes ensconced in a street car, the ladies discover that he doesn't belong to the rising generation.

"However could you think of falling in love with such a homely fellow? His figure is something awful." "Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank."

"All things come to him who waits," says the proverb, but the man who, after waiting half an hour, discovers that the last car has gone, is not a believer in it.

Proud mother: "Don't you think my little son looks very refined?" Blunt doctor: "Yes, indeed. Looks as if he could be knocked over with a feather."

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

Teacher: "Adams, do you know who made that noise?" Adams (who is the guilty one): "I know, but I do not like to tell." Teacher: "You are a gentleman, sir."

"How do you do, little boy?" "Got a cold in my head." "Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so, little boy?" "Cause my eyes leak and my nose don't go."

When it is one minute after eight o'clock it is past eight. When it is thirty minutes after eight it is only half-past eight. Here is another discovery to make the world pause and feel sad.

Fair shopper (in great store): "There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up." Clerk: "Don't wrap it up?" "No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill the time while waiting for my change."

As they say their last "good-bye" a clock strikes ten, eleven, twelve. George: "How the time flies when you are by my side, dear." Daisy: "Yes, George; but that's papa in the dining-room setting the clock."

Husband: "Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not." Wife: "You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine."

APPRECIATIVE.—(The young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust.") Old lady: "How nice! I always did like 'Home, Sweet Home!'" Young lady (with a start): "'Home, Sweet Home!'" Old lady: "Yes; Min plays it. I can always tell when she crosses her hands."

A Boston girl was married to a Chinaman named Charley June. The ceremony proceeded with much difficulty. When the groom was asked if he would take the bride to be his "wedded wife" he became confused; the clergyman suggested that the usual reply was "I will," but it was not till the bride had warmly said: "Say yes or no, one or the other," that June came to time with "I will."

BOBBY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at the door with the hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries: "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?" "No, dear." "Boo—hoo—hoo—well, you said you would—boo—hoo." (Painful silence, followed by rapid leave taking.)

A NOVEL IDEA.—The other day a little fellow about seven years of age tumbled into the Clyde at a very deep part known as the "Bank Wheel." He was rescued by a fisherman, and, being taken home, was cautioned by his father and told never to go near the river again, for he would be sure to be drowned next time. "No, no, father," said the boy, "I wad haud on tae the big stanes at the bottom and keep my mouth close, an' no' let the watter get in."

DEAN MANSEL'S WIT.—In Dean Burgon's account of Dean Mansel, it is said the metaphysician was once driving out with Prof. Chandler and others, including a little girl, who suddenly exclaimed, *apropos* of a donkey by the roadside: "Look at that donkey! He has got his head into a barrel and can't get it out." Mansel was heard to mutter, "Then it will be a case of asphyxia." Equally good was his suggestion, on seeing the figure of Neptune in St. Paul's Cathedral, that the only Christianity it had to do with would be "Tridentine." On a student's stumbling vaguely through an answer in class, he is said to have addressed him with the words, "Really, sir, if you cannot be definite, you had better be dumb in it." But best of all, for neatness and brevity, was his remark on the appearance of a candidate having for Christian names "Field Flowers." "That man," said Mansel, "was born to be either ploughed or plucked," only he was neither, and is said now to be a colonial bishop. *London Inquirer*.



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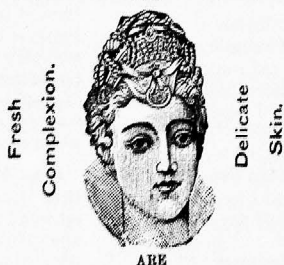
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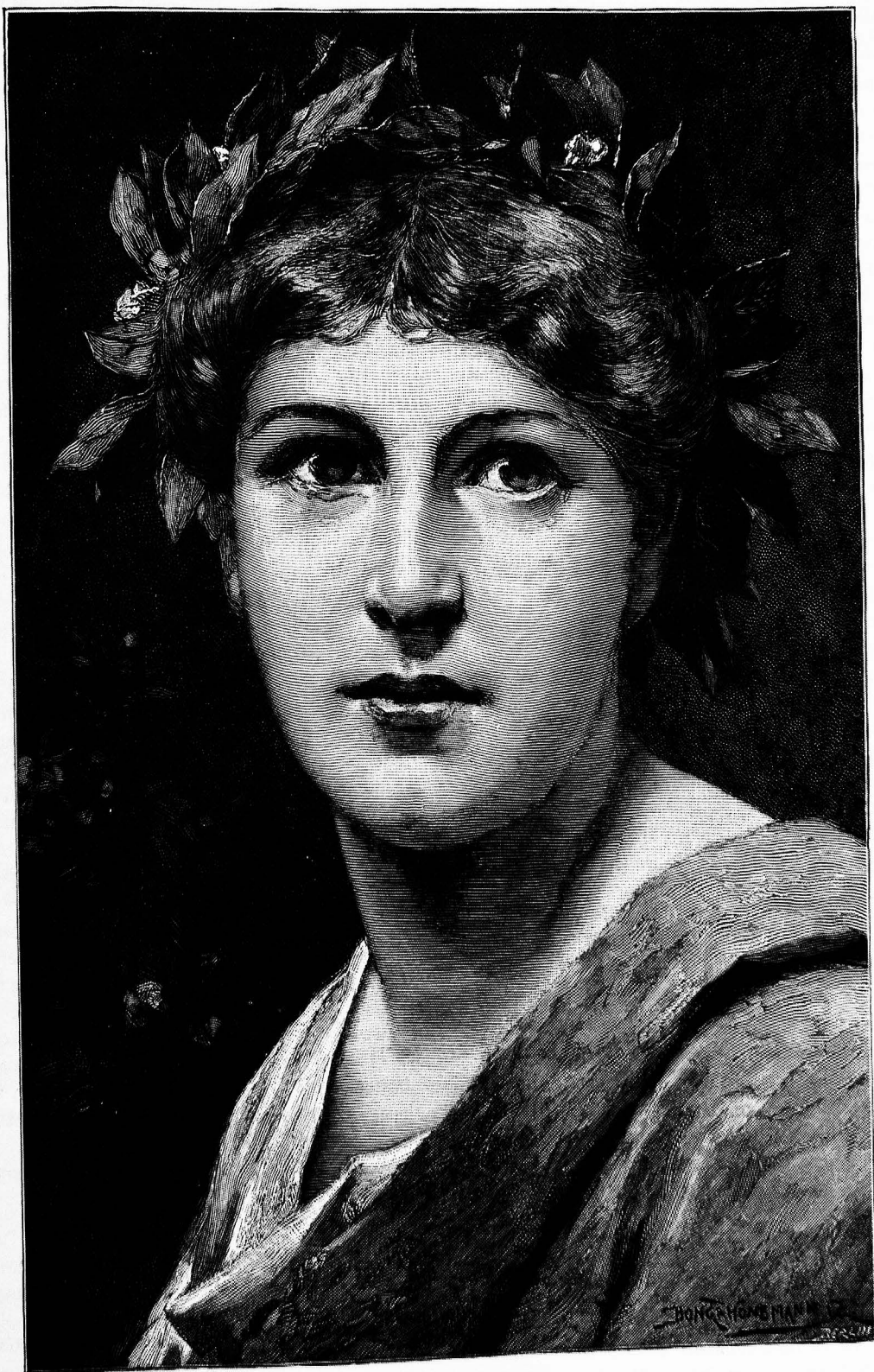
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(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 60.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 24th AUGUST, 1889.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. 6d.



DAPHNE.

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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers,

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGER,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

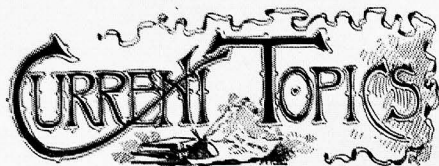
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"What well-directed training schools can accomplish," says the *Canadian Manufacturer*, "is illustrated in the case of the dairy-schools of Denmark. That Government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy-schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 per annum." The preference of Danish and Dutch to Canadian butter in the English market has been a reproach to the butter-makers of the Dominion, which, we trust, will soon be deprived of justification.

In a recent number (August 10) of the *Toronto Merchant* there is an article on "Fallacious Ideas of Merchants," which it may do some members of the mercantile community some good to read. "There are merchants," it begins, "possessed of the idea that time spent in conversation with the travelling salesman is so much time wasted;" and then it goes on to show that these travellers are mostly intelligent men, whose business gives them wide and varied opportunities of acquiring knowledge, which the merchant, who seldom leaves home, cannot be expected to obtain. To refrain from conversing with a man thus well informed as to the course of trade throughout the country, on the plea of time-saving, is, the *Merchant* urges, a false economy.

In a contribution to the *Star*, written with his usual charm of style, Mr. S. E. Dawson has fitting words of praise for the new short line from Montreal to St. John, N.B. He mentions an anomaly, however, the continuance of which we would earnestly deprecate. In St. John, it appears, the visitor from Montreal, seeking the news in his familiar *Herald* or *Gazette*, *Witness* or *Star*, seeks in vain, while experiencing no difficulty whatever in securing a *Mail*, a *Globe*, an *Empire*, or a *World*. This rarity of Montreal and abundance of Toronto papers may, it is true, be owing to natural causes. Our Toronto "contemporaries" may be accessible in that fair and thriving city by the sea, for the simple reason that Toronto proprietors are more enterprising and wide awake to their own interests than their journalistic brethren of Montreal. Mr. Dawson, indeed, does not hesitate to make comparisons which are not flattering to the Montreal press. It was that of Ontario, not of Montreal, that sent representatives to the Carnival, although that most successful *fête* celebrated an event that especially concerned this city. For Montreal is the point on the St. Lawrence that was brought into direct connection with the Atlantic

at St. John by the opening of the Short Line Railway. If mere apathy be at fault—strange as such apathy must, in the circumstances, be considered—the remedy is within reach, as far as the supply of papers is concerned; and Mr. Dawson has done well to stir up his fellow-citizens.

But he seems disposed to invest his disappointment with a further and more deplorable significance. He hints at the possible isolation of this province from the English-speaking communities on either side of it; at Toronto and St. John "joining hands over our heads." And he ascribes the risk of that misfortune befalling us to "the prevalence of the French language and the continual discussion of French questions." It is true, as he points out, that at the last census there were 56,635 residents of French origin in New Brunswick, so that there is really more ground for sympathy (apart from their contiguity) between Quebec and New Brunswick than between New Brunswick and Ontario. Montreal certainly (as Mr. Dawson reminds us) lost an opportunity in not making more of the carnival and the railway, which helped to give it *raison d'être*. But, to whatever cause that neglect may be attributed, we cannot think that it arose out of either indifference or slight. Our own experience is that the kindest feelings are reciprocated by the English-speaking elements in the two provinces, and as for the relations between Acadian and Canadian French, they never were so cordial as they have been for the last twelve months or so. The writings of Abbé Casgrain, M. Rameau de Saint Père, Senator Poirier, Benjamin Sulte, and others, in the Old World and the New, have done much to bring about this *rapprochement*.

If the Elixir of Life is not "as old as the hills" (or was it "the Flood?") as a distinguished professor asserts, it is certainly old enough to be no novelty. The word, like many other scientific terms introduced into Europe in the Middle Ages, is of Arab origin, though the Arabs may have derived it (as they derived much of their knowledge) from the Greeks. It was originally used to denote the philosopher's stone, but was afterwards applied to fluids as well as solids. Potions bearing the name of *Elixir vite* have been practically countless. Only one of these has taken permanent place in pharmacy—that of Matthiolus, which was once given to relieve epileptic attacks. Of the more pretentious preparations of the name, Dr. Francis Shepherd, of this city, mentions some of the most famous in an article on "Medical Quacks and Quackeries," which appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1883.

We are behind the times in some respects, doubtless. If a Canadian judge or ex-judge raised murderous hands against a brother of the Bench, or if, to prevent such a scandal, some quick-eyed Canadian sheriff were to anticipate his proper functions as the supreme dispenser of justice, what an outcry there would be. Why, we would think the world was coming to an end. The Terry-Field-Nagle tragedy belongs to a class of "sensations" which, happily, are virtually impossible on Canadian soil.

Not, indeed, that we can claim a social record entirely bloodless. There are persons still living who can recall the years when duelling was sanctioned by the makers, and winked at by the interpreters, of our laws. Affairs of honour were not unknown in Canada in the early years of the present reign, though it is to the credit of Her

Majesty and the late Prince Consort that they constantly frowned upon the sanguinary code; till eventually it fell into desuetude. Although, even in its worst days, the practice was not so frequent in Canada as in Europe, it was more often attended with fatal results, in proportion to the number of encounters. The death of Major Ward is still remembered by some of our readers. "John White, Esquire, His Majesty's Attorney-General," William Weekes, barrister-at-law, and "Young Ridout," son of Surveyor-General Ridout, fell victims to the code of honour within the space of twenty years in Upper Canada. The seconds, in this last case, one of whom was then serving as Attorney-General, were brought to trial eleven years after the fatality and were acquitted.

But, in the matter of duelling, Canada was moderation itself compared with the Mother Country. No office or dignity (if it were not clerical) was deemed a valid plea for exemption from the tyrannous usage. To decline a challenge called for a nobler exercise of courage than to accept it. The provocations on which men were called out were sometimes of the most trivial character. A statesman's duty to the commonwealth did not shield him from the annoyance. Wilberforce was challenged by a sea captain, who considered himself insulted by one of the philanthropist's speeches on the slave trade. In the early years of the century there was hardly a public man who had not offered himself as a mark for a bullet. Pitt fought a duel while he was Prime Minister. So did Fox and Canning and the Duke of Wellington. Peel was the last statesman of the first rank to send or receive a challenge.

The change in opinion on this question has in England been equivalent to a social revolution. We cannot realize such a thing as Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone going out some morning to exchange shots with some hasty-tempered opponent. The duel between M. Floquet and General Boulanger seemed to emphasize the contrast between the tone of thought and life in England and that which prevails on the other side of the Channel. Yet a few generations ago the sword or the pistol was the final court of appeal in questions of "honour" in England even more than in France. In the latter country, perhaps, the custom would ere this have died out were it not that convention has made it little more than a form. Certainly, where a brief matutinal exercise in swordmanship and a mere scratch given or received can satisfy all the laws of honour, duelling is less brutal than the lawless and treacherous shooting which has taken its place among our neighbours. If to slay a man in a duel be murder, then to shoot a man down without warning is seventold murder.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S POSITION.

Some difference of opinion seems to exist as to the position of Sir Charles Tupper with respect to the Imperial Federation movement. Some Canadian journals have commented on his recent speeches as though they implied the assent of the Government and people of Canada to his proposal of a convention. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by what Sir Charles said either at the anniversary banquet of the Imperial Federation League or at the subsequent council meetings of that body. His utterances on the former occasion, which were briefly summarized in this journal, were simply intended to give a practical tendency to the policy of the League. On that

point Sir Charles Tupper gave full and satisfactory explanation at the special meeting of the Council, which met on the 18th ult., for the very purpose of considering how his suggestion might be carried out. He then declared that his proposal was due to the conviction that, unless some practical steps were adopted, the League would be open to the reproach of having no definite object. The *Edinburgh Review* had, indeed, charged it with persistent *faineantise*, with having nothing whatever to show after its five years of existence. "We all admit," said Sir Charles Tupper, "that this question of Imperial Federation—it has been practically admitted by its warmest advocates from the very outset—is a measure of great importance, but attended with great difficulties; and I know of no better means of arriving at a solution of the question, and making some practical step in advance, than by mutual consultation on the part of leading gentlemen in this country who have taken so forward and active a part in the movement, and such delegates as, I am satisfied, would be cheerfully sent by the various colonies who have any measure of self-government, taking up and considering this very important question." Then, after emphasizing the entirely unpartisan character of the League and its aims, Sir Charles took care to add that, in making the suggestion, which he had ventured to throw out, he did not in any way represent the Government of Canada, but simply expressed his own views and opinions with regard to the question.

After the President, Lord Rosebury, and other members of the Council, had spoken on the subject, it was resolved that a deputation from the League should ask the Government to consider the advisability of issuing invitations to the Governments of the self-governing colonies to send delegates to London to confer on the possibility of establishing closer and more substantial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies. It was also resolved that the resolution should be communicated to the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary. The refusal of Lord Salisbury to entertain the proposition comprised in the resolution made it necessary to hold another special meeting of the Council. On that occasion, also, Sir Charles Tupper took pains to clear his action in the matter of any possible misunderstanding. The Premier had, in his opinion, misapprehended very seriously the position of the question. When His Lordship had spoken of the colonies desiring to consult together, and of their being free to select representatives to that end without any summons or assistance from the Home authorities, he evidently seemed to be under the impression that the suggestion of a conference had emanated from the colonies. Such was clearly not the case. "On the contrary," Sir Charles Tupper explained, "I drew attention to the fact at the outset—that Canada was eminently satisfied with the Constitution that she possessed now; that there was probably less necessity for action in this direction on the part of Canada than in almost any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions. I spoke, in making the suggestion, as an Imperialist. In that spirit and in that spirit alone I made the suggestion. This question of Imperial Federation did not emanate from the colonies."

In fact, not only did Sir Charles Tupper not claim, on any of the several occasions to which we refer, to speak for the Dominion, but, moreover, we believe we are justified in saying that, though he prided himself on being an Imperialist and ex-

pressed his readiness to give his influence to whatever policy or plan would tend to perpetuate and guarantee the integrity of the Empire, and to that extent sympathized with the League movement, he never declared himself in favour of the federal scheme as the only alternative to disintegration. Partaking last December in the discussion that followed Mr. W. Gisborne's paper on Colonization, Sir Charles took exception very explicitly to the view that, without Imperial Federation, the Empire's integrity is at stake. "Having," he said, "had over thirty years' experience in Colonial Parliaments, and having given great thought to the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country, I am glad to say I am not prepared to endorse the statement that we must either radically change the existing system or this Empire must go to pieces." And, having affirmed his strong belief in the necessity of the colonies to England's greatness and deprecated any sundering of the traditional tie, he continued: "But when I look at what the colonies were fifty years ago—either Australia or British North America—and their position of commanding importance to-day, how, in the face of such testimony of what the existing system has been able to achieve, can I commit myself to the proposition that we must either go to pieces or change all that, and change it for something which, with all their energy and ability, the best statesmen have not yet been able to devise. How can I commit myself to the statement that you are going to pieces unless this undiscovered panacea is found?" In his later utterances Sir Charles Tupper, while expressing his desire that some definite and practical steps might be taken to bring the Mother Country and the Colonies more closely together, deprecated the mistake of considering the federal scheme essential to the endurance and integral life of the Empire. And throughout he was careful to insist that he alone was responsible for the opinions that he expressed.

JOURS DE NAISSANCE.

A sweet dark face and raven hair, large darker, dreamy eyes—
Soft lights within those soulful eyes, like lights of summer skies;
A glow on dainty cheeks, like blush of rosy morn—
A sunny smile, and crimson lips, like poppies in the corn.
Oh, sweet first love is born to-day!

A slender form—a winsome voice, low-trilling all the day—
Cool, gentle hands, with touch so blest pain from them flies away—
Kind words when sorrow come, that put an edge to life,
And make the life in living feel 'twere better for the strife.
Ah! sweet first love, wilt thou not stay?

A summer night—a foot-worn bridge—a babbling rill below—
A harvest moon—a harvest love—a hillside wrapt in snow—
A hand clasped over hand—a sob heard brokenly—
A verdant height—a last embrace—a white sail out at sea.
Yes, sweet first love will live away!

Montreal, August 18, 1889.

M. B. A.

THE POET'S WINE.

Nature unto her votary distils
A draught more sweet than ever the wine-god sipped;
Blessed be he who in its deep hath dipped,
Fountain of golden light on sunny hills—
Balm of fine flowers; perfume of spicy trees;
The brawling of brook, the voice of blithesome bird;
The cricket's cheery song in sunshine heard,
The wind's low wail, the booming of the bees.

O! happy he who in her temple kneels,
Who worships at her many-fountained shrine!
His be the sunlight and the golden wine;
To him her fairest fountains she unscals—
All the sweet essences of earth are his,
Heir of the gods the living poet is!

Prescott, Ont.

HELEN M. MERRILL.



Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and New York, will shortly bring out a sequel to Sir Charles Dilke's "Greater Britain," under the title of "Problems of Greater Britain."

The latest addition to Lovell's Canadian Copyright Series is "That Other Woman," by Annie Thomas. It is not the author's best production, but it is a readable story and has a moral for those who choose to profit by it.

Mrs. H. R. Haweis, whose visit to Canada some of our readers will remember, is about to publish a book on "The Art of Housekeeping." The favoured ones who have enjoyed Mrs. Haweis's receptions will understand that clever and hospitable lady's fitness for the task.

The latest instalment of Mr. John Ruskin's autobiography, "Præterita," is entitled "Joanna's Care," and is largely devoted to an account of his intercourse with Miss Joan Agnew, subsequently Mrs. Arthur Severn. It also contains some personal reminiscences of Carlyle.

We are promised a remarkably cheap re-issue of Morley's Universal Library (George Routledge and Sons), the price of each volume being only sixpence. The series will be begun by the publication of a new edition of "The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," as to the critical value of which it is enough to say that Professor Henry Morley is the editor.

One of the most recent of the Canterbury Poets Series, published by Walter Scott, of London, is "The Poems of Walter Savage Landor. Selected and edited by Ernest Radford." The volumes of the series, which is as excellent as it is cheap, may be obtained from Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, and from Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co. and E. Picken, of Montreal.

"The Colonist at Home Again; or Emigration not Expatriation" is a sequel to a work published some years ago entitled "A Year in Manitoba." The Retired Officer, who gave his early experience of the North-West in the latter book, found it pleasant and advantageous to extend his stay to seven years. It is to be hoped that the "Sequel" will be as effective as its forerunner in inducing the better class of immigrants to avail themselves of the bounties of our great prairie country. The book is published by Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons, of London, and W. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal.

"Picked up on the Streets"—a romance from the German of H. Schobert—translated into English by Mrs. A. L. Wister, has been brought out by Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, as one of his Popular Series. "Ferra," the heroine, is a study somewhat out of the beaten path both of character and life. Mr. Robinson has also issued a cheap edition of Col. Hay's "Pike Country Ballads." "The Monk's Wedding," by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, a romance of mediæval Italy, is another of his series. Mr. Robinson's books are clearly printed on good paper, and have attractive covers. A discount of 40 per cent. is allowed to the trade.

Under the heading of "Publisher Found," the *Literary World*, of August 9, contains the following piece of information: "Charles Bianconi: A Biography" was published by Chapman and Hall, 1878, and reviewed in the *Literary World* of February 15 of that year; W. Kirkham, Scarborough. In a note to the chapter on "Charles Bianconi" in his "Men of Invention and Industry" (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1885), Mr. Samuel Smiles writes: "This article originally appeared in *Good Words*, a biography of Charles Bianconi, by his daughter, Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, has since been published; but the above article is thought worthy of republication, as its contents were for the most part taken principally from Mr. Bianconi's own lips." The son of Bianconi, whose name is not likely to be forgotten in Ireland, married the granddaughter of Daniel O'Connell, and the latter's nephew, Morgan John, married Miss Bianconi.

The July number of the *Hertfordshire Constitutional Magazine* contains interesting papers on "The Origin of Tradesmen's Signs"; "Elizabeth at Hatfield," by W. F. Andrews; "Hertfordshire Regiment and the China War of 1841," by Joshua Joliffe; "Hertfordshire's Relation to the Wars of the Roses," by Percy Cross Standing; "St. Alban's Abbey and its Restoration," by "A Parishioner," and other contributions of antiquarian, historical and economic interest. The paper on Queen Elizabeth's sojourn at Hatfield House (the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury) sheds some fresh light on the great Queen's early life and studies, and enhances the interest of the many associations that cluster around one of the most noteworthy of English country houses. Mrs. Quincy Lane, the able and enterprising editor of this fine monthly, has placed the English public under fresh obligations by starting a like publication for Middlesex. It is her intention to endow every county (if practicable) with its own organ for the expression of opinion on constitutional, religious and social questions, and the success which has hitherto attended her praiseworthy efforts, gives reason to hope that she will also succeed in the larger scheme. Her chosen motto "Honeste audeat," gives the key to her principles and aims. (59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.)

THE 43rd AND VICS' RIFLE MATCHES.



PTE. HUTCHISON. BANDSMAN J. MCJANET. PTE. ROLFE. PTE. SCOTT. PTE. J. D. TAYLOR. SGT. DIAL. PTE. ELLIS.
LIEUT. O'GRADY. MAJOR WRIGHT. LIEUT. SUTHERLAND.

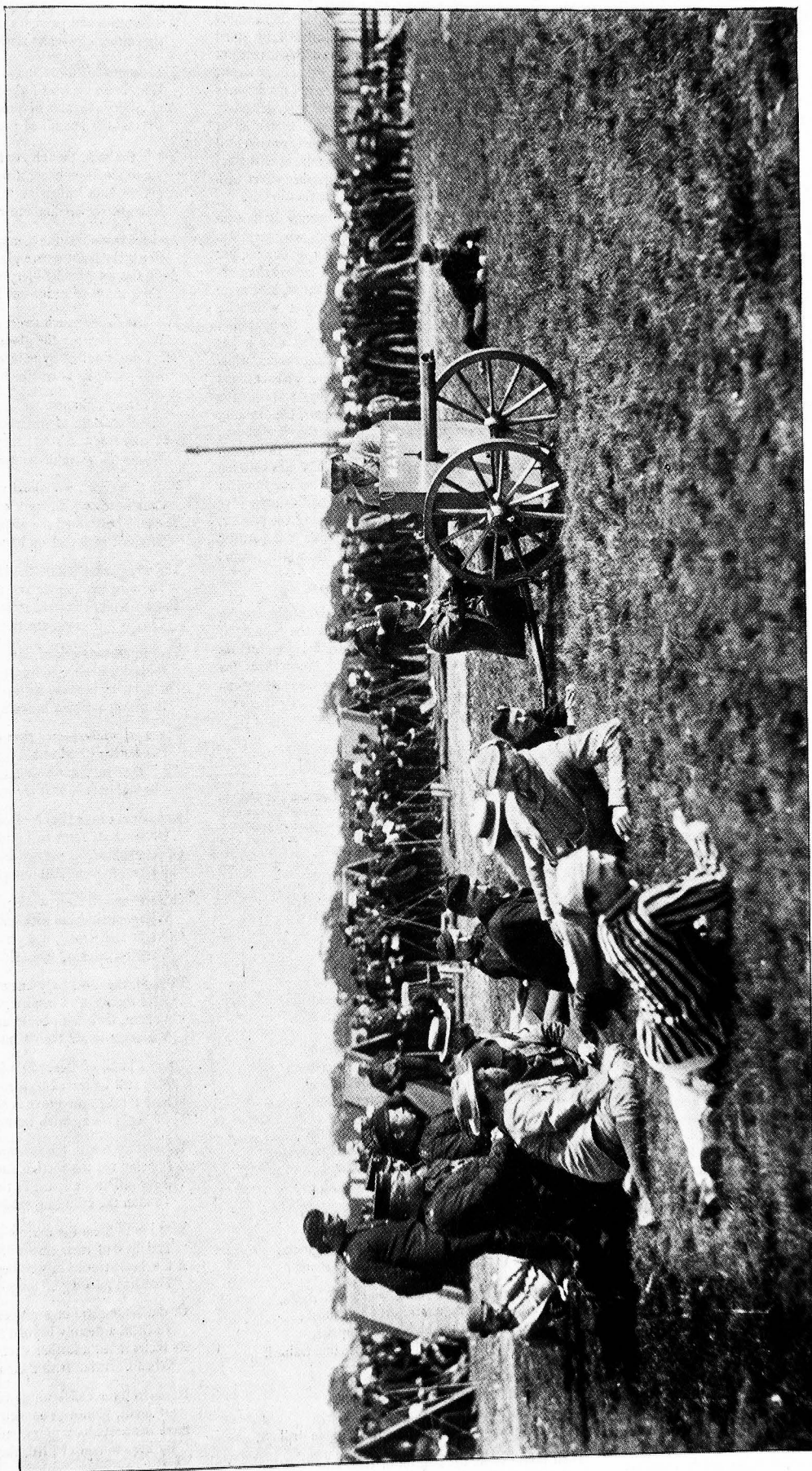
THE 43rd TEAM
Topley, photo.



LIEUT. DESBARATS. PTE. K. MATHEWS. PTE. MCCRAE. STAFF SGT. MACADAM. STAFF SGT. WILSON. PTE. PRINGLE. PTE. THOMSON.
PTE. POPE. PTE. COOKE. PTE. BURNS.

VICS' TEAM.
Notman, photo.

WIMBLEDON.



SCENE AT THE FIRING POINTS.



DAPHNE.—Our engraving evidently represents the fair damsel who was blessed or cursed with the sun-god's love in her quiet moments. As yet no thought has come to her of the importunities of the god of light and song, from which she fled in such alarm. She is still "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," though her eyes seem to forecast some strange doom. She is clearly a maiden of the woods, in sympathy with all wild creatures, and, like them, fleet, whether in pursuit or retreat. Whatever the artist intended her to be, he has given her a fine head, an expressive face and a graceful figure. Of some such type of beauty did the poet write:

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad or a grace,
Of fairer form or lovelier face.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES AND FORTY-THIRD COMPETITION TEAMS.—Our illustrations represent the teams chosen by the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Montreal and the 43rd of Ottawa to uphold the reputations of their respective corps in the telegraphic match, shot simultaneously on the Rideau Ranges, Ottawa, and Cote St. Luke Ranges, Montreal, on the 27th July. Rain fell during the match at both places, but the Vics were even more drenched than the 43rd, the rain falling on them in torrents. The 43rd came out 23 points ahead, the total scores being as follows: 43rd Battalion, 775 points; 3rd Vics, 752 points. The following were on the teams: 43rd, Major Wright, Lieutenants O'Grady and Sutherland, Sergeant Dial, Privates Hutchison, Ellis, Scott, Rolfe, Taylor and McGanet; 3rd Vics, Lieut. Desbarats, Staff-Sergeants MacAdam and Wilson, Privates Burns, Cooke, Thomson, Mathews, Pope, Pringle and McCrae. We are indebted to Lieut. Parker, of the Vics for the photographs of their team, which was taken in the rain while some of the team were finishing their luncheon. The Ottawas were photographed by Mr. Topley.

THE CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—In the present number we present our readers with a number of supplementary views of scenes in Wimbledon and its neighbourhood. In one of them we have a general view of the Canadian portion of the camp; in another we catch a glimpse of the interior of Col. Bacon's Reception Tent; while two others present the Canadian Team under different circumstances. These views, taken expressly for this journal, are remarkably good and true, and with those which appeared in our issue of August 17, constitute a memorial of the last Wimbledon meeting, which Canadian marksmen are sure to appreciate. Some of the other scenes depicted, which call for special notice, are referred to further on.

HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON.—In this engraving our readers have depicted a scene such as has been associated with camps—whether in real or mimic warfare—since those immemorial conflicts of race out of which civilization developed. The armies of Greece, of Rome, of Persia, of Carthage, had just such high streets—mutatis mutandis—whenever they encamped for any time in any locality. It is not without interest, in this connection, from the historian's or antiquary's standpoint, to recall the tradition which assigns to Wimbledon the locale of a Roman encampment in the years when the mistress of the world had conquered the new world of Britain. Caesar's Camp, as some of our readers have not to be told, is recognized in the outlines of an ancient earthwork at the southern extremity of the grounds. The interest that attaches to Wimbledon is, however, mainly of modern character, and there could be no more forcible reminder of the fact than the varied scene with which the artist has favoured us in this engraving. It is a little *cosmos* in itself, this high street—this Regent street, as it is called—of the camp followers, and adds greatly to the life and interest of the neighbourhood, as well, no doubt, as to the convenience of the soldiers, whose supposed demands created the supply of purchasable commodities of every variety.

APPROACH TO CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—This engraving shows one of the prettiest spots in a neighbourhood that is favoured by nature as well as by art. In fine weather its attractions make Wimbledon a most desirable resort for holiday visitors, and this lovely scene is fairly characteristic of the environment in which our volunteers passed the weeks of their sojourn.

COTTAGE OF MAJOR-GENERAL LORD WANTAGE, V.C.—There is no spot on the historic ground which military men will recall with more pleasure and gratitude than the cottage of Lord and Lady Wantage. Nor could the name of a braver or more enthusiastic soldier, or of a lady more, graciously and generously interested in the soldier's welfare be associated with an abode of military hospitality. Lord Wantage, though still in the prime of life—for he was born in 1832—has had his full share of the soldier's toil and the soldier's glory. He was one of the earliest in the service to win that object of the British soldier's highest ambition—the Victoria Cross. The first act of valour for which it was awarded to him was performed as long ago as 1854. He was then a Brevet-Major of twenty-two in the Coldstream Guards, fighting his country's battles in the Crimea. From that date till 1885, when Major-General R. J. Loyd-Lindsay was created a peer, with the title of Lord Wantage, he led the way in many an engagement in many lands, and

was again deemed worthy of the Cross, which he had gained once for all. Lady Wantage's entertainments have been among the most enjoyable social features of Wimbledon, and members of past Teams, as well as that which recently returned home victorious, will, we are sure, be glad to have a memorial of them in this engraving.

THE KOLAPORE CUP.—The massive silver trophy so well known as the Kolapore Cup—but which really consists of twin cups—may be seen in the engraving of the winning Team, which appeared in our issue of the 17th inst. The two cups which Capt. Hood (the adjutant of the Team) is holding in that engraving, are remarkably handsome specimens of the silversmith's art. They stand some twenty inches in height and are urn-shaped, being at the broadest part of the body about eight inches in diameter. On the shoulder of each are two lion's heads handsomely wrought, proceeding from which on each is a delicately worked chain handle ornamented with dead beaten silver bead knots. The sides of the cup are curiously ornamented with beaten scales picked out with delicately chased lines and burnished. The necks are plain burnished silver with chased border lines and are closed with concentric lids.

GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY.—This fine picture is its own interpreter. The venerable old gentleman, who seems so pleased with his little granddaughter's gift of flowers, has evidently already received other tokens of unforgetting regard. None of them, however, have afforded him more real satisfaction than the large fresh bouquet which his sweet little kinswoman has so considerably brought him. His face and attitude express the gratification that it has given him to be thus remembered on a day which, while reminding him of his shortening years, is not without many tender memories. The consort of his joys and sorrows contemplates with sympathy the loving pair, the disparity of whose age has not precluded the closest ties of affection. In her mind, too, memories of the past are thronging. She has crossed the long interval of years that lies between the present and her own childhood, and for the moment grows young again at sight of her grandchild's simple love and trust. German apparently is the school of the painter, but whatever it be, he has produced a true and pathetic picture—one of those glimpses of real life which remind us that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

THE FIRST FISH.—No triumph piscatorial of the coming years will compare for true satisfaction with the rapture of that "first fish." He can hardly believe his eyes, and his little companion is still more astonished. Apart from the two little figures, whose occupation and success have given it *raison d'être* and a name, the picture is effective as a study of rocks and water.

THE SILLERY MISSION.

[The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena, displayed under a new form in the unreflecting, undisciplined mind of a savage, calls for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the human breast.—*Parkman*.]

The Vesper signal echoes through the glades,
As, cross in hand, the father wends his way,
To lead his flock beyond the wigwam-shades,
Within God's house to sanctify the day.

The swarthy hunters, interrupting cares
Of after-chase, slow follow down the hill;
Their helpmates meek, subdued in camp affairs,
Seek welcome respite, at their master's will.

The spirit of prayer they feebly comprehend,
Sincereless-trained to compass life's defense;
Yet priestcraft oft, the perverse will to bend,
Accepts the form of prayer for penitence.

The pious tones of him who reads their fate,
His offerings doled with undecieved regard,
Incentive teach what children learn elate,
That duty reverent-done invites reward.

And were they not but children of the womb
Of prehistoric twilight, mystery-bound,
When Gospel-dawn, truth-tinted, lit life's gloom,
To guide the soul its nearer depths to sound?

The birth-right of the teeming woods was theirs,
And all that unprogressive art e'er gained:
Theirs was the craft the higher ken impairs,
When instinct's edge is dulled by routine trained.

Their faith, inconstant as the chance of war,
Had for its only stay life's flitting joys:
Their paradise, some hunting ground afar,
Was but the sheen that through the glade deploys.

Their moral code, the imprint of their fate
Writ on tradition's page, did self exalt:
Their virtue was revenge, their valour hate,
Their highest hope a mere pursuit at fault.

And was their mien not index sad of hearts,
Fate-steeped in ill, dejected not subdued,—
Their souls but dens where passion's rudest arts
And covert plans found refuge to denude?

Did not ambition, cunning, and desire
In them a license undefined espouse?
Was not their glory but dishonour's hire
Howe'er the good or ill their ire did rouse?

Such is the picture often drawn of life

When man seems but the slave of fate's behest—
When soul-growth, stunted by protracted strife
Of birth-throes fierce, is retrogressive pressed.

Yet prudish progress, that, with virtues torn,
Peeps 'tween the shreds its keenness to enhance,
Is oft the pride, whose unreflecting scorn
Detects a vice unvirtued by its glance.

Are hate and envy dead, by progress crushed,
Or but disguised by etiquette's veneer?
Are enmities and passion's outbursts hushed
By culture's sweetest smile or Christian fear?

These nomads' toils a fickle harvest bore,
With bounty's feast forboding hunger's stint;
And misery's dreams of progress seldom soar
Beyond the bounds of penury's restraint.

Yet in the soul, though swathed in dismal light,
There gleams a cheer around some germ of good,—
A germ whose leaflets nurtured seek their height
In hope, the seeding crown of rectitude.

And when we feel the summer's rippling thrill
Bestir the heart where glee and river meet,
As in the woodland Sillery warblers trill
Their songs of peace our happiness to greet,

We dare believe such sweet environment
Would often ray the gloom that weird controlled
The being thrall'd by nature's chastisement
And purify its heart like filtering gold.

And nature's charms, we know, though overcast,
These children of the woods did oft admire,
As round tradition's lore they stood aghast
Within the glare of winter's wigwam fire.

With them each woodland valley had its god:
Each headlong cataract was deified:
The lake bestormed the awfulness forbode
Of spirit rage that on its waves did ride.

The whispering brake, the laughing daffodil,
The mad-cap poplar and the mournful pine,
The mountain's fir-clad strength, the brooklet's rill,
The gods of myth creation did enshrine.

The store-house orb of day, whose spilling gold
Bathed eve's horizon fringed with forest light;
The bride of heaven, with silvery veil unrolled
In triumph drawn beneath the arch of night;

The stars whose merry rays were joy in dance,
But further joyed at heaven's surrounding gloom;
All bodied myths, whose flitting charms enhance
The stable laws that through them quaintly loom.

And is't not ever thus? Does not the myth
Of sensuous birth still gild the hopes and fears
Of humankind, as pressed by passion-faith
Beyond its ken, faith-images it rears?

In good and ill their weak perception saw
Antagonistic force with godhead crowned;
Of right and wrong, not yet defined by law,
Their tyrant king was self not yet dethroned.

Of God, the One, they knew no attribute
Save that of awe-inspiring Manitou,
To whom, their faith could unimpaired impute
Whatever might their aims with right endow.

Upon a knoll of Beauvoir's fair demesne
May still be traced o'ergrown their place of rest,
Where through the grove is heard the meek refrain
Of zephyr-song with tremour dismal pressed.

Its rustling breath the solemn problem blows—
Is being but the friction darkness-rife,
That scintillates a spark or two, and shows
To man the crowding shadows in his life?

Was life to them the narrow span of time,
The limit of their care-worn years on earth—
A few heart-throbs in woe-begotten rhyme
That had no song of longed-for birth?

Or did some glare of sensuous joy reveal
To them a destiny beyond secured,
As theirs it led a further strength to feel
When Christian faith their feeble faith matured?

Here sleep the chiefs whose brows erst wore the crown
Of merit, gained as council's honour-star;
Here lies ambition's glory, still our own
By hero-worship hailed, though stained by war.

Here prowess sleeps that shed its tribal fame,
To guard the glades against the lurking foe—
To lead the winding trail in search of game,
Or ward off winter's wrath befoamed with snow.

Perchance parental patience here may rest,
Near other virtues that have lost their bloom,
The care of kin, domestic fealty's test,
May boast its solemn niche within the gloom.

Now all is peace; and round the gentle shore
Historia's silken veil is graceful drawn,
As honour we the faith that ope'd the door
To Gospel light and fair refinement's dawn.



Formal excommunications are rarely mentioned in the history of Canada. In his interesting work, "A Travers les Régistres," Monseigneur Tanguay gives an instance of such a sentence being pronounced under extraordinary circumstances. It occurs on page 156, under the date February, 1754, in the following terms:—

"Le 15—Mariage à la gomme et excommunication:—Les nommés Pierre Benard et Catherine Laviolette, s'étant mariés, le 15 février, à la gomme, pendant l'élévation de la Sainte-Hostie, le mandement de Mgr. de Saint-Valier, contre ces détestables mariages, a été lu au prône, le dimanche après, 24me jour du même mois, sur l'ordonnance de Mr. Lenormant, Vicaire-général du diocèse, et les prétendus mariés ont été déclarés, en conséquence, excommuniés."

(Rég. de la Pointe-aux-Trembles, Montréal.)

In another work of great interest, "Les Anciens Canadiens," by the late Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, we find among the "Notes et Eclaircissements," the statement that several of the *habitants*, who, during the Revolutionary War, persisted in siding with the Americans, in the expectation that, through the French allies of the latter, Canada would be restored to France, had, after frequent, though fruitless, warnings, been regretfully excommunicated by their *curés*. Many graves of these unfortunates were formerly, says De Gaspé, to be seen on the south side of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec. He also mentions that one of these rebels, being approached by his priest when on his death-bed and exhorted to confess his error, the dying man, raising himself and regarding his adviser with a look of contempt, reproached him with his English sympathies, then turned to the wall and expired.

Our Laureate, Dr. Fréchette, has made "Les Excommuniés" the subject of a pathetic poem, of which we have just received a translation from an always welcome and greatly venerated contributor, Mr. Wicksteed, Q.C., whose portrait and biography were published some months ago in our columns. It closely follows the original, both in letter and spirit, the only departure being the use of blank verse instead of the rhymed couplet. We present our readers with the closing and most touching portion of the poem, in Mr. Wicksteed's version:

Five only braved the blow;—but these resembled
In their proud folly, the unshaken rock;
They let the thunder growl above their heads,
And in despite of insult and of fears
Sublimely mad, in holy ignorance,
Refused to bow to any God but France!
Old age crept on them,—death came in its turn,—
And without priest, or cross, in that rough plot,
Close by the muddy road, where cattle browse,
These stubborn souls lay down in turn to sleep.

One yet remained, a broken-down old man,
A shadow; five and twenty years had passed
Since on his head the anathema had fallen.
Bowed on his trembling staff, with whited lip,
On the deserted road he oft was seen
At twilight, wandering in the rain and storm,
Spectre-like,—turning off his eyes away,
To shun the child that pelted him with stones,
He plunged alone into the shades of night.
And more than one affirmed to having seen him,
—The village women crossed themselves in fright—
Kneeling in darkness by the unblest graves.

One day they found him frozen stiff; his hand
Had in its weakness on the road let fall
An ancient rusted gun,—his old-time weapon,
His friend in the brave days,—his war companion,
His latest comrade and his supreme hope.

They dug into the black and hardened soil,
And laid in that new grave, and side by side,
The old French musket and the old-time rebel.

The people cherish yet this sad remembrance;
And when the sunset gold fades into grey,
The passer through St. Michel de Bellechasse,
Belated at his sport with rod or gun,
Fearing to see some sheeted spectre rise,
Turns trembling from the fatal spot away.

So these five peasants had for burial place,
Five little mounds where cattle seek their food!
Deserved it,—yes—perhaps! Yet men will say
They were in truth five heroes after all!

I bow, no doubt, to the decree that struck them,
Yet, when by chance I pass along that road,
—Not asking God if I be right or wrong—
I pause—uncovered—near those lowly graves!

In the early days of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, we were favoured with the copy of a poem on the Battle of Marathon by a learned judge of the Ontario Bench. Our attention is again called to it by "G. W. W.," who writes:

"Your talented and highly esteemed literary editor, Laclède, noticed it in enthusiastic terms, saying very truly that, in its thirty-five pages, he found every line faultless and most interestingly poetical. It was our intention, with Laclède's assistance, to give a further account of the poem, with extracts from it, and to say something about the incidents by which

"Marathon became a magic name"—

and

"Saved Progress, Genius, Arts in mature glow,
"From sinking in barbaric overflow."

But we must now content ourselves with two extracts—one relating to the Religion of the Greeks, the victors, and the other to that of the Persians, the vanquished, in this battle, on which the fate of Greece and Europe depended. Our poet thus sings of the Religion of the Greeks and its origin:—

"The old Greek, dreaming in the shade
And bower, beside some limpid wave,
Drank the sweet sounds its music made,
As voice the local Genius gave.
The cataract leaped joyous down,—
The red bolt clove the thunder cloud—
The tempest smote the forest crown—
The mountain rose through misty shroud,—
Vision and Power and thunder sound
Took Godhead's form and altar found."

It was a creed for Earth's fresh prime.
Her Morning-land of young romance,
Tuneful with earliest minstrel's rhyme,—
Flushed in her Sun-god's kindling glance.
It was a web of earthly frame
Lit by a glory downward given;
Its roof was Valour, Beauty, Fame,
Its hues what poets dreamed of heaven,
And kindling eye and bended knee,
Worship'd in rapt idolatry.

It was a creed of light and grace,
Of soaring thought and strain sublime,
Meet for an old heroic race,
For dwellers in a sun-lit clime.
It scattered o'er their glorious land
Fair shrines, earth's fairer haunts to bless,
Where—grav'n by Art's immortal hand,
Rose crowned, each wandering Loveliness.
And o'er truth's dazzled eyes it threw
A fairy veil of golden hue.

Scorn not the visions of the Past,—
Their erring votaries' vows and prayers;
Their heaven in earthly mould was cast,
But Faith—impassioned Faith—was theirs.
O'er altar crushed,—o'er ruined fane
Some heart of poet-mould might yearn,
To hail the world's fresh youth again,—
Its Morning-land of Faith return,—
The old fair dream—Life, flowers and smiles
And o'er Death's wave, the blessed Isles."

And then our poet sings of the sun-worshipping Persians in this fashion:—

"Knowest thou those ancient rites?
No vaulted arch their praise confines,
Not theirs the pomp of laboured shrines;
Their Sun-God boasts a nobler home,
His own broad Heaven's illumined dome,—
His shrines, the mountain heights,
Green earth and dawn-flushed sea.

Bold the rude creed their founder taught,
From Reason's simple childhood caught;
An erring Faith, yet half divine,
Wandering from Truth's eternal line.
But scarce Idolatry!

Simple the rites—Each white-stoled Priest
Stands gazing on the Sun-flushed East,
Whence radiant from his ocean dawn,
Their glorious King comes journeying on;
Tow'ards his bright ear each hand lifts up
To the blue heaven the golden cup,—
On high the rich libations poured,—
Their Flame, God's mounting orb's adored,—
Sinks to the earth the mighty host
In breathless adoration lost;
And vows are breathed and prayer is said,
Till the dread rites are told;
And the awed spirit felt that hour
The influence of a present power,—
His God above him rolled!

And thus the great battle is ushered in by the prayers of each host after its fashion. The incidents are magnificently told. The Greeks are victorious and the Persians seek shelter in their ships. Euclès, the hero of the story, is sent as herald to announce the victory to the Athenians. He has been sorely wounded, but runs the twenty-three miles between Marathon and the city and falls exhausted when he reaches it, unable to announce the victory. His betrothed, the daughter of the Athenian commander, Callimachus, kneels beside him,—

"And then a new found voice
From the tired life last effort makes
Though in the strife the brave heart breaks,
'Victory! Rejoice! Rejoice!'
Slow on the white arm droops the youthful head,
The soldier sleeps—the living clasps the dead!"

The following extract from "Mary of Nazareth," a poem recently published in England, of which Sir J. C. Barrow, Bart., is the author, will probably be new to most of our readers:

LEGENDS OF EGYPT.

Tradition tells how once at daily toil,
Near golden-gated Heliopolis—
No water lying on the sun-burnt soil—
How, sore athirst, the Infant Jesus wept,
Till Mary offered up her tears with His;
When, on a sudden, at her feet there leapt
A spring of virgin water from the ground;
And as in showers the crystal drops fell round
They wed themselves together in a well,
By side whereof she might with Jesus dwell—
A well that sprang—the Arab still avers—
From that same mingling of His tears with hers.

Tradition tells, moreover, how there stood
A giant tree beside the golden gate
Of that same city—tree of ancient date,
And worshipped by the worshippers of Wood—
A tree which ever and anon, 'twas said,
When men drew near, bowed down its leaf-crowned
head;
And how, when Mary brought her Jesus there,
It bowed its branches downwards through the air,
And they kissed the ground she trod, and then
Uprose, and never more bowed down to men.

THE ROMANCE OF CHESS.

The great game has its tender, its romantic, side, as no game can have at which more than two people play. It smiles on lovers, and can even be the cause of love. Only a few years ago a chess player condemned to live in the country solaced his solitude by playing games by correspondence. Post cards daily brought or daily took his move. His antagonist was a lady; before the contest was over he had got to know this lady, and their acquaintance ripened into intimacy, intimacy into love, and love was crowned with marriage. And this couple, not unmindful of the kindly influence which had brought them together, determined that the very rites of their marriage should "something savour" of the game. So they invited from London a certain clergyman whose genial face—"the front of Mars himself"—is well known in chess circles; none but a chess player of his eminence should celebrate their union. And when bridegroom and bride rose from the wedding breakfast it was only to sit down to a game of chess—the first of their wedded life. Ah! happy, happy pair, under what happy auspices did you start on the highway of marriage! What a fine air of romance, of sweet tenderness, lingers round these lines of Lord Lytton:

"My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight."

And so on to the sad close when the poet laments:

"That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Can you and I shut out the skies;
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together."

—The Gentleman's Magazine.



GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY.

Patience Stanhope's Confessions.

FROM MISS CLARA LANGMORE TO MISS JULIA GLEN.

MY DEAREST JULIA,—Yesterday morning the postman brought me a neat little parcel, which, on opening, I found to be "The Confessions of Patience Stanhope."

You can imagine my astonishment to think that our sweet Patience—our own little Patty—should be the first of us three girls to send that tell-tale packet. How little did we think it would come so soon, when hardly a year ago we left Miss Marshall's in tears and despair, promising to console each other with the longest and most minute accounts of our falling in love, engagement and marriage. I will not tell you a word about Patience's letter—open and read it for yourself. It is charming. But, perhaps, since I have seen the other members of her family, I had better give you a short sketch of them, in order that you may understand the "Confessions" better.

As you know, Mrs. Stanhope is a widow. She is extremely fashionable, and has two daughters, Mabel and Florence, who are older than Patience and also extremely fashionable.

I have always fancied that Patience is a little overshadowed by them and does not receive quite so much consideration. But I am not sure of that, and as Patience has never breathed a word of it to me, perhaps I am wrong in saying so.

There is only one son, who is considerably older than the girls. His name is John; he is a lawyer, and the dearest, quaintest creature imaginable. He is a little like Patience, but very old-fashioned. Patience herself will tell you all the rest.

Mamma and I have spent the most delightful summer up in the mountains—papa and the boys running up every now and then. I will write again in a few days and give you an account of my adventures and escapades, which latter, I am sorry to say, have not diminished in number. I have enjoyed your letters so much, my dear Julia, they are always so bright and interesting. But I positively must not keep you any longer from dear Patience's "Confessions."

Mamma sends her kind regards.

Ever your loving,
CLARA

CONFESSIONS OF PATIENCE STANHOPE.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—How little I thought a year ago that I should be the first to write these dreadful "Confessions." I must be dreaming and shall wake soon to find myself a boarder at Miss Marshall's, seeing every day two dear girls whom I shall never forget. What fun we used to have! Do you remember that night before we left school forever, how we carried Miss Marshall by storm and got permission to sleep in that dear little room at the end of the hall overlooking the garden, and how we talked all night? I think of you both every day—you, Clara, the only daughter, the pride and delight of the whole house, clever and beautiful, snaring your unfortunate lovers with your golden locks, and slaying them with the bright glances of your blue eyes. Don't boast. Love will find you yet a-napping and steal your heart away under some unlikely disguise. And you, my dear Julia, at home with your father and mother in that dear brown house, the most wonderful girl in the world to your little brothers and sisters; and, indeed, though you were the youngest of us three girls, you were always far the cleverest. We expect great things of you some day, my dear. But you must not imagine that writing books will keep the naughty little god away. Be warned in time. You have already one sad example before you. But, oh! girls, it is of no use to go on this way. It will not help me with my confessions. I can see that you are both laughing at the way I try to put off the evil day. I had better begin at once.

Attention, young ladies! This summer, as you know, mamma, my two sisters and I went to a very gay Atlantic watering-place and spent a most enjoyable summer—at least mamma and my sisters did—and I did, too, of course, but it was so very gay and fashionable that I used to long now and then for a little quiet. My dear brother John came down once early in the summer, but went back to

the city very soon, saying that he could not stay away any longer and that business was so pressing that he could not possibly come down again. I am really afraid that John exaggerated a little; I fancy he did not like staying at our hotel. So he lived all summer in our house, with just a house-keeper. It must have been dreary for him.

The last of August came and mamma was not yet ready to go home. I was a little disappointed at first, but a good many people went away, and then I had the most delightful walks along the shore. Girls, I can't tell you how I got to love the sea, in its ever-changing beauty and ceaseless motion. At sunset, to walk on the firm sand, with the little whispering waves of the incoming tide rippling up on the beach at my feet. You are growing impatient again. Well, about the second week in September, John sent mamma word that some friends of ours were coming to stay with us during the exhibition, and that one of us girls must come home. Mamma called us up to her room and read the letter to us. Mabel and Florence were so disappointed that I offered to go, and, indeed, it was no sacrifice. I was only too happy to go home and see John again. Mamma was very much pleased, and said that as John must be lonely and the exhibition had already begun, I had better go that evening. It was then about noon, and as the train left at half-past nine, I had not much time.

I did my packing and then ran out to say goodbye to my friends, not all of whom stayed at the hotel. Some of the fisherfolk and I were great friends. Then I had my last sun-down walk on the beach. I felt a little sad at parting with it. The day had been dull and stormy, but the evening was calm and beautiful. It was flood-tide, and a long, rolling swell was roaring on the beach. I shall not soon forget it.

There were quite a number of our friends at the station to speed me away. Some of them had Chinese lanterns, which they waved as the train moved off; it looked very pretty.

As I was tired and the berths were made up, I went to bed at once. I had never travelled far alone before, and for a few moments I felt strange and lonely. I laughed at myself when I thought how well off I was. Just a night and a day on the train! I would get into the city at six o'clock the next evening, and John would be waiting for me. Mamma said that she would telegraph to him in the morning. We had to change cars at 5.30 in the morning, and I was afraid that I might oversleep myself, but instead of that I woke at three, and as I felt rested and wakeful, I raised the window curtain and lay watching the country glide past me, like a dream, in the faint light. It became more distinct as the dawn grew brighter, and soon the land lay fair and smiling in the bright sunshine of a September morning.

We reached the junction on time. There was a great crowd everywhere—on the train where we were and on the platform of the station. Of course there were a great many on board who needed assistance, especially one poor woman, who had a little baby and three small children, so seeing no chance of the porter's coming to me, I took my travelling-bag and left the car. The instant I stepped on the platform, however, I repented it, for there were so many people rushing hither and thither that I became bewildered. There were two trains besides the one I had come on, and unfortunately I did not know which one to take. I saw a good-natured looking official at a little distance and I was making my way slowly towards him, when he suddenly disappeared round the station. I stopped in dismay, but in a few moments some one behind me said: "You seem to be in trouble; may I have the pleasure of assisting you?" I turned and saw a gentleman looking at me kindly, so I told him where I wanted to go. Taking my bag and my rug—mamma had insisted on my taking one, and, indeed, I needed it—he led the way to the train. I had time to see what he was like, as we had to move slowly because of the crowd. He was tall and strongly-built, with broad shoulders; his hair and close-cut beard were of a golden-brown colour, and he had very keen brown eyes, which looked as if they might laugh at you if occasion offered. His hands and face were deeply

browned, and after a good deal of hesitation I set him down as an Englishman, but whether travelling for business or pleasure, I could not say. He put my things in a seat, and, hoping that I would have a pleasant journey, lifted his hat and left the car.

I sat watching the moving throng of people until the train started. As it moved off I noticed that the English gentleman, whom, for convenience sake, I shall call Mr. King, jumped on the train, and, after a few moments, passed down our car, taking a seat somewhere behind me. The next thing that occupied my attention was the fact that I had no breakfast, and I was woefully hungry. My seat was near the centre of the car, which, although it is the best place for travelling, entails waiting a good while for refreshments. I resigned myself to the sad fate of seeing half a car full of people supplied before me, when, to my astonishment, the white-aproned waiter entered the car and came straight to your humble servant. If it had been Clare, I would have laid his attentions to her well-known power of fascination. But me!—However, that did not alter the fact that he was there, and very thankful I was for it. After having enjoyed my breakfast, I looked curiously at my fellow-travellers. There was a young curate and his wife—newly married—that would furnish amusement for the rest of the day, I thought. But it did not. It got very wearisome and strangely exasperating to see them gazing fondly in each other's eyes, and when, later in the day, the curate fell to kissing his wife's hand, which she had just touched with the window, I felt an insane desire to rise and sink them both. He wore a smoking cap, evidently embroidered by the same fair fingers, with impossible silk rosebuds on a green velvet ground. There were several families returning from the seaside, two or three old gentlemen, travelling, I suppose, and that was as far as I could see without turning round. I did not wish to encounter those brown eyes. So I took out "The Silence of Dean Maitland," but the motion of the train made the words dance before my eyes, and before long I closed my eyes to rest them, and, leaning my head back on the rug, I found it very soft and comfortable. Then you know what happened—I fell fast asleep.

I woke with a start and regained my senses just in time to check the cry that rose to my lips. The train was going very slow, with a strange staggering motion. Then there came a sudden shock and we stopped altogether. Everyone started to their feet and made an instinctive rush for the door, I among the rest, but before I could move a step a hand on my shoulder pressed me down into my seat again, and Mr. King said: "Stay where you are; you are quite safe. I will go and see what the difficulty is." So saying, he hurried past me.

The scene in the car was dreadful. Every one seemed in a panic, although no one was hurt. The children cried, the ladies either screamed or sat with white faces and clasped hands. Not a gentleman was left in the car but the curate, who had his poor young bride fainting in his arms. One lady caught me by the arm with such a tight grasp that you can see the mark of the bruise yet, and implored me to say that we would not be thrown off the track and dashed down a precipice. I comforted her as well as I could, telling her that as the train had stopped we were in no danger. In a few moments more Mr. King came in, looking rather grave at first, I thought, but he smiled when he saw me, and told us that a freight train had been wrecked in front of us. Our engine had just touched the last car before it stopped, and that was what caused the shock. We were some distance from any station, and it would be at least three hours before we could proceed. He then left the car immediately, and after that most of the other gentlemen came in. As it was past noon, dinner was served, the waiter coming to me first again. After that I took up my book and read on to the end. I was very much interested. The car began to be most uncomfortable, the air was hot and close, the children, poor things, were very restless, and some small boys "played train," with ear-piercing shrieks. Those who could sleep, and one old gentleman really snored so loud that it was almost unbearable.

On both sides of the track were thick woods, and

I did so long to escape from the car and wander there. At last, seeing no reason why I should not go, I rose and walked hastily down the car to avoid company. When I reached the platform I glanced back to see that no one was coming and then rushed hastily down the steps. I had not touched the ground before a strong hand held me back, and Mr. King asked me, rather sternly, where I was going. I told him, and thinking that he was really rather presuming—of course, he had removed his hand—I stepped off the car. I was put back again in a moment, but not before I had seen, at a little distance down the track—O girls, you can guess what!—and I had been angry at the delay, never once thinking of the poor men on the freight-train. One had been killed and the others frightfully injured. I heard that afterwards, however. Mr. King just said that some of them had been injured. I felt quite faint for a moment, and was turning to go back into the car when he said that there was no need of that—would not the woods on the other side do as well. Then he said that he hoped I would excuse him; he had only wished to spare me pain and had forgotten himself for a moment. My dears, I was so ashamed. He advised me not to wander far and lose myself. One of the other gentlemen told me afterwards about the men, and added, that Mr. King was a doctor and had been so gentle and skilful with the poor men, staying with them all the time.

I wandered off into the woods, delighting in the freedom and breathing the fresh cool air. Some of the leaves were already turning and I found some tiny ferns nestling at the foot of the trees. I found so many pretty things that I had my arms full when I started to go back to the train. Then I thought, "how silly of me, to go back laden in this way." So I sat down and sorted my treasures. I had reduced my armful to a modest bunch before I finished. I looked at my watch. Five o'clock! I gathered up my skirts in one hand and rushed wildly through the woods. Now, you expect me to say that I lost myself. I did not, but very soon came in sight of the train. I stopped at the edge of the wood to get my breath and assumed a dignified air, then walked slowly towards the train. Mr. King came to meet me, saying, as he held out his watch, "I was naturally getting anxious. Have you not stayed out too long? You must be chilled." I said, "No thank you," and, refusing his offer to show me the wreck, stepped discreetly into the train. I wanted time to think over some important questions. Mamma, on the afternoon before I came away, handed me some money, saying that she thought it would be sufficient and she could not very well spare any more. Of course, I should have had some of my allowance left, but I had used it in other ways since I went to the seaside. In calculating up my travelling expenses, I had expected to get my tea at home and now I found in my purse barely enough money to pay for it. I asked the conductor when we would get to the city. He said eleven o'clock. It was plain that I must have some tea. My long walk had made me hungry and it would be silly to try to exist without eating till eleven. To tell the truth, I was afraid of attracting Mr. King's attention, and there was no saying what he might do. That brought me to my next difficulty: "What did I, Patience Stanhope, mean by such friendly and intimate terms with a perfect stranger?" I was all alone, had not the faintest idea who he was, and besides that I did not at all like the commanding air which he assumed towards me. I resolved to be very circumspect in my behaviour, all the more so that I found my heart entering a feeble protest against the wise decision of my head.

At last the train started, the sun set and the cool evening air blew through the car. When the waiter came round, I ordered as inexpensive a meal as I could and paid for it, leaving in my purse five cents, a street car ticket, a lucky penny and my latch-key. I gazed at it ruefully, shut it with a snap and thrust it viciously into my pocket. You see, I was still hungry and that accounted for my feeling. The evening air grew cooler and I was glad to pull my rug over the shoulder next the window. It got colder yet, but I did not dare to try to shut the window for fear that I would not succeed and some one would then interfere. I watched anxiously for the con-

ductor, and as he did not appear, I laid my head on the back of the seat pulled the rug over me and feigned sleep. In a few moments I became aware that Dr. King had moved to the seat behind me, and then my window went down swiftly and silently. Of course, I was sound asleep and could not notice that. By dint of seeming so I did fall asleep, and woke to find the car brilliant with electric light. I looked at my watch; it was nine o'clock. Only two hours more and then I should be at home and with my dear brother, not left to the care of any stray man who happened to be round. Strong in this idea, I sat up and looked around me boldly. All too soon I boasted. Before long Dr. King sat down beside me and I found to my dismay that I was unable to resist the charm of his manner. He talked pleasantly for a while and then said: "You must pardon me. I noticed that you took a very light tea and I am sure you will need something before you reach home." I could be firm there, and in spite of all he could say I refused. The porter began to make up the berths of those who were going through that night, and most of the others fell asleep. I began to feel tired and rather low-spirited. I suppose I looked very forlorn, for about ten o'clock Mr. King came with a glass of hot milk and said, gravely, that, as a doctor, he insisted on my taking it. Of course I had to do so, and I am ashamed to say how I enjoyed it. I did not see him again until the train began to move slowly along the front of the city. Then he came and asked if he could be of any assistance. I thanked him and said that I expected my brother to meet me. I was so glad to be able to say that. Then he wished me good night and left the car. When the train stopped, I kept my seat, knowing that John would come in, but O Clare! O Julia! pity me. He did not come! When every person had left the car I got up and went out. I walked slowly up and down the station, but still no John. Overcome with weariness and disappointment I leaned against the cold stone wall of the station and was biting my lips to keep back the tears, when I heard that voice again: "I fear you are in trouble; can I help you?" I looked up; there was Mr. King, holding out to me a card, which I took without knowing what I was doing and asked him to get me a cab. After he went out, I noticed the card, "Dr. Reginald Howard," with a string of letters after the name. I was thankful for even such a poor haven of rest as a cab, but I saw Dr. Howard spring to the seat after cabby. The streets were crowded with people even at that late hour. At first I could not understand it, but then I remembered the exhibition. At last we turned into our street, and, leaning out of the cab window, I saw my dear home standing among its stately elm-trees. I saw, with disappointment, there was not a light anywhere, and the unpleasant truth was forced upon me that they could not be expecting me. I was out of the cab in a moment and saying good-night to Dr. Howard and telling the cabman to call to-morrow. I slipped my latch-key into the lock. It turned easily, the door opened for a little way, and then, O horrors, stopped! My entrance was barred by a heavy chain. What would I do now? Dr. Howard, who had waited, was by my side in a moment and saw the state of affairs at a glance. "Too bad," he said; "however, we ought to be able to make them hear," and he pulled the bell vigorously. He rang again and again. All was silence. "Don't despair, we will try the windows next!" Picture to yourselves, my friends, Patience Stanhope, at the dread hour of midnight, stealing round her ancestral home, accompanied by a young man, who is a complete stranger to her, trying every window and door in turn. But that miserable woman, the housekeeper, had been fatally careful. Between the desire to laugh and to cry, I was almost in hysterics. The outcome was that we drove back to the city to an hotel. I had plenty to think of on the way. How was I to tell Dr. Howard my name and the fact that I had no money? When I got out of the cab I said, desperately: "My name is Patience Stanhope, and, Dr. Howard, I have not any money left." Then I burst into tears. "My dear child, don't cry like that; be brave, it is not so dreadful. Trust me and it will be all right. Don't cry." He took me to the ladies' parlour and returned in a few minutes with a pretty maid. "Nora, this is Miss Stanhope. She has had

a long journey and is very tired. Do everything you can for her."

I had beautiful rooms, and Nora chattered the whole time while she helped me. The only drawback was that she concluded "the gentleman" was my intended and rattled on after this fashion: "Such a beautiful gentleman, so generous, and just dotes on the ground that you walk on, Miss. He said I was to ask you what you would have for your breakfast." I told her I did not know and bade her good-night. She said to ring if I wanted her and left me in peace. I buried my head in the pillows and blushed with shame and cried very bitterly, too.

Next morning I woke early and thought a long time before I made up my mind what to do. Things did not look quite so black. I decided to dress myself, write a note to Dr. Howard, thanking him, and then go home to breakfast, when I would persuade John to go right down to the hotel and pay my bill. When I was ready I rang for Nora, and could laugh at her astonished face. I gave her the letter and asked her to show me the way down stairs. I gave a little skip of joy when I felt the familiar pavement beneath my feet. I hailed a passing street-car—you remember that I had a ticket in that purse of mine. I could not resist shaking my fist at the dear old home when I thought how it had shut its doors against me last night. There was nothing of that this morning, though, and in another moment I was alternately hugging my brother and calling him a dear creature, and urging him to rush down town and pay my bills, telling him, at the same time, that I fairly hated him, and altogether convincing him that I was crazy. "My dear Patience, my dear sister, calm yourself; sit down, my child. Mrs. Dawkins, a glass of wine for Miss Patience" I waved Mrs. Dawkins away with her glass of wine, but I could not help noticing, at the same time, how quickly she found it. I told John that I was calm and, making him sit down beside me, poured out the whole story. I never saw John so angry. I was quite frightened. At first he could only throw out short broken sentences, gradually decreasing in volume and increasing in length. "That confounded bell!" "That wretched woman," glaring at Mrs. Dawkins, "sleeps like the tomb!" "You had no money, my poor sister." Then, drawing himself up, he said, with great dignity: "I must express myself as astonished that my mother did not display more forethought and—ahem! consideration, and, in short—more common sense." He would hardly wait till he had his breakfast before he rushed off down town. In the afternoon Mrs. Dawkins brought me a bunch of roses from Dr. Howard, hoping that Miss Patience had recovered from her fatigue. That evening John brought him in to dinner without a word of warning, but we spent a very pleasant evening.

I saw him again the next day, indeed, several times the next day, and altogether I have been a great deal with him. One afternoon, about a week ago, I promised—ah! my dear girls, you know what. I hope I have not wearied you with this long letter. I need not tell you that I am very happy. I shall be impatient to hear from you. You must not think that because I have Reginald I love you any the less.

Believe me, my dear, dear girls,

Ever the same loving

PATIENCE.

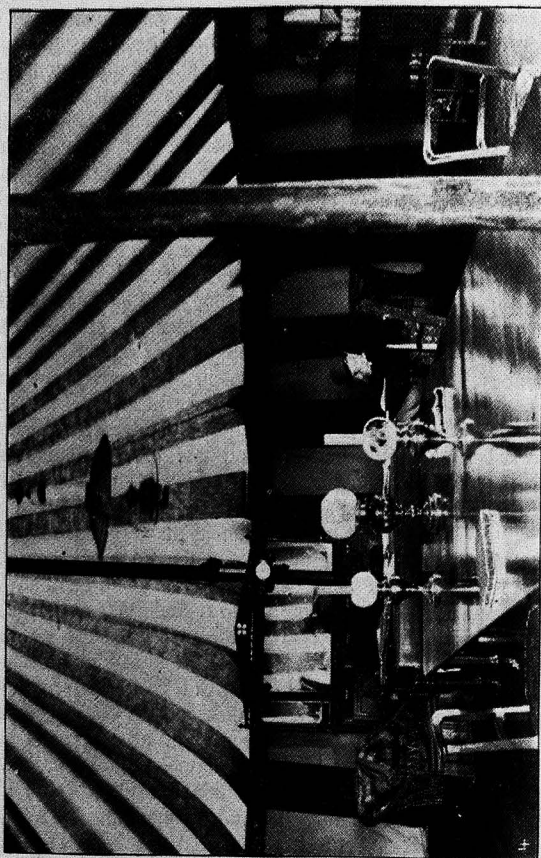
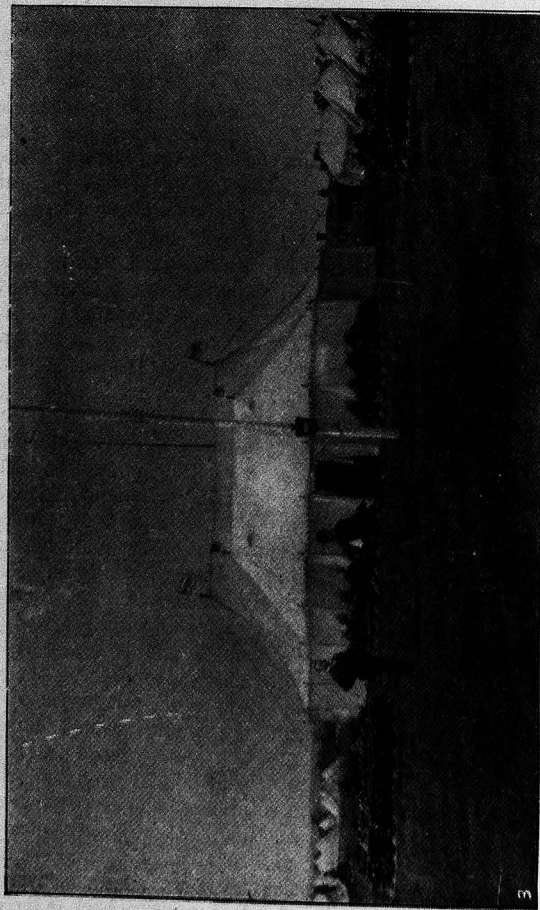
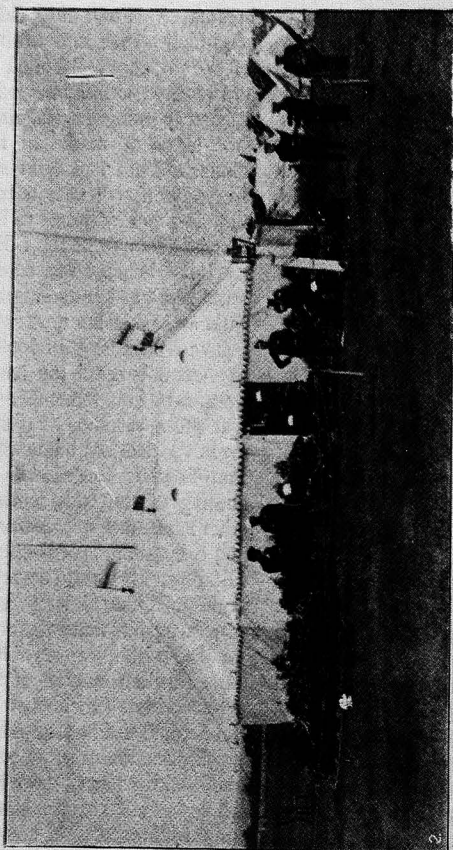
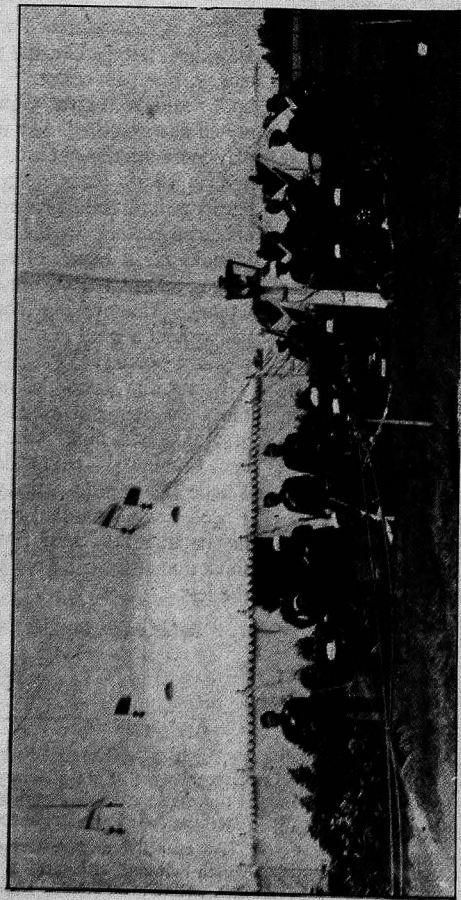
A striking exhibit in the United States section of the Paris Exposition is that of the Horsey Manufacturing Company, of Utica, N.Y., under the superintendence of Messrs. Ostheimer Brothers, their Paris representatives.

An attractive arrangement of the celebrated Ideal Felt Tooth Polishers, at first meets the eye in fantastic groups of Bone, Horn and Celluloid Holders and boxes of Felt Polishers, resting on velvet backgrounds, in infinite variety, and surmounted by brilliant sketches, show-cards, etc.

On nearer approach, familiar national airs reach the ear, from a duet of mechanical ladies, handsomely dressed, who are engaged brushing their teeth; one with a bristle tooth brush and the other with the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher; the different results of which are reflected in the hand-glasses which each one holds.

The originality, taste and skill shown in making this display so effective reflects great credit on the manufacturers and adds not a little to the attractiveness of the United States section.

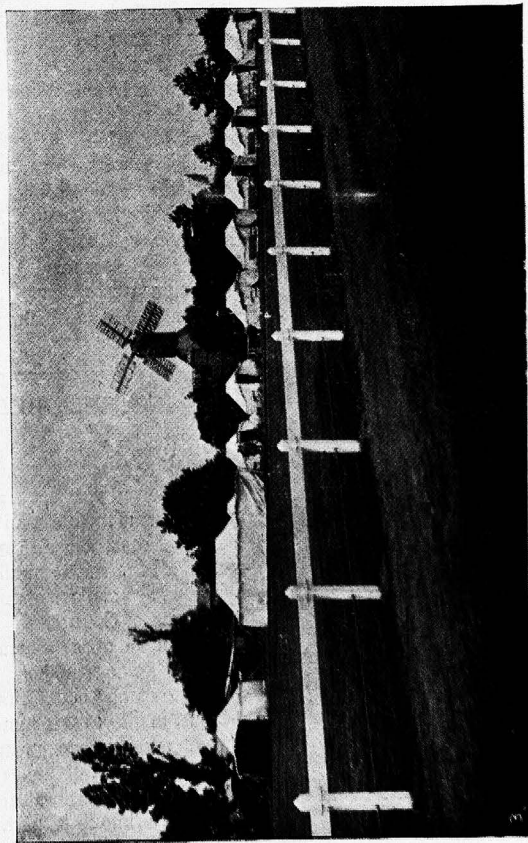
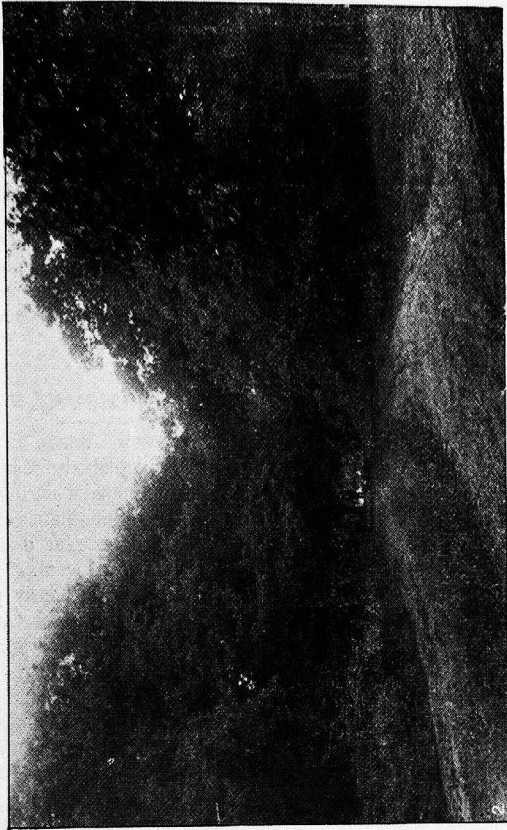
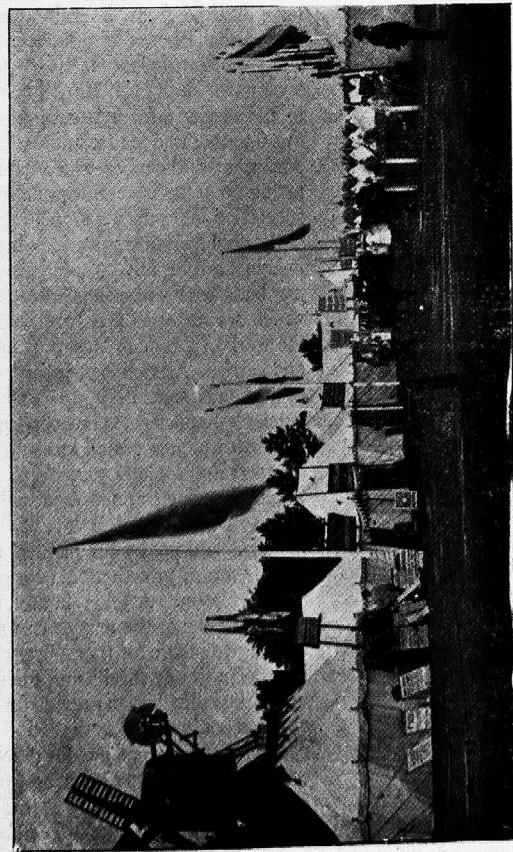
WIMBLEDON.



1. The Canadian Team just in from the Firing Points.
3. The Canadian Camp, shewing all the Tents (rainy weather).

2. Another Group of the same.
4. Interior of Canadian Team Reception Tent—Col. Bacon in the armchair.

WIMBLEDON.



1. High Street (or Regent Street).
3. Staff Quarters of the Association.

2. One of the Roads leading to Wimbledon Common.
4. The Cottage occupied by Major-General Lord Wantage, V.C.



A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Bananas baked without the skins and eaten cold with cream and sugar, or hot with sauce, are considered delicious for dessert.

For a boil, take the skin of a boiled egg, moisten it and apply. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Authorities hold that currants are best when eaten for breakfast. They should be iced cold, and sugared an hour before they are served.

Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time.

Worsted goods are composed of wool that has been carded and combed, while woollen goods are made of wool that has been carded but not combed.

Oranges pared, cut in very thin slices, baked in a deep dish for ten minutes, then covered with grated cocoanut and eaten ice-cold, make a good dish for high tea.

It is an easy matter generally to decide whether berries are fresh or stale; if stale, they are withered, or show signs of decay; if fresh the colour is bright and clear, the berry firm and perfect in shape.

Lemon syllabub is a mixture of one pint and a half of cream, the white of six eggs, the juice of three lemons, a gill of the juice of some fruit, if prepared, and a pound of sugar. Whip and serve in glasses.

To cure a baby's colic hold it by the feet, with the head down, for a few seconds; repeat this if it still cries. This is an old Irish remedy, which is really quite scientific, as it removes the constriction which is probably the cause of colic.

Slip is an old-fashioned concoction of Southern origin. Its simplicity recommends it. Warm a quart of new milk, stirring in a tablespoonful of prepared rennet. After it has thickened set it on ice and serve with cream and sugar.

Study tables, desks, etc., covered with leather, may be restored to much of their original freshness by rubbing a little vaseline over them with a soft rag. Bookcases with glass doors should be opened occasionally, as the books are otherwise apt to get damp.

To bathe the eyes properly, take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close above it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently-closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence.

ALMOND CREAM.—Melt half an ounce of gelatine in a small teacup of boiling water, with half a teacup of sugar; grate four ounces of almond paste into it, and stir over a kettle of boiling water until dissolved. Let cool. Whip a pint of cream and stir in lightly. Flavour the gelatine strongly with lemon; set on ice.

To soften paint brushes which have become hardened by paint drying on them, soak in turpentine and renew the fluid occasionally. To keep them soft when not using, wash thoroughly with turpentine after using, or, if this is objectionable, keep them in water. This will exclude oxygen or air, without which oil-paint cannot dry.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Heat one quart of milk till a film rises to the top; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, moistened with water or milk, and add two beaten eggs, one-half of sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of butter and salt; flavour with vanilla or rose, pour over grated cocoanut or stir in the custard, stirring well. Place in a glass dish or serve in separate dishes, covering with frosting and bits of jelly.

For a new dessert try sweet-potato pudding. It is a great dish in the South and a pleasant change from pumpkin pie. Take four good-sized potatoes,

peel them, cut into half, boil until tender, and then mash fine. Add two eggs well beaten, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grated nutmeg, and two cups of milk. Put into a pudding dish and bake half an hour; eat either cold or warm.

CHICKEN CURRY.—Boil the chicken until tender in plenty of water, then put the fowl in another saucepan with a little of the liquor in which it was boiled. To four pounds of meat take a tablespoonful of curry powder, a teacupful of boiled rice, a tablespoonful of flour, and one of melted butter and a little salt, mix with the rest of the liquor and pour it over the chicken, when it will be ready to serve. Use boiled rice as an accompaniment.

At the fruit shops bouquets of peach leaves are kept for the customers who like the flavour in tea and who line the dish from which the fruit is served. Blackberries are sent to table in little blocks of ice hollowed out to contain a teaspoonful of fruit. The block may be wrapped around with a folded napkin and set on a dessert plate, or sent to table in ice cream saucers sufficiently deep to hold the water, if there is gas-light to increase the heat.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Broth can be made from the liquor in which the chicken is boiled. Cut up the chicken for salad into small bits, and add twice as much celery as chicken; if celery is scarce, substitute a little cabbage, add hard-boiled eggs. For the dressing beat well five or six eggs; while beating, add, a little at a time, a teacupful of oil, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a tablespoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne; set the dish in hot water and stir while it thickens. When needed for use thin with a teacupful of vinegar, and pour over the salad. Prepare this a few hours before serving that the dressing may have time to blend with the salad.

THE LEMON LUNCH.—Lawn parties are the thing in the suburbs, and the lemon lunch is the favourite of all, and it must be confessed it is not a bad idea for a hot day. The invitations to the lemon lunch bear a lemon for a crest, and everybody who attends wears a knot of lemon coloured ribbon. Each one brings a lemon, too. Some young ladies of the hostess's family or acquaintance cut the lemons in two as they come, and put the seeds into a lemon coloured bowl. The ingenuity of the lady of the estate is displayed in the decoration of her table. Everything is yellow, so far as possible—flowers, china, the border of the napkins and cloth. Each dish has the flavour or seasoning or garnishing of lemon. At the end of the lunch the lemon seed bowl is brought on, and each lady has a guess how many seeds it contains, the one guessing nearest receiving a prize of a piece of yellow china, the one making the worst estimate a lemon squeezer.

A SPLENDID CATCH.

On Saturday morning last, while some of the guests of the McGregor House, at Courtright, were enjoying themselves with hook and line, by pulling out any number of the beautiful pickerel that abounds in that neighbourhood, an unusual commotion was seen in a boat in the middle of the river, occupied by Mr. B. S. VanTuyt, of this town, and Mr. 'Dolphe McGregor, of Courtright. Both of their lines were out, when all of a sudden Mr. Van felt himself gradually leaving the boat, and called to his companion to catch hold of him, which that gentleman did, just in time to save him from being precipitated into the middle of the stream, whose current at that point runs fully six miles an hour. Of course, the real cause of this was, that Van had evidently a bite; yes, a bite in earnest, too, as was soon made manifest by the both gentlemen pulling at the strong cord, and hauling to the surface an immense fish, of apparently colossal proportions. War was now declared, and the fight raged at its height. Van at the edge of the boat, holding on to the line with one hand, and grabbing at the monster with the other, while 'Dolphe held on to Van to keep them both in the boat, while their finny antagonist was taking them down stream at the rate of forty miles an hour. After several ineffectual attempts to get hold of the brute, Van made a grab at its head, running his two centre fingers into its mouth, upon

which the brute immediately closed down, and Van of course yelled furiously for mercy. At this juncture, which was evidently serious, 'Dolphe grabbed the monster by the tail and, with the united efforts of Van, 'Dolphe and the fish itself, they landed it in the boat. As soon as it struck the bottom of the boat Van jumped on it with both feet, and held it down while 'Dolphe secured it fast from any further trouble. By this time they had been taken down past the Oakland, and 'Dolphe took hold of the oars and pulled for home, where a large crowd had assembled to see the "catch." Upon landing the fish it was weighed and measured and found to go 18 feet, 8 inches long, and weighed a trifle over 98 pounds. The guests of the McGregor House are now being regaled every morning with delicious halibut steak. It might not be out of place to mention that the two gentlemen who went through this ordeal are not light weights, as each tips the scale at 275 lbs., so that the reader can well imagine the appearance of both as they emerged from the terrible conflict. 'Dolphe came off comparatively easy, while Van lost his both cuffs, gold buttons and hat. —*Petrolia Advertiser.*

THE PRIMEVAL POTATO.

In some unknown region of the New World, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru—for the origin of the potato, like that of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche and other important personages, is "wrop in mystery"—there grew, at that precise period of history known to chronologers as "once upon a time," a solanaceous plant peculiarly persecuted in the struggle for life by the persistent attentions of too many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In such a case the common resource of any ordinary unscrupulous member of the solanum family would doubtless have been to adopt the usual solanaceous tactics of poisoning these its obtrusive friends and actual enemies. Any other solanum would have filled its stem and leaves with narcotic juices, and made itself exceedingly bitter to the taste, so that the beasts and birds, disgusted at the first bite, would have desisted from the vain attempt to devour it. Not so the father of all potatoes. That honest and straightforward plant declined to have recourse to such mean strategy. Hard pressed by herbivores in the struggle for existence, it struck out a new line for itself and for Ireland. It invented the tuber. And what is the tuber, which natural selection, thus acting upon the necessities of the primeval potato, succeeded in producing for a hungry world? Essentially and fundamentally it is not, as most people imagine, a root, but an underground branch, bearing buds and undeveloped leaves on its surface, which we know as eyes, and capable of doing all the work of a branch in producing foliage, flowers, and berries. All that is peculiar to the tuber, viewed as a branch, sums itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to develop under ground (an accident which as we all know in the familiar cases of layers and suckers, may occur with any ordinary branch any day,) and, secondly, it is large, swollen and soft, because it contains large reserves of material, laid up by the plant in this safe retreat to aid the future growth of its stems and leaves in a second season. A tuber, in fact, must be regarded merely as one of the many plans adopted by plants in order to secure for themselves continuity of existence. In woody shrubs and trees the material laid up by the individual to provide for next year's leaves and flowers is stored in the inner bark, which does not die, and this accounts for the way in which such trees as almonds, mezereon, and pyrus japonica are enabled to blossom in early Spring before the foliage itself begins to come out. —*The Cornhill Magazine.*

TROUT FISHING.—When you are fishing for trout and notice some other fellow trying to sneak in ahead of you, why just let him go, instead of taking a short cut to head him off. It won't pay to race him. Sit down beside the tumbling stream as it bounds from rock to rock, light your cigar and wait. Take up your rod, see that the flies are all O. K., then make your cast behind that rock or log, and if you're posted in your line of business, you will soon have Mr. Trout in the basket. If you are not an expert with the rod and fly, why, hire some first class man to go with you until you become proficient in one of the prettiest sports that man ever had offered him.



To deal frankly, honestly and firmly with all men turns out best in the "long run."

It has been truly and tenderly said, "Even that perfect petition, the Lord's Prayer, gains something from the fact that every man who repeats it remembers that he learned it at his mother's knee."

The responsibility of any wrong action begins long before the action itself is committed; it deals with the source and the growth of motives. It is not enough to say we should resist the motive which urges us to do wrong. This is of course true; but it is also true that we should not have permitted the motive to attain such strength. We know not what particular temptation may assail us next month or next year; but we can so order our present life as to weaken wrong desires and withdraw the force of evil influences.

THIRTEEN GRAVE MISTAKES.—To yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To endeavour to mould all dispositions alike. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To expect to be able to understand everything. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To measure the enjoyment of others by one's own. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform. Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power. To set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—That the tongue is not steel yet it cuts. That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart. That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve safe for all to take. That it is better to be able to say "no" than to be able to read Latin. That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure. That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give but hard enough to take. That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind. That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them. That hasty words often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it; forgiving cures, and forgetting takes away the hurt.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.—Time passes; words stay. A girl's first duty lies at home. It is better to be than to have been. A friend is never known till needed. A small unkindness is a great offense. If you would gain affection bestow it. Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing. Haste makes waste, and waste makes want. Good manners are the blossom of good sense. Bitter is the cup that a smile will not sweeten. Knowledge is a wing whereby we fly to heaven. Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. The man is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. In bringing up a child think of its old age. A place for everything and everything in its place. Don't put your trust in money, but put your money in trust. The road to home happiness lies over little stepping stones. The Sabbath is a holy and beautiful island, struck off from the continent of Heaven, and thrust down into the stream of Time.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CIVILIZER.—The Rev. James Chalmers said recently in an address in London:—"I have had twenty-one years' experience among natives; I have seen semi-civilized and civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan group; I know all the islands of the Society group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea; but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized." Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory.—*Exchange.*

Cato said that wise men have more to learn of fools than fools of wise men. Probably he meant that, being wise, they would learn more. Everywhere the wise man is the apt learner; and the lesson of avoidance is one which wisdom will ever glean from the exhibition of folly. While the examples of good and great men are powerful in winning us to love and to imitate their excellencies, those of an opposite description may exercise a warning and restraining effect. The cruelty which excites horror and indignation may lead us to cultivate kindness and compassion. The selfishness which appears in such repellent features may cause us to dread and shun it. The fretful and peevish temper, so disagreeable to witness, may stimulate us to be cheerful and patient. The sight of dishonesty, with its lamentable results, may be the turning-point in the career of one just beginning to swerve from strict rectitude. Certain it is that we may, if we will, in some of these ways, reap harvests of good from the evil that is all around us.

A MUSSULMAN UNIVERSITY IN MOROCCO.

The greatest native educational centre in North Africa is the University of Garaouin, at Fez, in Morocco. Hither flock students not only from all parts of Morocco, but also from Algeria and Tunis, because the religious education given in the mosques in the latter countries is not, it would appear, all that it should be, and hence students go to Fez to complete their studies. M. Delphin, professor of Arabic in the University of Oran, communicates to the *Revue Française* some details respecting the life led by the Mussulman students there, which were communicated to him by a native professor at the great mosque of Tlemcen. They number about 700, and usually devote themselves to some special subject under particular professors. Of these latter there are about 40, each following a daily course which might be only the commentary on a particular work on Mussulman theology. But students come from afar to study this work, as they do to study rhetoric, dialectics, logic, eloquence, grammar, and law. Students belonging to Fez live at home, or in certain *medersas*, or homes reserved for them; those who come from other places and have no friends in the town live in such *medersas* as they please, usually with druggists or vendors of copperware. After morning prayer they all repair to the University, where they attend lectures until midday, when they return for food and ablutions, resuming work at 1 o'clock, and continuing until 3 or 4, when they again return home. At sunset, after the usual prayer, those who are attached to the mosques as public readers of the Koran repair to their duties. After this there are supplementary discourses at different mosques at which the students attend, and at 9.30 they are free. Those who are supported by an inhabitant of the town pay their evening visit to their patron; the rest do much as they please; but after the last meal they are not allowed to leave their *medersa*. The breakfasts are provided by certain mosques and are distributed by the caretaker of the *medersa*, who, if a student is absent, casts his little loaf into the street. On Tuesday there is no work, and the students must fast, their little allowance of food being stopped on that day. But the charitable people of Fez supplement the meagre official fare, happily for the students. Each one follows what course he pleases; work begins at 2.30 a.m. to 5 a.m. according to the season, the first series of lectures being devoted exclusively to the explanation of commentators on the Koran, the text of which is already known to each student. At sunrise a second batch of professors, numbering a dozen, arrive, and discourse on exegesis, law, and dogmas. The afternoon is given to grammar and rhetoric, the later hours to logic, astronomy, arithmetic, geography, history, medicine, literature, and the talismanic numbers, or the determination by calculation of the influences of angels, spirits, and stars, of the names of the conqueror and the conquered, and of other future events. The difficulty experienced in obtaining a professor intimate with the principles of this latter science and able to impart his information is said to be incredible. The *talbas*, or students, have no examinations. Each professor knows how to distinguish those of his hearers whose qualities render them worthy of diplomas, which are bestowed on them in more or less eulogistic terms. The diploma is very highly valued, and gives those possessing it a veritable prestige in the Mussulman world.—*Times.*

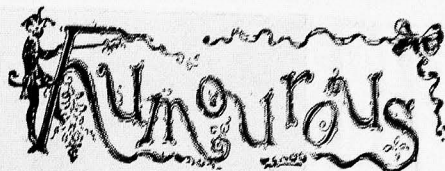
SPOONS.

"Good night, sweetheart!" he softly said,
And held her tight.
Upon his breast she bowed her head,
And sighed "Good night!"

He clasped her close. "Good night!" said he
In tender tone,
"Good night!" once more responded she,
"My love! my own!"

And then, "Good night, my own dear love!"
Again said he.
More softly than a cooing dove,
"Good night!" said she.

But whether he said so again
I cannot say,
For I got tired of listening then,
And came away.



WHAT is more valuable when it is upside down? The figure 6.

BEFORE slates were in use people multiplied on the face of the earth.

POSTAGE-STAMPS know their places when they have been licked once, or ought to.

TARVIS: "Oldmanson is one of your closest friends, isn't he?" De Smith: "Yes; I never could get a red out of him."

In the parade the other day was a kilted Highlander. He made us wonder how they strike matches in Scotland.—*Kansas Sun.*

A BOY's description of having a tooth pulled expressed it about as well as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"WHAT's a life insurance" asked one boy of another. "Well, I make out," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive so that he may die rich."

SOME singers at a concert were somewhat startled the other evening by finding that the selection, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," had been printed on the programme, "When married wretches," etc.

TEACHER (natural history class): You will remember, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all the winter? Tommy: Yes'm; an' I'll try to remember that they make up for it in the summer.

WINKS: Has your wife a cheerful disposition? Blinks: Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.

BROWN: Ah, so that is young Jones. What profession does he follow, may I ask? Smith: Oh, he is in the sugar trade with his father. Brown: Ah, indeed: it's sanded down from father to son, I suppose. Smith thinks it over.

"I DON'T say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall; "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath." Not necessarily. When I have been asked for the arrears in my board bill I have invariably answered softly, so that the other boarders wouldn't hear, but the landlady's wrath didn't seem to diminish much.

WHERE LADIES SWOON.—Apropos of fainting, I came lately upon a curious piece of statistics—"Out of 612 young ladies who had hysterical fits last year more than one-half fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor."

"POOR John; he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow, on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathising neighbour; "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

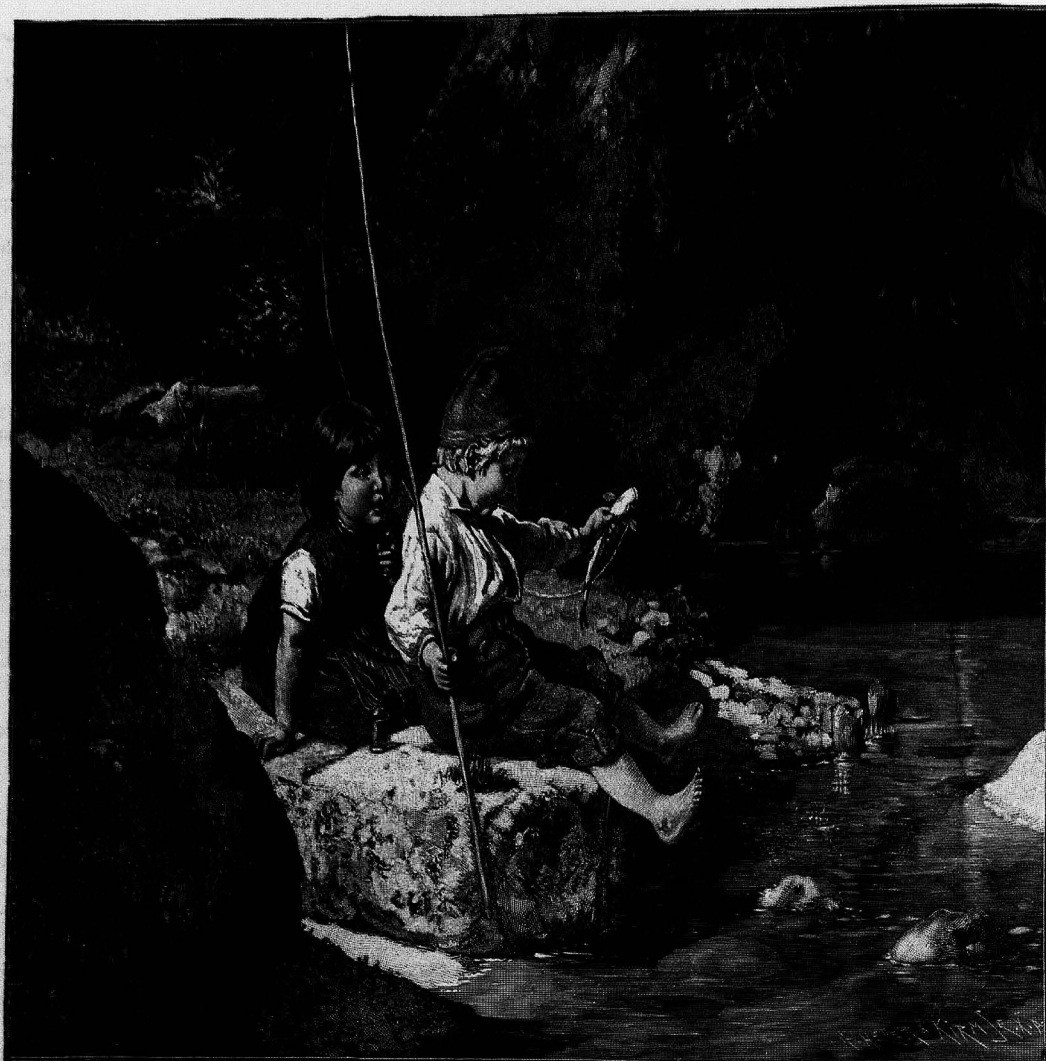
THE Major, who has just proposed: I am not very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband. Daisy: Yes; but he had so many wives at a time that the—er—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know!

In a house in the Highlands the other day a visitor happened to remark that a thermometer—noticing one hanging on the wall—was a very useful instrument to have indoors. The mistress of the house replied: "'Ay, ay—oor Jeems brocht it in the ither nicht for the heat o' the room. For ma ain part, hooever, I dinna see that it maks it a bit warmer."

LITTLE Dick (on a rainy day): Did it rain forty days and forty nights when the ark was made, and did it rain so hard that people had to stay in their houses until the flood came up and drowned them? Mamma: Y-yes; I believe so. Little Dick (gloomily gazing out of the window): Well, I guess they were glad of anything for a change.

A TRAVELLING show recently exhibited a snake's skin, to which the following interesting legend was attached: "Skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was killed by Adam the day after the Fall. Adam hit it with a club, the traces of which are still left. This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia. The genuineness is attested by doctors of divinity, whose seals are attached."

WEEMEN FOLKS ARE FULES.—M'Taggart has a brother in New York from whom an American journal is frequently received by the grocer in his Scottish home. One arrived the other day, and Sandy, opening it with alacrity, prepared to read some of the choicest bits to Kirsty, who was busy with her knitting. "Eh! bit thae American chieles are awfu' cute," he exclaimed: "here's a doctor in New York says that hauf the weemen folk are fules!" "Weel, he's no' far wrang," said Kirsty quietly. "D'ye say sae?" retorted her surprised spouse. "Oo ay; mair than hauf the weemen mairry," was the answer, and the reading was suspended.



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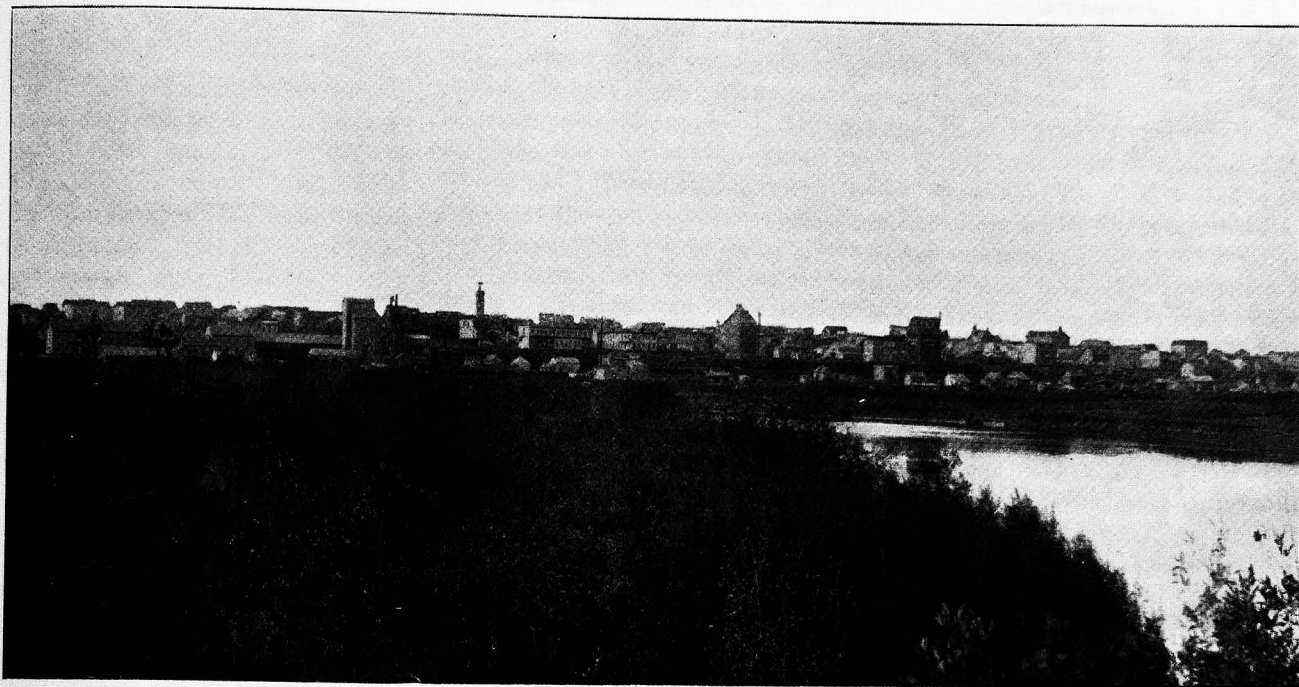
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(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 61.

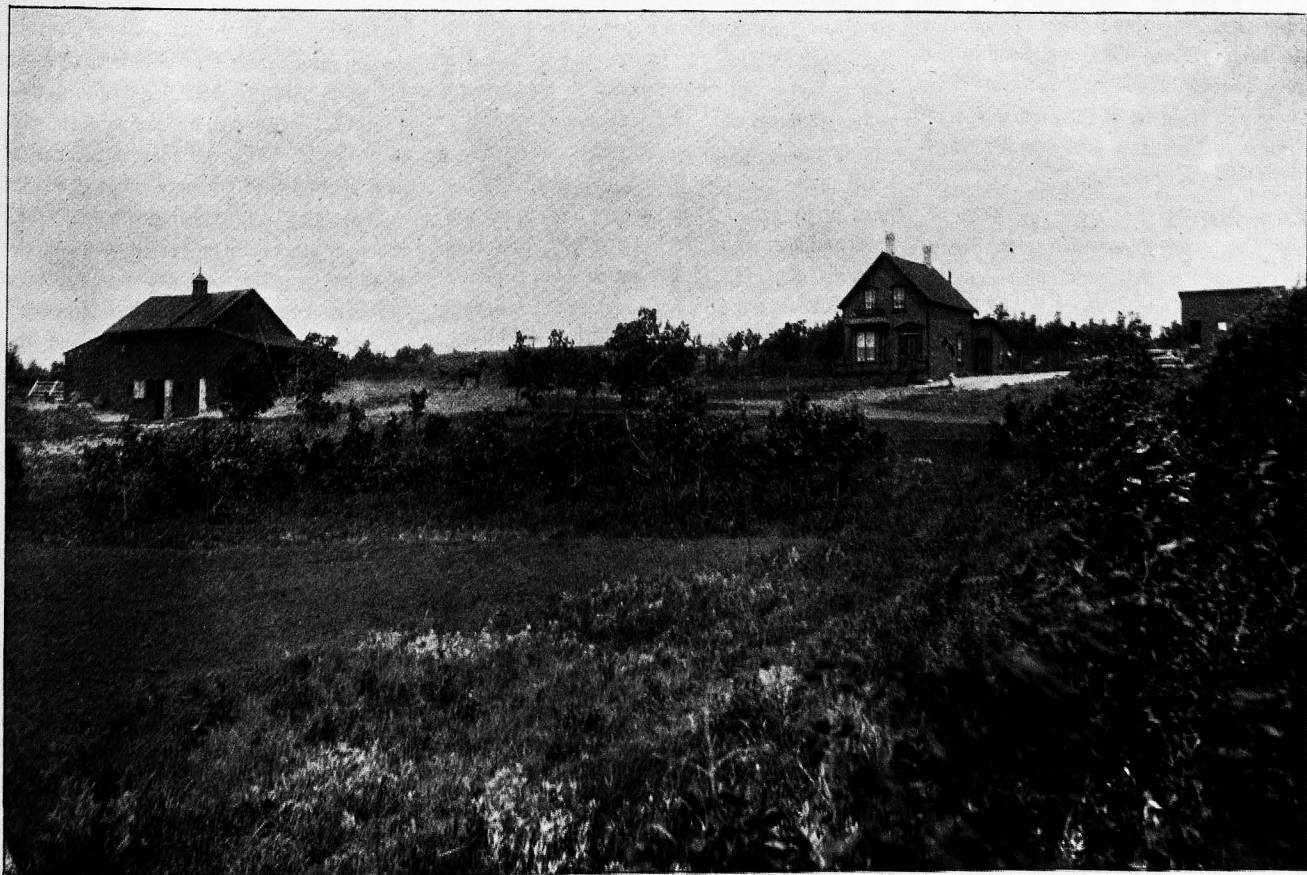
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 31st AUGUST, 1889.

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CITY OF BRANDON, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Davidson, photo., Carberry.



DWELLING HOUSE AND STABLE—EXPERIMENTAL FARM, BRANDON.

Brock, photo., Brandon.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATING PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers,
GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGER,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

31st AUGUST, 1889.



In our last issue reference was made to the early prevalence of duelling in Canada. It seems that the code of honour was not unknown in the Northwest under the rule of the fur companies. In an appendix to Hargrave's "Red River" (1871), the author gives a fragment of a journal kept, according to custom, by Chief Factor Clarke, and picked up from a heap of rubbish at Norway House in the summer of 1868. In this document, under date Wednesday, October 6, 1819, we find the following record: "Mr. McLeod no sooner called upon Mr. Bethune than Fraser came in a rage and abused him, menacing his fists, saying he had taken advantage of him by taking the tent away. Mr. McLeod politely told him that he was not a blackguard to fight with fists, but that if he had any inclination to show his bravery, he was ready at a call and would walk forward before him into the bushes for that purpose. . . . After waiting on the ground for about twenty minutes, Mr. McKenzie, who was Mr. McLeod's second, came to the camp and told Fraser: 'We are waiting for you some time back,' and returned immediately to Mr. McLeod, and after waiting fifteen minutes more and finding Fraser did not go, they both came back to the Northwest camp. From these proceedings the Indians were assured of our superiority, at which they feel happy in being freed from the subjection of the Northwest Company, who completely enslaved them by terrors and threats."

Under date, May 19, 1820, we come on an account of another quarrel between representatives of the two companies: "I this morning received a most scurrilous note from Bethune of the Northwest, in which he calls me a murderer and compares me to the rattlesnake, for no other cause than that of finding one of his horses wounded, of which circumstance I am as innocent as a man that is at present across the Atlantic." On the following day Mr. Clarke makes this entry in his journal: "Finding Bethune not giving any answer, I this morning sent McLeod with a challenge to him to come forward and meet me as a gentleman, or that I would give him a public horsewhipping on the first occasion, if he would not make a public apology before the men of both forts. Mr. McLeod returned without any satisfactory answer." At this point the fragment comes to an end. The jealous rivalry between the companies terminated in the following year (1821) by their coalition.

The following words of the late Secretary Seward, which are quoted in an article contributed by Prof. H. Y. Hind, in 1863, to the *British-American Magazine*, of which he was at that time editor, are worthy of reproduction now that the prophecy

which they imply is beginning to be fulfilled: "I see in British North America, stretching as it does from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the Lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat fields in the west, its broad ranges of the chase at the North, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe, its invaluable fisheries and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic . . . and, therefore, when I look at their resources, I know they cannot be conquered." . . . Mr. Seward's praise of Canada was intended to convince his fellow-countrymen of the folly of rejecting the opportunity of conciliating so powerful a neighbour and wasting their energies in endeavouring to revive the decayed provinces of Spain. His warning was also directed against a policy which increased the influence of the slave-holding States, instead of looking northward for the means of invigorating the union. But whatever were his aims, his language has a significance which no patriotic Canadian can ignore.

The Northwest has its roll of honour, and as proud a roll as that of older Canada. It has its share in the glories of all the great explorers, by sea and land, Sebastian Cabot, Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Bourdon, De la Vérandrye, LaFrance, Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, Simpson, Richardson, Rae, Hind, Hector, Dawson, Fleming and others more or less noteworthy. The history of the great fur companies, when it comes to be written, will be the history of the Northwest. The records of the Geological Survey are largely records of exploration and discovery in the Northwest. One of the greatest railway undertakings of our day, conceived by Canadian foresight and carried out by Canadian enterprise, had its *raison d'être* in the Northwest. But Manitoba and the Territories have a roll of honour that is still more distinctly their own in the names of those who had the faith and courage to cast in their lot with the Northwest in its day of small things and contributed, by toil of hand or head or by generous and timely help, to its progress and aggrandizement. Of these are the Hon. Donald Gunn, Mr. C. J. Brydges, Bishops Anderson and McLean, the late A. K. Isbister, LL.B., who left his library to the University of Manitoba, soldiers like Cols. Kennedy and McKeand and Captain French, missionaries like Monseigneur Provencher, and Messrs. Evans and Steinhauer (inventors of the Indian syllabary), the Hon. John Norquay, and several others whom their native or adopted land will not allow to be forgotten. As for the living who have done good service in organizing the country and in advancing its interests in various ways, the list of them is too long to publish.

Just two hundred years elapsed between the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company (1670) and the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion (1870). The course of exploration and discovery in the Northwest during this long interval may be outlined by a few leading events. One of the objects aimed at in granting a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company was that it might aid in the discovery of a Northwest passage. It was not, however, till nearly two generations had passed away that the company undertook to discharge that task. In

1719 the frigate Albany, Capt. Berley, sailed from England, but never returned. Between that date and 1737 several other vessels were sent out on the same mission, but the results though, save in one instance, not so disastrous, were equally fruitless as to the end in view. More effective work was done by the Vérandrye family. In 1737 Pierre Gauthier de Varenne, Sieur de la Vérandrye, started on an expedition into the country beyond Lake Superior. In 1735 he built Fort Rouge on the site of the present city of Winnipeg. In 1738 Fort La Reine was erected on the site of the town of Portage La Prairie. In 1743 La Vérandrye's sons reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains; in 1748 one of them ascended the Saskatchewan, and in the following year La Vérandrye the elder died in this city.

In his evidence before the Select Committee of 1748-49, Arthur Dobbs gave some important information on the countries around Hudson's Bay, which he had mainly received from a "Canadese Indian" named La France, as contained in his book, published in 1744. After the Conquest the traders of Montreal entered on that competition with the Hudson's Bay Company for the wealth of the fur country, which, after originating two strong companies (united after a few years' rivalry), only ended by the amalgamation of the Northwest with the older corporation. During the period of conflicting interests much was done in penetrating the great region on both sides of the mountains, which Sir Alexander Mackenzie was the first to cross.

Lord Selkirk's name will ever be associated with the first attempts at colonization in the Northwest. Yet, though many explorers traversed each others' tracks in the half century that followed the organization of the Red River settlement, and reports reached the outer world from time to time of its wondrous fertility, the Northwest was still allowed to remain "a great, lone land." In 1857 another Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs. In 1863 that body was reorganized and the possibility of establishing communication between British Columbia and the Eastern Provinces became a subject of discussion. In the preceding year a party of emigrants had succeeded in making their way across the continent. That was a fact of great significance for it showed that not only enlightened statesmen and far-seeing men of business, but also the classes who were practically interested in the utilization of our waste areas had begun to recognize the need of an overland route through British America. That emigrant party must have been guided by a prophetic spirit. From that time forward the tendency was towards unification. Before ten years had passed the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific had been placed under a single federal government. Before another ten years had gone the great connecting railway was well on towards completion. And as it advanced, towns grew up out of the wilderness, till the hum of industry and trade was heard from the Lakes to the Mountains and down to the Sea.

Of these towns one of the most flourishing was destined to grow ere long into the city of Brandon. It was laid out in June, 1881. A name had already been provided for it, the Brandon Hills in the vicinity forming the most picturesque feature in the level prairie country. Moreover, as usual in the creation of business centres in the Northwest, the foresight of the old company traders had indicated the most suitable site. There used, indeed, to be a Brandon House under the Hudson's Bay Company

dispensation, and the ruins of the old stockade, as Mr. Wastie informs us in "Brandon Illustrated," are still to be seen at the junction of Souris and Assiniboine. "The traders' and buffalo hunters' trail from old Fort Garry to the Antlers, Moose Mountain and Milk River passed," the same author tells us, "through the site of Brandon, and the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge and the old ford of the Assiniboine are within a few yards of each other."

Mr. Wastie then describes the sale of the town site at auction on the 2nd and 3rd of June, 1881, when a large number of lots were sold at high prices. Among the purchasers and pioneers were William Adamson (the original squatter on the site), Mr. William Woodworth, Messrs. Charles Whitehead and Meyers (who brought the first cargo of lumber), and Messrs. Winter and Wastie (our authority), who erected and stocked the pioneer store, corner of Pacific avenue and Fourth street. The first hotel business was conducted in a tent on the site of the present Brandon House. The first physician and druggist was Dr. Fleming; the first lawyer was Mr. J. Mayne Daly, M.P. The pioneer mill (for flour and oatmeal) was started and is still managed by Messrs. Fraser and Fisher. The railway did not reach Brandon till September, 1881, and all materials and commodities had to be brought by boat, freight rates averaging a dollar per 100 lbs.

The district was but sparsely settled when the town was laid out. The first to take up land were the Elliots from Port Hope, Ont., who made their home on the Souris, twenty-five miles south-east of the future city. They came *via* Emerson, in 1879, and in the same year the Rev. Mr. Roddick brought a colony from Nova Scotia, which he located near the Brandon Hills. Mr. W. H. Sowden, of Millbrook, Ont., also brought a number of well-to-do farmers, whom he established on the Souris, near Plum Creek, where there is now a flourishing village. West of Brandon the country in 1881 was practically a wilderness, there being only one old settler on the north bank of the Assiniboine. But with the spring of 1882 the boom began and the district was virtually overrun with new-comers—speculators in great part. But as the line advanced westward, only the steadily industrious settlers remained to form a solid nucleus for the future city and district.

Among those who engaged extensively in farming were Messrs. McBurnie, who took 10,000 acres in proximity to the town and spent over \$100,000 in improvements; Mr. Whitehead, who put 500 acres in grain; the Hon. J. W. Sifton and others, who invested largely in farming and stock. The whole district is well adapted for mixed farming—cattle raising and dairying as well as the culture of cereals. Several stations east and west of the city are tributary to Brandon, drawing their chief supplies from its banks and stores. Of schools and churches there is no lack. Taxes are moderate. Roads are easily maintained, but railway accommodation to the south-west is eagerly awaited.

We have already referred to the policy of establishing experimental farms throughout the Dominion. Through the efforts of Mr. T. Mayne Daly, M.P., and first mayor of Brandon, the Federal Government has endowed the Brandon district with an excellent institution of the kind. It is admirably situated on the north slope of the Saskatchewan, the location having been selected by Prof. Saunders, of the Central Farm, near Ottawa, as possessing

every requisite advantage. It is favoured with a good supply of water, plenty of timber, a sufficient diversity of soil, and an excellent situation, as well for agriculture as for the fine prospect (including the city) which it affords. Such an institution is invaluable to the farmers, supplying every information based on experiments and tests, conducted with regard to the soil and climate of the district.

Brandon is well supplied with newspapers, there being two of the Conservative persuasion, the *Mail* and *Times*, and a third, the *Sun*, which professes the Liberal creed. Besides the member (Mr. Daly) whom it elects to the Dominion Parliament, the district sends three representatives to the Provincial Legislature, those on whom the popular choice last fell being the Hon. James A. Smart, Mr. Clifford Sifton and Mr. Graham. Brandon is at no loss for benevolent agencies and societies for good fellowship and mutual helpfulness. Its industrial, commercial, military and other interests are also well organized for co-operation. Other features in its varied life are treated in connection with the illustrations with which we present our readers in this issue. It is our intention, from time to time, to deal similarly with other portions of the Northwest, so that our readers may obtain, both pictorially and by letterpress, a correct impression of the progress that has been achieved in that part of the Dominion.

OUR OWN LAND.

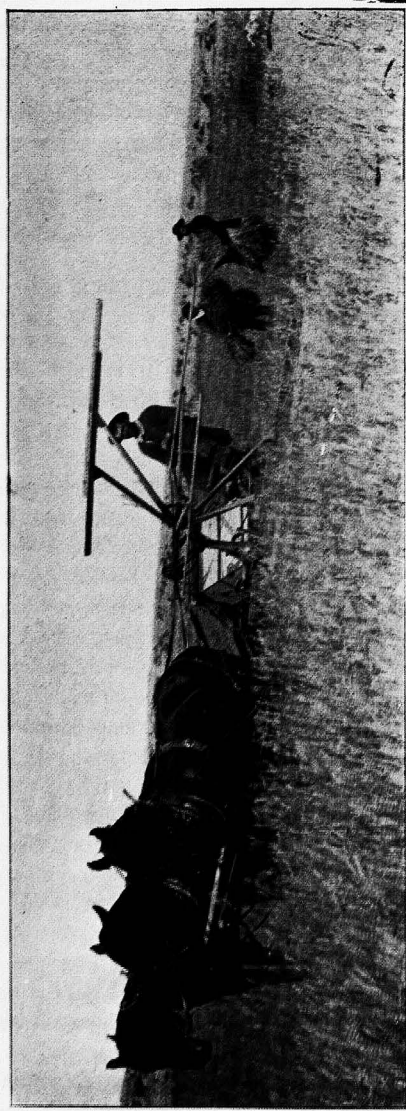
In this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we begin to carry out a purpose which we have had in mind since the inception of our somewhat adventurous but, we trust, as far as the country is concerned, not unprofitable undertaking. The name which we deemed it well to select for this journal exactly indicates the end which it was its primary aim to fulfil. In carrying out that aim, we have received many expressions of sympathy from all parts of Canada and persons in Europe deeply interested in Canada, for which we cannot but be grateful. Only a short time since, on the termination of its first year of existence, we outlined the results that we had so far been able to achieve in the conduct of the paper. We also appealed for co-operation—in the form both of suggestion and actual help—in our endeavour to adhere to the main object in view—the illustration of our grand country. It seemed to us, moreover, that in discharging that task, special attention was due to that new Canada of the Northwest, the opening up of which has added so materially to our prestige in the old world, and is destined ultimately (notwithstanding real drawbacks and the evil forecasts of the discontented and disaffected) to make Canada a powerful and prosperous nation. We are sometimes inclined to sneer at the chauvenistic declamation which on this side of the Atlantic goes by the name of "spread-eagleism." Self-admiration is certainly not in good taste, and it is always possible for patriotism to degenerate into that exclusive laudation of one's own country, which is ridiculous where it is not offensive. But, on the whole, it will, we believe, be admitted that panegyric of this kind is not the besetting sin of Canadians. On the contrary, we are more prone to undervalue than to over-estimate what pertains to us, whether it be in the moral, intellectual or material sphere. Time after time, the excellence of our belongings—whether they consisted of some feature in our great and varied physical resources, or merits of another kind—has remained unrecognized until some chance stranger of our own kin, or more or less interested foreigner, revealed to us the

preciousness of our possession. When the late Secretary Seward uttered the words which we quote elsewhere touching our immense, rich heritage in the Northwest, that vast and fertile region was practically a *terra ignota* to nine-tenths of the people of Canada. But now we have come at last to realize the truth of his words. We could give repeated instances of like unconsciousness on our part to the boons with which Heaven had favoured us till their worth was revealed to us by alien lips.

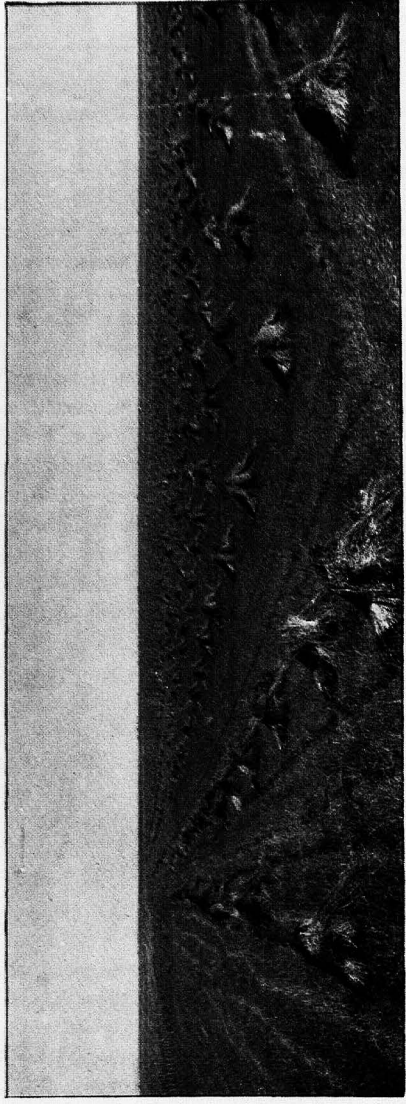
We hope, therefore, that in making the high value of things Canadian a frequent theme, we are violating no canons of good taste, but rather are doing our simple duty as journalists having as our special mission the illustration—that is, the making known by pen and pencil the grandeur, the wealth, the many and manifold attractions—of the Dominion. We might do this very effectively—as far as the pen's share in it is concerned—by confining ourselves to a reproduction of what has been said about Canada by visitors from beyond the border and the ocean. Since the British Association held its meeting in Montreal, and especially since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway has afforded the means of travelling with safety, comfort and even luxury from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the testimony in favour of Canada—its resources, its scenery, its development, the prosperity of its people, the freedom which they enjoy, and the educational and social advantages that are at their disposal, would form no inconsiderable library. We have had the gift for which the poet prayed with a fervour that smacks of malice bestowed upon us in really generous measure and without the evil consequences from which he shrank. This testimony has been a revelation to many of us. It has shown us how highly persons who have had experience of other lands and climates estimate the natural and other advantages of the Dominion.

In a recent number we mentioned one of the latest of these expressions of opinion, which is all the more valuable from having been written by one who had not merely passed through the country, but had lived in it long enough—seven years—to know thoroughly its character as a home. It is entitled "The Colonist at Home Again." The author came out here in 1880 in order to satisfy himself as to the suitability of Manitoba as a place to settle his sons in. He was a retired officer and had lived several years in India. The climate of Manitoba might, in his case, therefore, naturally be thought trying. Yet here is what he says after a visit to Bath, one of England's most ancient and notable health resorts: "As the place of my nativity, I derived much benefit myself—having been nearly consumed during three or four weeks of well-nigh tropical weather in London—from revisiting these old-time haunts, during a short sojourn with relatives in the suburbs; but confess, somewhat reluctantly, that neither their salubrious breezes nor the far-famed waters of its splendid baths, which I employed, are comparable for effectiveness with the vitalizing and re-invigorating air of Manitoba." As to the placing of his sons, the primary object of his visit, he writes: "I have never had a moment's cause to regret that I brought my sons out here. I could never have done anything for them at home like what they have done here. They had no special advantages to start on. . . . They have had to work hard and for a long time against a strong ebb-tide, and they have not shirked it. Henceforth each year will bring diminished toil and increased fruits."

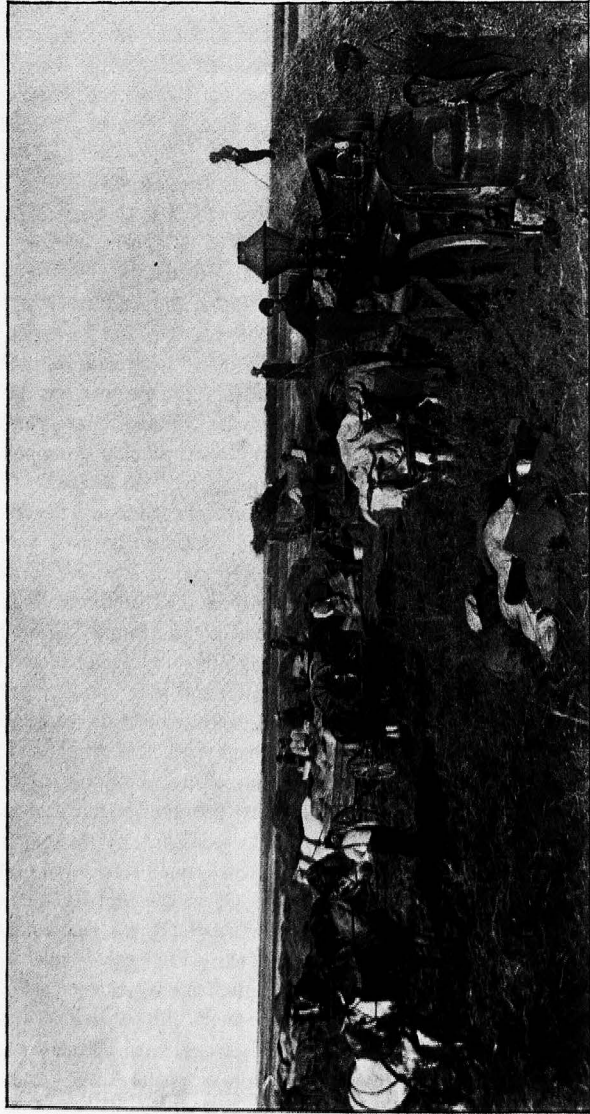
Another piece of testimony we find in the last



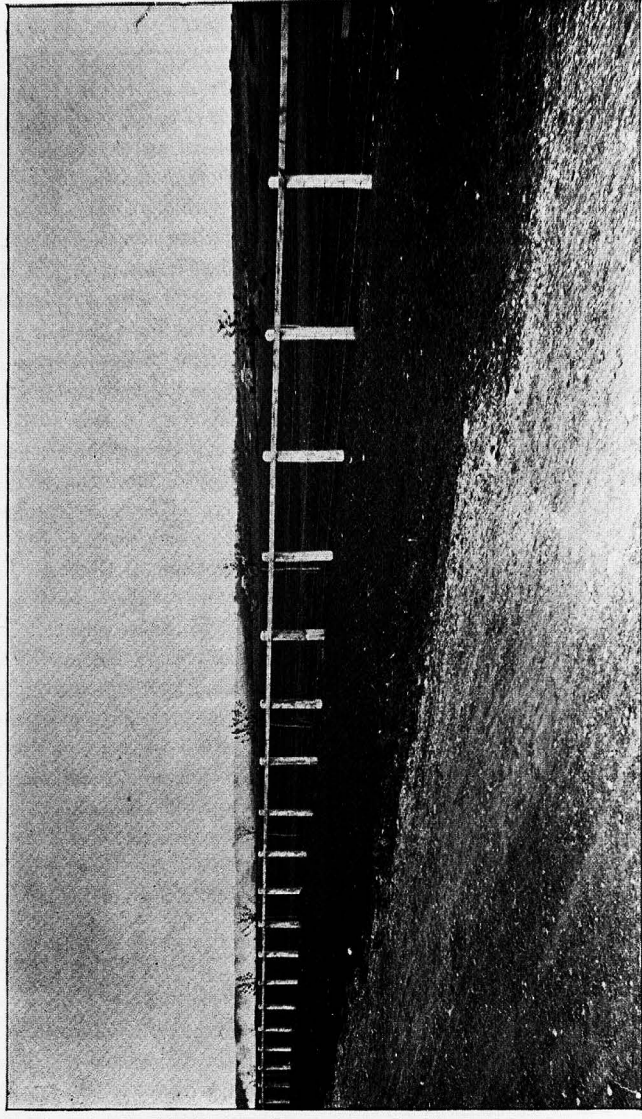
MASSEY'S TORONTO BINDER AT WORK.



A TYPICAL WHEAT FIELD, CUT WITH MASSEY'S TORONTO BINDER.

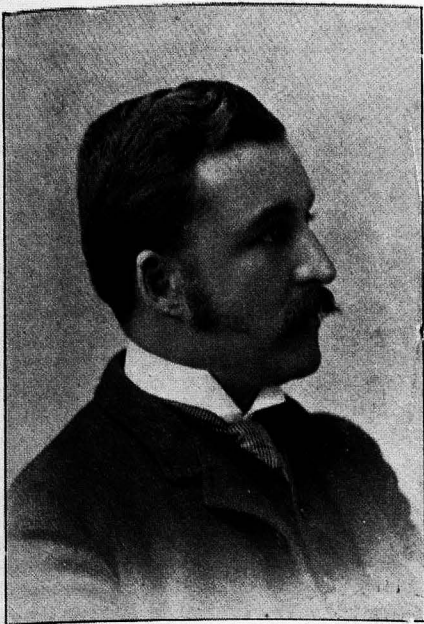


A BUSY SCENE—THRESHING AND LOADING GRAIN FOR MARKET.



GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT BRANDON, LOOKING WEST.

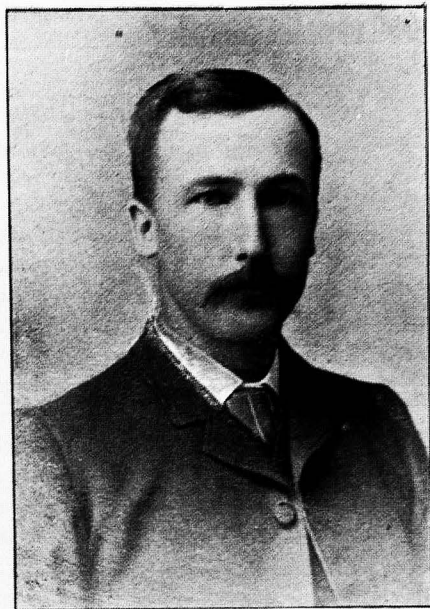
FARMING SCENES—BRANDON DISTRICT.



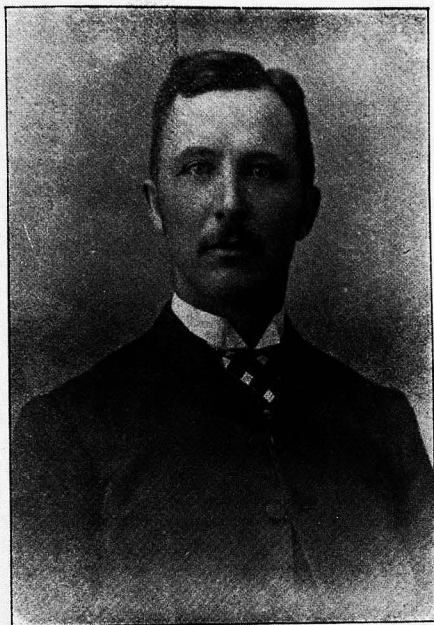
T. M. DALY, M.P., FOR SELKIRK.



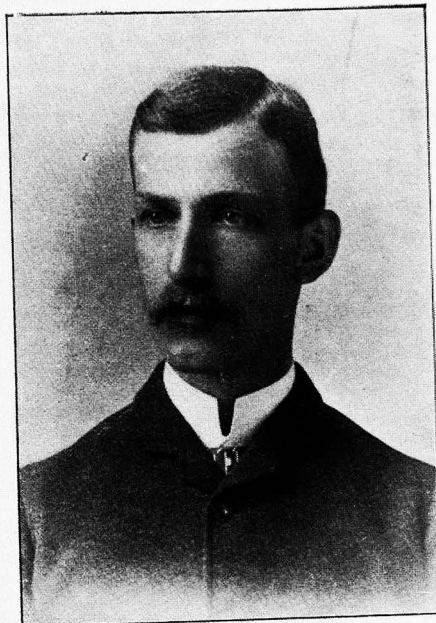
HON. JAS. A. SMART, M.P.P.,
MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, MANITOBA.



CLIFFORD SIFTON, M.P.P.



A. C. FRASER, MAYOR OF BRANDON.



P. E. DURSI, PRES. BRANDON ELECTRIC LIGHT CO



BAND OF THE 95TH BATTALION, BRANDON, from a photo. by Irwin.

issue of the *Quarterly Review*. "It was our good fortune," writes this witness, "to spend several months during the past year in the Northwest and in British Columbia and to see for ourselves some of the capabilities of a region on which depends in a great measure the future greatness of the Dominion. Like every one who has made a similar journey, we have been as much delighted with the beauty and variety of the scenery as with the extent and richness of the fertile prairie. . . . The cordons of towns and villages which now stretches across the continent from Port Arthur to Vancouver is the best evidence of a progress which is remarkable, when we consider that it illustrates a history which does not go beyond a decade of years. Stone and brick buildings of fine architectural proportions, streets paved and lighted by electricity, elevators and mills busy night and day, are the characteristic of towns over whose sites only yesterday silence brooded." Elsewhere we give, from authoritative sources, an account of the foundation and growth of one of these thriving towns which so surprised and charmed our visitor. Brandon may be considered a typical settlement. Founded in 1881, it is to-day a flourishing centre, industrial, commercial and social, of a large and important district, with tributary towns glad to accept its supremacy and to profit by its superior advantages.

OUR BRANDON ILLUSTRATIONS.

To have added sketches of the \$40,000 Post Office, \$25,000 Provincial Reformatory, McDiarmid & Nation's solid brick block, with 120 feet frontage, Congregational Church, Baptist College, and Permanent Experimental Farm Buildings, which cost \$25,000, would have made the Brandon issue much more imposing. All these, excepting the two latter, are in course of construction, but none of them completed.

To give a fair idea of so much enterprise in an agricultural town, less than ten years old, without the illustrations to prove the facts, would have implied a large dependence on the reader's faith.

We will, therefore, await the completion of nearly \$100,000 of Federal, Provincial and Civic Public Buildings in the second city of the Province, and, if our present effort to bring to the notice of of Eastern and Old Country people this thriving agricultural centre is appreciated by our Western friends, we shall in a future issue feel encouraged to illustrate Brandon's public buildings and a few of the principal prairie farmsteads crowded out of this issue.

THE VESTIBULE AS A SAFETY DEVICE.

Closely related to the coupler is the vestibule, which within the last two years has become so fashionable. The vestibule is not merely a luxury, but has a certain value as a safety device. The full measure of this value has not yet been proved. Occasionally lives are lost, by passengers falling from or being blown from the platforms of moving trains. Such accidents the vestibule will prevent, and, further, it decreases the oscillation of the cars, and thus to some degree helps to prevent derailment. It is also some protection against telescoping. A few months ago a coal train on a double-track road was derailed, and four cars were thrown across in front of a solid vestibule train of seven Pullman cars approaching on the other track. The engine of the vestibuled train was completely wrecked. Even the sheet iron jacket was stripped off from it. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed, but not another person on the train was injured. They escaped, partly because the cars were strong, and partly, doubtless, because the vestibules helped to keep the platforms on the same level and in line, and thus to prevent crushing of the ends of the cars.—H. G. PROUT, in *Scribner*.



A good way to temper mill picks is to heat the bill to a blood-red heat, and then hammer it till nearly cold; again heat to a blood-red, and quench as quick as possible in three gallons of water in which is dissolved 2oz. of oil of vitriol, 2oz. of soda, and ½ oz. of saltpetre. The bill should remain in the liquid until it is cold.

The Swedish residents of Chicago have given an order to a firm in Stockholm for a statue of Linnaeus, to be erected in Lincoln Park. It is to be an exact representation of a figure now standing in the Hop Garden in Stockholm, the face being full of kindly grace and dignity, the figure enfolded in a long loose robe or cloak. The right hand holds the gathered folds of the garment, while in the left are a book and a little bunch of Linnaea.

Dr. Salzer, assistant to Prof. Billroth has given (*Medical Press Circular*) a report on the treatment of swallowed foreign bodies by the so-called potato cure. The method consisted in requiring the patient, who had swallowed a foreign body, to eat large quantities of potatoes, which had the effect to proportionately dilate the whole intestinal canal, so that the foreign body was enveloped, and could not cling to any part during its passage.

We learn from *Science* that it has been announced by the United States Entomological Bureau that Brood VIII. of the periodical cicada will appear this year throughout a large extent of this country. This race is of the seventeen year kind. The region in which it will appear commences in south-eastern Massachusetts, extends south across Long Island, then down the Atlantic Coast to Chesapeake Bay, thence up the Susquehanna River to Harrisburg, westward from thence into Illinois. The bureau will be glad to receive news of the appearance of the cicadas, and desires especially to receive accounts of all occurrences in West Virginia and North Carolina.

CARTRIDGE TO OIL THE WAVES.—A cartridge has been invented by Mr. Albert H. Walker, which, when filled with oil and discharged, will pacify the stormiest seas. The receptacle is of ordinary cartridge size, but is made of heavy paper, and weighted at the further end with a small piece of lead. It will hold about two ounces of oil. It is fitted in an ordinary cartridge shell, and fastened to it by means of cotton shreds. The cartridge is put into a breechloader, and the trigger is pulled. The cotton connecting the cartridge and the shell is ignited by powder. It is burned, and the cartridge, filled with oil, is sent spinning away over the waves. Then, at any point the navigator may wish, the cartridge, because of the lead at the head, will sink into the waves. The oil being lighter than the water, rises to the top of the sea, and spreads over it like a film over the waves. By means of these cartridges a path an eighth of a mile broad can be made through the heaviest of seas.—*Court Journal*.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.—In addition to the lighting, there are several points connected with this great tower of interest to electricians. During the building of the tower the telephone proved of great use as a means of communication between the men at work at the top and those engaged below; and the various platforms are now all permanently in telephonic connection with one another. Special provision has been made to protect this huge lightning conductor from lightning. Eight cast-iron pipes, 19 inches in diameter, connected to the ironwork of the structure, pass through to the water-bearing strata, 60 feet below the level of the Seine, while at the summit soars a long pointed rod of the ordinary description. Bent on vindicating the practical utility of the Eiffel Tower, the French have been at great pains to enumerate the various scientific possibilities of the structure. First and foremost, there is the laboratory at the top, for which great things are predicted in the way of meteorological observations and discoveries in atmospheric electricity.

A UNIVERSAL CLOCK.—A very simple and ingenious clock for showing the time on all the four quarters of the globe at a glance has just been devised by Mr. John W. Mason, Edinburgh, already known as the inventor of several novel movable diagrams of the seasons, which have been introduced into a good many schools. On the clock face, which may be described as a flattened globe, has been painted the map of the world. This is divided into 24 hour lines, which radiate from the North Pole, which forms a central pivot outwards like the spokes of a wheel. The clock face is movable, and goes with ordinary clockwork. On a fixed marginal circular belt are painted the hours, the figures for the day are coloured pink, and for the night a deep blue. When the clock map is slowly revolving the hour opposite the meridian or line of each country is the true time for that place. The clock map can also be used in a diagram form—all that is necessary to be done in that case being to get the British Islands opposite to the hour of the day, determined by a reference to a watch, at which the person is making the investigation, and the time in every country of the world is then shown at a glance. A curious feature is that it has no hands, and yet it tells the time truly and shows a great deal more than any other clock can do, if it had twenty hands or dials. Mr. Mason's universal clock is certainly as efficient for the purpose intended as it is ingenious in contrivance and simple in construction. The clock has been shown at the Paris Exhibition.

PIONEER TIMES.

BY ALEX. BEGG.

Well do I remember the advent of the first sewing-machine, and the sensation caused by the arrival of the first piano—truly an event in the history of the settlement. Tallow dips reigned supreme, and the first coal oil was sold at from 14s. to 16s. per gallon. Now gas and the electric light are common. I had something to do with the introduction of civilized ideas. I formed, for instance, the first theatre in the North-West, and from the stage sprang the first church in Winnipeg. It was in this wise. Having organized an amateur theatrical troupe from native talent, a hall in one of the buildings was fitted up as a theatre. The attempt was crude, it must be admitted, and I don't know that we ever tried "Hamlet," or anything so high-flown. Pantomime was indeed our forte. One day Archdeacon McLean, now Bishop of Saskatchewan,* suggested that the theatre should be utilized on Sunday evenings for religious services. Consent was given, and I agreed to act as first sexton. I regret to say, on behalf of the dramatic art, that the Archdeacon drew better audiences on Sunday evening than the theatrical troupe did during the week. The result was a threatened collapse of the floor of the theatre. One Sunday evening, hearing some ominous cracks from the overburdened floor, I rushed out, and with the aid of the shopkeeper underneath, having obtained a number of poplar poles, we propped up the devout worshippers overhead. It was well the services of the church forbade applause, or else I fear the whole congregation would have found themselves in the depths below, rather than in the realms above. It is needless to say there were no more services in that church. The Archdeacon adjourned to the Court House adjoining Fort Garry, and soon afterwards Holy Trinity was built. Having seen the danger of buildings collapsing and falling to the earth, the idea of preventing them from being blown up was next conceived, and the first general powder-house in the country established; but it was not a success, as you will understand when you know that it was no uncommon thing for a trader to seat himself on a keg of gunpowder near the camp-fire, and smoke his pipe in the most leisurely way. The Hudson's Bay Company were the bankers as well as the rulers of the settlement, and the currency of the country consisted of gold and silver coins and blankets; not the domestic article of that name, but merely a sort of bank-note circulated by the Company in something the same form as that issued by the Bank of England. To bring the settlement into closer communication with the outside world, a stage running three times a week, *via* the United States, was established in 1869.

Settlers now began to arrive in the country in large numbers; some came in waggons, others floated down the Red River in flat boats, the railway having then only reached St. Cloud, a town in Minnesota, a short distance beyond St. Paul. An immediate spread of settlement followed this influx, and to avoid disputes the Dominion Government found it necessary to take steps for the proper survey of the country. Provision was made in 1872 by the Dominion Lands Act for the division of the land into townships, each consisting of thirty-six square miles or sections. A Government Land Office was established, and settlers were allowed to take up free homesteads wherever they were to be found. In the meantime, the stage travelling on alternate days had given place to a daily coach, and in 1871 Mr. James J. Hill, now president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company, placed the first regular passenger and freight steamer on the Red River between Moorhead in Minnesota and Winnipeg in Manitoba. On November 20 of the same year telegraphic communication between Manitoba and the outside world was completed, and on that day the first message (one of congratulation) passed over the wires between the Governor of the North-West, the Hon. Adams G. Archibald, and the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Lisgar.

*The good bishop has since died, to the regret of many persons both in old Canada and the North-West.



BRANDON CITY AND DISTRICT.—To do justice in a single issue to this thriving portion of the Canadian North-West is virtually impossible, so many and so varied are the features of interest, and so marked has been the development of the city and its environs year by year since 1880, when the settlement of the territory around began. In that year it was made known where the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to be. Before that date little of a practical or useful nature was known of the country. An odd settler here and there, no two nearer than 20 miles of one another, was to be found. With the advent of the railway, however, settlement set in, and now we have in Brandon a city of 4,000 people, and a surrounding country laid out in counties, municipalities, towns and villages, such as may be found in the older portions of the Eastern provinces. The country is surveyed into sections of 640 acres, half sections and quarter sections, and for miles distant from Brandon an average of a settler on every section, and less, may be found pursuing their callings just as if they had been located on their possessions for a quarter of a century. The country is everywhere dotted with school-houses, churches, post offices, etc.; the roads are excellent (owing to the nature of the soil); and there is every convenience that could be expected in a country of many times its age. The County of Brandon comprises six municipalities—Elton, Daly, Cornwallis, Whitehead, Oakland and Glenwood—each consisting of six townships six miles square, with Brandon City in the centre, five railway outlets and inlets radiating from that centre, as well as good roads, post office routes (stage lines), going in every direction. In 1880 the population of this entire county was less than 300, with about as many more in the city towards the close of the year, and to-day the county (city included) has a census of 12,000 people, and comprises about 160,000 acres under crop. The land throughout is mostly undulating, thus affording good pasturage, ample grain soils, good water, and all that is required by nature to make the home of many thousands more of a happy and prosperous people. As the Brandon and Souris RR. is to reach the Souris coal fields, about 85 miles distant, this fall, where there is an inexhaustible supply of fuel, the fuel question of the West is solved, and henceforth coal of good quality will be had for from \$4.50 to \$5.00 a ton. This should also settle the manufacturing question for Brandon, as it will keep coal, and with it mechanics' wages, at a very moderate figure. The city has all the advantages found in progressive centres of the East, while schools, churches, post offices, and all the conveniences for farm life are to be found at reasonable distances throughout the county, and, in fact, throughout the entire province. The country is steadily developing, and is undoubtedly destined to become one of the most progressive and prosperous districts in the Canadian Confederation.

THE CITY OF BRANDON.—The first timber building was erected in June, 1881, and to-day the place has 4,000 of as active, industrious and intelligent a people as are to be found in any portion of the globe. It possesses over 100 business places in the commercial line, seven grain elevators, with an average capacity of 50,000 bushels, eight first-class hotels, three branches of chartered banks, two telegraph offices, seven implement shops, every agricultural manufacture of Ontario being represented here, three newspapers, the *Mail*, owned and edited by Mr. Cliffe, being an able and consistent representative of North-West interests as they are; a convent, churches of all the religious denominations in the country, high and common schools, and a college in prospect, blacksmith shops, carpenter shops, watchmakers, and all that the manufacturing interests and demands of the country so far appear to necessitate. There are now three branch railways under construction, and with these completed this fall, as they will be, there will be easy access to all points of the province, opening the way for the location of wholesale houses in every branch of trade. Brandon is lighted by the Edison incandescent system, has an efficient fire department, and boasts of 10 miles of well graded and gravelled streets. Brandon is the largest farmers' grain market in Canada, and by far the largest horse market in Manitoba.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM.—To carry out the aim of the Federal Government in establishing an Experimental Farm in every province in the Confederation so as to supply information from experiments to settlers who could not well afford the time and means to make them on their own account, the Manitoban institution was located just to the north of Brandon, a portion of its southern part being really within the city limits. The site was selected because it possesses, through its elevations, plains and undulations, every variety of soil and surface to be found in the province; is easy of access to the whole country, and has running through its area of 640 acres several small meandering streams, affording plenty of water for the use of man and beast, and fire protection. As it is this year producing its first crop, there is as yet but little to relate concerning its experiments. On the farm and in the various soils, and at the different altitudes, are to be found all kinds of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, grains, roots, etc., to which it is thought expedient to give a trial.

Most of them are doing remarkably well, considering that this is an exceptionally dry season. Mr. Bedford, the manager, who is an exceedingly courteous gentleman, and at all times pleased to see visitors in search of information, or who are prepared to offer suggestions, has everything in systematic form. His fields and portions of fields are tastefully laid out, fences appropriate, buildings in every respect suitable, though inexpensive, until replaced by better ones later on, and everything is adapted to secure accurate records. The results of all experiments will be registered and published from time to time, affording information to agriculturists, horticulturists and cattle breeders.

THOMAS MAYNE DALY, M.P.—Mr. Thomas Mayne Daly, barrister-at-law, and M.P. for Selkirk, Manitoba, whose portrait we give in another page, is a son of the late Thomas Mayne Daly, who represented Perth, Ont., in the old Canadian Assembly from 1834 to 1867, and the North Riding of Perth in the Ontario Legislature and Dominion Parliament at various times between 1867 and 1875. Mr. Daly's mother was Helen McLaren Ferguson, of Crief, Perthshire, who came to Canada in 1844 with her father, Mr. Peter Ferguson, architect of Stratford. His paternal grandfather was the late Lieut.-Col. I. C. W. Daly, who was for many years agent of the Canada Land Company and of the Bank of Upper Canada at Stratford, of which place he was also the first mayor. Mr. Daly was educated, as his father had been, at Upper Canada College, Toronto. He was admitted to the Bar of Ontario in 1876, and began practice in Stratford, his native town. In May, 1881, he removed to Brandon, Manitoba, of which he was one of the pioneers, and where he has since resided. In 1882 he was elected Brandon's first mayor, and re-elected 1884. He is a Bencher of the Law Society of Manitoba, and a member of the Protestant Board of Education in that province. Mr. Daly has served as quartermaster in the 28th Perth Battalion of Militia, from which he returned in 1881 with the rank of captain. He has also filled several other important positions both in Ontario and Manitoba. At the general elections of February, 1887, Mr. Daly stood as a candidate in the Conservative interest for the electoral division of Selkirk and was returned by a majority of 179 over his opponent, Mr. J. A. Christie. He exerts much influence, politically, professionally and socially, in his adopted province, especially in his own constituency. In Brandon he enjoys the esteem of all classes of the population for his public spirit and genial disposition.

THE HON. JAMES ALLAN SMART, M.P.P., MUNICIPAL COMMISSIONER AND MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, MANITOBA.—In connection with our sketches of Brandon, we present our readers with a portrait of the Hon. J. A. Smart, who represents that city in the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba. Mr. Smart is a son of Mr. James Smart, formerly a manufacturer of iron work at Brockville, Ont., but now Sheriff of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. He was born at Brockville in 1858, and is, therefore, in the prime of life. He went to Manitoba in 1880, and until July, 1881, was a member of the hardware firm of Horsman & Co. Removing to Brandon, he engaged in the same line of business on his own account, and was so successful that he was able to retire in September, 1886. He was elected an alderman after the incorporation of Brandon in 1882, and in 1885 was elected mayor, and re-elected in 1886, on both occasions by acclamation. He was a member of the Western Judicial District Board until its abolition in November, 1886. He was elected to represent the city of Brandon in 1886, and was invited by the Hon. Mr. Greenway to take the portfolio of Public Works, which he still retains.

MR. CLIFFORD SIFTON, M.P.P.—Mr. Sifton, whose portrait we present on another page, is of Anglo-Irish descent. He was born in London, Ont., but moved to Manitoba with his father, the Hon. J. W. Sifton, in 1875. Mr. Sifton has always taken an interest in public affairs. At the last election he was requested to stand for North Brandon and was elected.

MR. C. A. FRASER, MAYOR OF BRANDON.—This gentleman, who at present presides over the civic administration of Brandon, Manitoba, is one of the pioneers of that thriving city. He was one of the sturdy and enterprising band to which it owed its establishment as the business centre of an important district. Ever since his arrival at Brandon, Mr. Fraser has taken an unflinching interest in the welfare of the community, to the industrial life and progress of which he has largely contributed. His election to preside over the affairs of the city is a recognition on the part of his fellow-citizens of his public spirit as well as of his estimable qualities in a business and social capacity. He is the head of the important firm of Fraser Brothers, which carries on a general business in the eastern half of the Masonic Block and does a thriving trade with both city and country.

MR. P. E. DURST, BRANDON.—This gentleman is one of the pioneers and chief business men of the important and growing city of Brandon. He has the largest watch and jewellery store in the place, and can claim to be its pioneer jeweller. He has amassed considerable wealth, and owns the large block which bears his name, and of which he occupies the eastern half. This block, recently erected by Mr. Durst, is on the south side of Rosser Avenue. Mr. Durst is also president of the Electric Light Company of Brandon.

THE BREAKING SCENE is but an illustration of what is a familiar sight in the spring after the crops are put in in varying extent on every section of Manitoba. Mr. Sanderson commenced, as many others did, with limited

means; but he made a success of farming from the start, and, even this dry year, has 640 acres of wheat on his farm, two or three miles north of the city, that will turn out 25 bushels to the acre. As he is reaping while this is being written (Aug. 19), he has a sound basis for his forecast.

TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE.—As nearly all the farming operations are carried on in the country by the most improved machinery, a view of our sowing and harvesting operations is always of especial interest to the agriculturist and the business men of other lands. It is not an unusual thing for one man to put in and take off 100 acres of wheat and other grains unassisted by other hands, and often on the larger farms the employment of from five to ten reapers at once is no unusual occurrence, giving an activity to harvesting operations unheard of in other portions of Canada. In ploughing, seeding and thrashing, the bustle is often no less than it is on the wheat field, thus rendering the life of the Manitoban husbandman one of rare exertion and activity.

LAKE CLEMENTI, BRANDON HILLS, MAN.—This is a beautiful little sheet of water, very nearly in the centre of the Brandon Hills, and in height several rods above the surrounding country. It is of great depth, clear as crystal, but slightly alkaline in taste. An effort will shortly be made by the Federal Government to stock it with fish, which, according to those who are posted in such matters, should be a decided success. As the lake is supplied from some subterranean source, the water is practically inexhaustible, and may yet be made the source of supply for the city of Brandon when the place grows to many times its present proportions. At present it is a favourite summer resort, many Brandonites and others enjoying the healthy breezes, as well as the boating and other amusements afforded by the lake during the heated periods of midsummer.

REED'S THRESHING OUTFIT.—This illustration gives the uninitiated a glimpse of what may be seen in many localities at any day from the 1st of September until the cold weather of winter has set in earnest. Very often the machine owners employ all the hands necessary to do all the work at a threshing, and move from section to section in a body like a camp of travellers in the East.

JUDGE WALKER'S AND MR. J. D. KAVANAGH'S RESIDENCES are amongst the best built dwellings in the city, but by no means the only good ones, as many others equally solid and handsome are to be found on every street of the city.

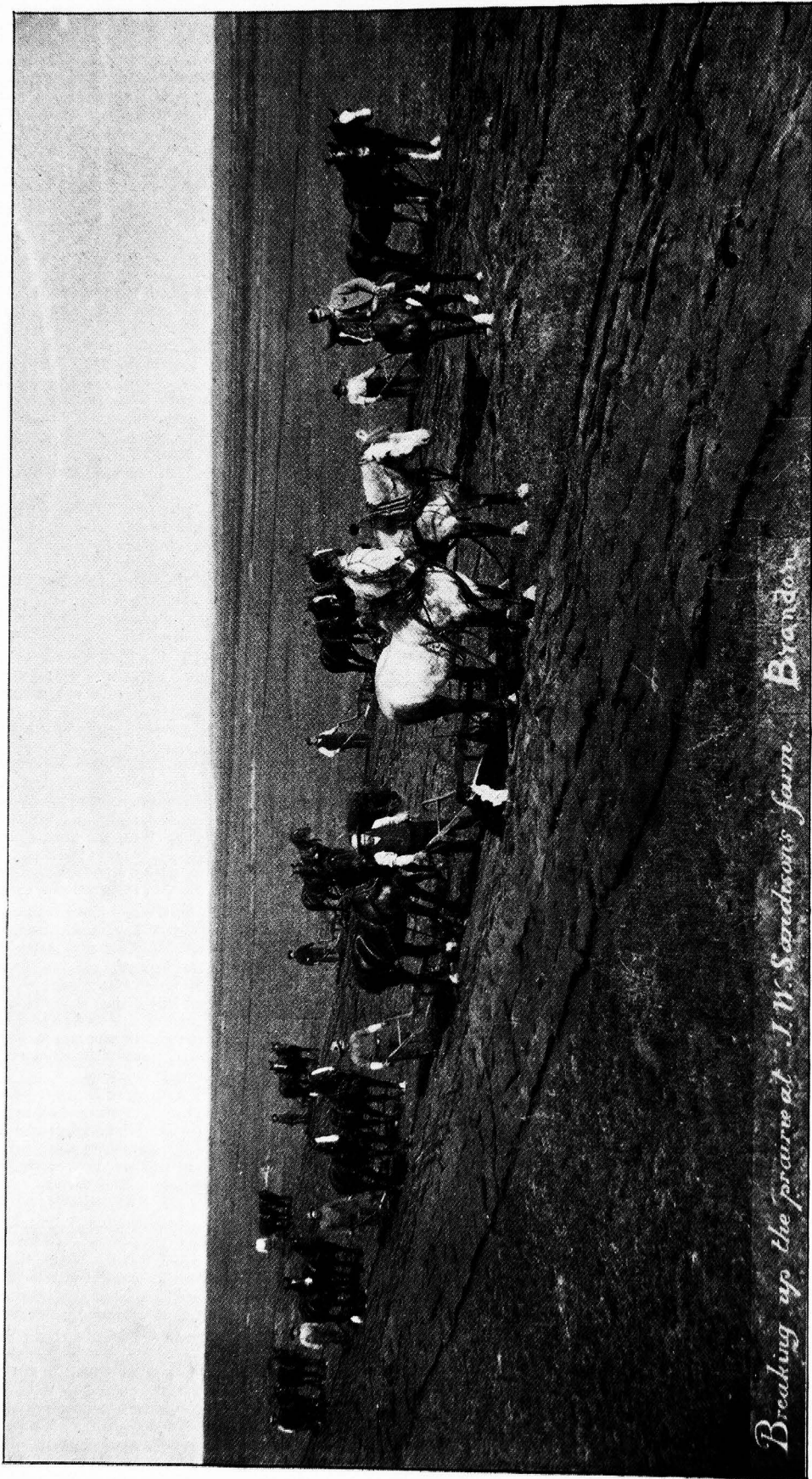
THE C.P.R. ENGINEERS LOCATING BRANDON AND SOURIS BRANCH.—This is an excellent illustration of the growth of the City of Brandon and the surrounding country. In 1880 the main line of the C.P.R. was run through where the city now stands, and then there was scarcely a hut or shanty to be seen on our plains, and now the growth is so great no less than five railway inlets and outlets—the C.P.R., east and west, the C.P.R. Souris Branch, the G. N. West Central and the W. P. and Manitoba—find a business before them, thus constituting Brandon the railway centre of the West, and assuring its future as the great supply depot of Western Manitoba. This railway building opens the way for extensive manufacturing and jobbing, which are steadily making their way upwards.

MCVICAR'S BRICK YARD.—This shows that even in the North-Western prairies there are to be found the materials to which the more substantial cities, towns and villages of the East are indebted for their solidity and beauty. McVicar's is the largest of three spacious brickyards that are in operation in the vicinity of Brandon, and so active is the demand for their products that they are kept running to their full capacity, showing, in a marked manner, the rapid growth of the city especially and of the surrounding country in general.

ALEXANDER KELLY & CO.'S MILL was the first structure of the kind ever erected west of Winnipeg. The mill in the oat and wheat departments has a very large capacity, and besides doing most of the custom work in this vicinity and supplying most of the commercial demands, exports largely to Montreal and other Eastern points. It is becoming a very valuable property.

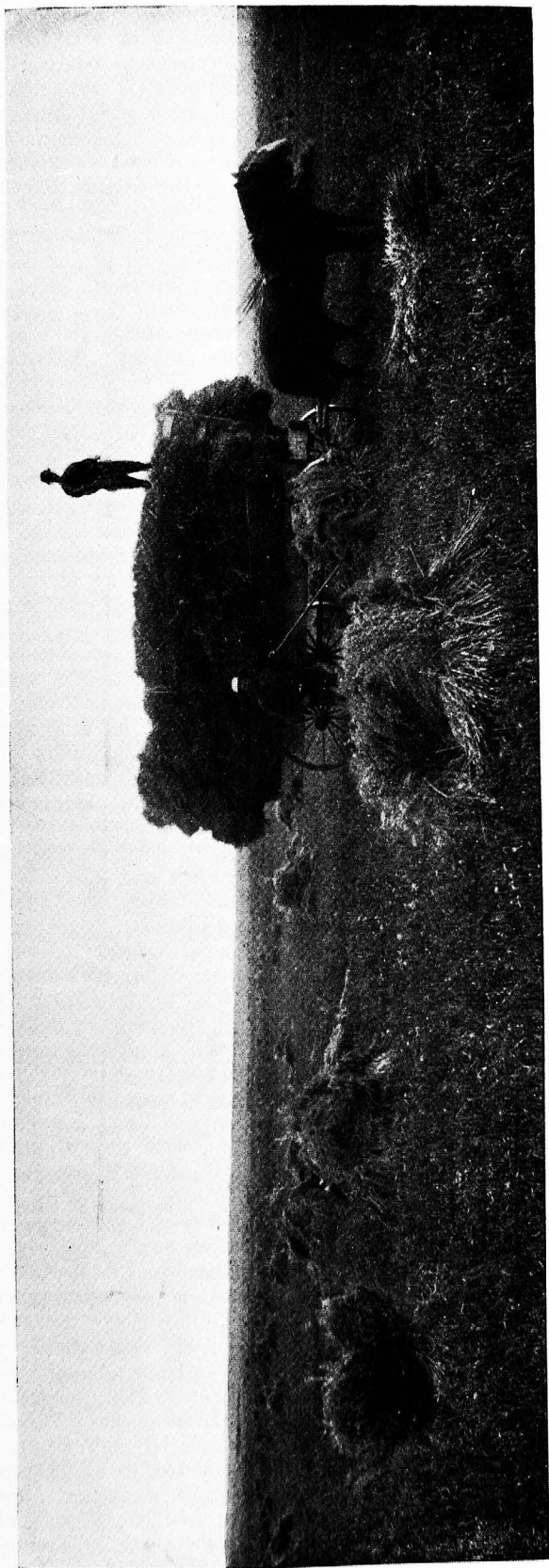
DURST'S BLOCK.—This, the pioneer brick store of the city, gives evidence of what energy and enterprise may accomplish in the West. Mr. Durst began business as a jeweller with but little means in 1880, and now he has a fine brick store and residence, many other good properties, and is conducting a very lucrative trade. The adjoining store, occupied by A. I. Christie, stationer, carries the largest stock west of Winnipeg.

THE PLOUGHING AND THRESHING SCENES of our Western prairie, as well as the fields in growth, which awaken but little curiosity in residents, are a source for much surprise to visitors and the uninitiated. It is a matter of everyday observation to the traveller in this country to see, in the season, from two to five teams putting in a field of 320 and 640 acres (a half and a whole section respectively), while on such areas as the Bell Farm, Sir Lister Kaye's enterprise, and others of less note, the men and teams seeding in the spring resemble bees in the older provinces. In the later stages the fields in the distance resemble, in their waving growth, the steady movement of a rolling lake, and lastly, the garnering of the golden grain must convince the thoughtful observer that the North-West is yet destined to feed the millions of the older countries. As the Massey (Toronto) Binder takes the lead in this country, our illustration furnishes but an example of what may be seen in the harvesting season on every portion of our Western plains.



BREAKING THE PRAIRIE—A PLOUGHING SCENE NEAR BRANDON.

From a photo. by Brock.



A TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE, SOUTH OF BRANDON.

From a photo. by Irwin.



LAKE CLEMENTINE, A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT, 10 MILES SOUTH OF BRANDON.

POEMS OF HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

Every true Canadian cannot but rejoice in the material and intellectual development of his country. When the genius of civilization scatters smiling farms along the prairies of our great Northwest, the Canadian patriot rejoices. He rejoices when our cities burst upon their suburbs and convert the quiet villa-ways into avenues of trade; but more than all does the heart of every true Canadian gladden as he views with pride the intellectual promise of his country as manifested through the genius of song. The poems of Hereward K. Cockin are of this intellectual promise. For some years past Mr. Cockin has been known to readers of current literature as a valued contributor to some of our leading Canadian journals and magazines, but it was not till recently that admirers of his verse had an opportunity of forming a coveted acquaintance with the spirit of his muse in book-form. Mr. Cockin's first poetic offspring, entitled "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, and Other Poems," is full of fair promise, goodly gifts and true inspiration. There is something of Locker, Saxe and Hood in the treatment and spirit of his poems, yet withal a flavour and turn entirely his own. I think Mr. Cockin's happiest moments in verse are those devoted to the humorous side of life, though it must be confessed that he can touch off an heroic picture with strong and becoming colours, as well as crystallize a pathetic mood. Readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will, no doubt, thank me if in this brief criticism I give a few selections from the volume under review. As testimony to my estimate of Mr. Cockin's power of striking off a picturesque scene in action, let me quote the seventh and eighth stanzas from the poem which gives a title to the volume:

Down the valley the grey-coated infantry stepped,
In a whirlwind of fury their batteries swept,
But the Greys led the charge in the bright morning light,
With the French on our left and the Sixth on our right;
And swift as the bolt from the cloud-lightning riven,
The Muscovite flank on the centre was driven.

But, ere we could re-form our grape-shatter'd ranks,
The Vladimir regiment burst on our flanks,
And 'twas hack, cut and slash—little parrying there—
If the Russians were devils, what demons we were!
Right nobly our handful disputed the field,
For a Briton can die, though he never can yield!

Another poem, full of the breath of heroism and true to its title, is "The Death of Burnaby." The sad memory of the taking of this stalwart soldier is so recent that I feel it a duty alike to author and hero to quote the poem in full:

"Close up in front and steady, lads!" brave Stewart cries,
"they're here";
And distant Cheops echoes back our soldiers' answering cheer;
One moment's pause—a year it seems—and swift the Arab horde

Pours forth its mingled tide of hate and yells and spears and sword;

As demons fight so fight the children of the desert plain,
Their naked breasts defy our steel again and yet again;
But steady as the granite cliff that stems a raging sea,
Above the van of battle looms our "Bayard"—Burnaby.

Broken! The square is pierced! But only for a moment, though,

And shoulder-strap to shoulder-strap our brave lads meet the foe;

And on this day the Bedouin learns, in the Mahdi's shattered night,

With what a god-like majesty the island legions fight.

But, oh! the cost, the bitter cost! for ere the set of sun
The bravest heart of Alba's isle its earthly course has run;
And Britain weeps sad, bitter tears whilst flushed with victory,

For on Metemneh's blood-red sand lies noble Burnaby.

Avenged? Behold what hecatombs around the dead man lay

(The royal paw is heaviest when the lion's brought to bay);
And as the shades of even fall upon this day of strife

That heap of slain exceedeth far the foes he slew in life,
And when a sneering alien tongue shall speak of her with scorn,

Or hint at our decaying might, the child as yet unborn
Shall beard the dastard to his teeth and tell exultingly
How like the Israelite in death was "Samson" Burnaby.

Intriguing Russia's prestige waned in far-off Persia's state
When England's lonely horseman stood at Khiva's guarded gate,
Ah! Bruin of the northern steppes, roll forth thy fetid breath;

Exult, since now that lion heart is stilled for aye in death!

And scream thine hate, proud bird of France, beyond thy northern shore,

Perfidious Albion drapes her halls for one who is no more.
Farewell, the last and brightest star of England's chivalry,
'Neath Orient skies thou sleepest well, O gallant Burnaby!

In the following stanzas, from Mr. Cockin's humorous poem entitled "Scamp Kowski," the reader will observe much of the genius of Hood—the same inimitable sense of the ludicrous, ingenious playing upon words and felicity of rhythm. Mr. Cockin's humour, it will be observed, is pure and clarified. It is a gift ennobled by a heart that has been at times the sanctuary of pathos. I will let the first and second stanzas of "Scamp Kowski" tell his story:

Scamp Kowski was a Polish Jew, a friendless refugee;
Although he called himself a Count, not much account was he,

Until our Church converted him and with a helping hand
Snatched him from fierce Judean flames—an exhibition brand;

Raised him from dark Mosaic depths, where Jewry toils and delves,

And held him up to public view, a Christian like ourselves;
Yea! how we petted that young Pole, from o'er the North Sea's foam

(A foreign heathen's nicer than the pagans born at home.)

And when that pious refugee had left for parts unknown,
Although our church's debt remained, the Communion plate was gone;

The Widows' and the Orphans' Fund, which *once* was *now* was not,

The Savings' Bank deposits, too, had shared an exile's lot;
And our parson's bitter, heartfelt words no mortal tongue can say,

When he found the offertories gone for ever and a day.

As sidesman Jones, the *dentist*, said, "I never liked him, still

Scamp Kowski's left an *aching void* which no one else can fill."

To my mind there is no poetry like that which swells up from a heart of faith. In this age of religious skepticism, when it is thought fashionable to throw an undertone of doubt into poetry, it is cheering to find not a breath of it in Mr. Cockin's beautiful volume of verse. It is fitting that faith, the seal of all true labour, should close my short criticism, and so I pay tribute to the heart of the author in the following lines from "At Christmastide":

Moaning, moaning, wails the north wind, and the moon-beams break and pale

O'er a nestling, peaceful homestead, in a pleasant English vale,

And around its glowing ingle kneel a gentle household band,
Who are praying for a wanderer in a far-off foreign land;

Pray the mother, sire and sisters, pray they for an only son,
Asking heaven to shield, in mercy, him, the wayward, absent one.

And by that prayer is death denied
In the Western wilds at Christmastide.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THE OLD EGYPTIAN ENCAUSTIC PROCESS.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman Empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine colouring and skilful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's workshop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and lifelike; the ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment and the men in white, with a red orphrey. The modeling of the flesh is very skilful, and in some cases the colouring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone. A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in the hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax, and then fixed in their place by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy *impasto* of the surface is due to the hardening of the melted wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon

stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wooden stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate mediaeval pictures on panel, especially retables, or *ancone*, as the Venetians called them.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE PRAIRIE.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

For my part I never tire of the summer aspect of the plains. In the winter they are often desolate-looking enough; and what landscape is not? There is at all events this to be said for the winter prairie, namely, that the sky is seldom of a dull grey above it, and is oftener than in Europe of a bright blue, filled with the cheerfulness of sunlight. There is one drawback in summer, and this is the universal presence of the mosquito; but take a day in autumn, and then see if you do not enjoy the prairie. If you are in the eastern parts, the long grass is nearly up to your hips as you stand in it, and its green blades are varied with purple vetches and tall asters. Your horizon is circumscribed, for poplar clumps, with their white stems trembling in the noon-day mirage, are not far off, in whatever direction you look. Out of the netting of the poplar you emerge into a more open world, with hardly a tree. The grasses are not so long, but still the lily or the sunflower is present in masses of blossom. There are marshes thick with tall sedge, and long tawny grass around the margin. There are clear pools and lakelets fringed with reed; and in September what numbers of wild fowl!—swans, difficult to approach, and tall white cranes, and the small sand-crane in flocks. We hear cries in the air above us, and, looking up, we see against a grey cloud great white birds flapping heavily along. They are pelicans, white except the quill-feathers; and behind them now, but rapidly overtaking them, is a long string of other birds, also white, except the wing-feathers. These fly in waving curves, looking in the distance like rows of pearls waved in the air. They are snow-geese, coming, like the pelicans, from the far northern breeding-grounds, and they alight on a lake near at hand, making a long white band on its blue water. They are worth stalking, and an attempt is made, but only one is killed, and the rest take the wing and are no more seen that day. But the ducks are tamer, and come circling back, and afford excellent sport. What a variety! The most common are blue-wing teal, shoveller, dusky duck, and mallard. Certainly there is no easier and better way of having wild fowl shooting than by a visit to the North-West. Once out of Manitoba the land swells into waves, and from each ridge a marvellous extent of country is seen. The lakes are fewer, and a long march is sometimes necessary before a good camping-ground is found. The herbage, except in such spots, is poorer, and the general effect given by it is a dull grey-green, shading in the middle distance to grey and ochre, and then far away these tints become mixed with delicate pinks and cobalt blue. "Far away?" Yes, indeed, the distance seems infinite. You gaze, and the intense clearness of the air is such that you think you have never seen so distinctly or so far over such wide horizons before. Plateaux, hollows, ridges and plains lie beneath you, on and on, and there is nothing to keep the eye and mind from the sense of an indefinite vastness. There is no special mark to arrest the gaze, and it wanders and wanders on to those pink and blue shades, where the skies, light and beautiful in tint, are joined in harmony of colour to the endless swell and roll of the uninhabited world beneath them. A wonderful sense of freedom, and yet of loveliness, is borne in upon you; and you feel perhaps that you would like to keep the liberty and yield some of the loneliness, and pitch your tent and live, if live in the wilderness you must, away to the north, where the streams chime in swifter currents through the more varied lands, and forest succeeds meadow, and fertile dale and prairie have near them the whispering shelter of the firs, and morning and evening lights above these the flaming colours of rose and of crimson on the snowfields of the Western Alps.

PERSONAL

The largest private library in Washington is probably Geo. Bancroft's, numbering some 12,000 volumes. He has a copy of Don Juan which Lord Byron gave him, with an autograph note pasted in it, and he has poems which Wordsworth gave him.

Mr. John Duff, M.D., a graduate of the Royal Medical College, has secured the highest honours at the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Three other Canadians also won honours. Sir Robert Bell complimented Dr. Duff on his excellent training.

Mr. John Tenniel, Punch's famous cartoon artist, will be 70 next year. He joined the staff in 1851, succeeding Richard Doyle, who resigned on a question of conscience, and since that year few issues of the paper have appeared without contributions from his pencil.

One of the few remaining places in London associated with the writings of Charles Dickens—the famous White Hart, in the borough where Mr. Pickwick met Sam Weller—is about to be demolished. Its demolition is requested by a firm of hop-factors. Pickwickians, shed a tear.

The whole of the library of the late Gen. Gordon has been presented by Miss Gordon to the Southampton free library, together with a portrait of the hero of Khartoum. Miss Gordon declined to hand the books over to the British museum, preferring that they should remain at Southampton.

Mr. Ruskin was once asked if it would not be well for the Welsh language to die out and be replaced by the English. "God forbid!" he replied. "The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry, and the Irish all the wit; and how the devil we got Shakespeare, I do not know."

Rev. A. P. Marvin, pastor of the Congregational Church at Lancaster, Mass., has for many years been a diligent student of Massachusetts's colonial history, and has in manuscript ready for the press a Life of Dr. Mather, which should be brought out without further delay, as it is understood to clear up some obscure points in New England history, and especially in the life of Mather.—*Christian Register*.

Rev. F. G. Scott, author of "A Soul's Quest" lately published in England, is rector of Drummondville, Que. He is a Canadian, was born in Montreal not 30 years ago, and is one of the ablest preachers in the province. His book is an acquisition to Canadian poetry. There is a newness and strength about Mr. Scott's work that must make all Canadians eager for more like it, although work "like it" will come from few pens—some half-dozen easily named.—*Progress, St. John, N.B.*

Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of Rev. T. D. Hart, Methodist minister of Acadia, N. S., left by train Friday for Tokio, Japan, where she is to enter upon mission work and teach in one of the colleges. The family to which Miss Hart belongs has a noticeable record in the church. Two uncles have laboured in the ministry. About two years ago a sister entered on mission work amongst the Indians in the North-West, and a brother has entered the ministry in the Nova Scotia Methodist conference.—*Yarmouth News*.

How many of the myriads who in childhood have sung, "There is a happy land, far, far away," know anything of its writer? His name is Andrew Young, and he is now eighty years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the woods in the primeval forest long before Sunday schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody.

It will be a matter of pride for Canadians to know that three of their fellow countrymen occupy the most important positions in the new Johns Hopkins Hospital just opened in Baltimore. Dr. William Osler, formerly of Toronto, for years professor of pathology at McGill University in Montreal, is chief physician. Dr. Henri Lafleur, his assistant, is a graduate of McGill, and is a son of Rev. Theodore Lafleur of Montreal. The superintendent of the nurses' department is a Canadian lady, whose knowledge, skill and grace have gained for her the charge of this important branch. The institution is the most superbly appointed hospital in the world, cost \$2,046,000 and has an endowment of \$3,400,000.—*Quebec Herald*.

A WONDERFUL LAKE.—One of the most picturesque and remarkable bodies of water in the world is Henry's lake in Idaho. It is situated on the dome of the continent in a depression in the Rocky mountains called Targee's pass. It has an area of forty square miles, and all around it rise snow capped peaks, some of them being the highest of the continent's backbone. In the lake is a floating island about 300 feet in diameter. It has for its basis a mat of roots so dense that it supports large trees and a heavy growth of underbrush. These roots are covered with several feet of rich soil. The surface is solid enough to support the weight of a horse anywhere, and there are places where a house could be built. The wind blows the island about the lake, and it seldom remains twenty-four hours in the same place.—*San Francisco Post*.

FINE FISHING ON THE NEPIGON.

As to the relative merits of fly-fishing and bait-fishing, it may be fairly concluded—spurning always the spoon, for it is as barbarous to kill a trout so as to eat him with one—that some people prefer poetry and some prose. To read anything, and to fish at all, is better than doing without either.

The fish of the Nepigon are not less various than abundant. To one using a minnow, the pike becomes a nuisance. Now and then in deep still waters a sturgeon pokes up a foot or two of straight black snout, looking like a fence-post, and sinks slowly back. Whitefish give a pleasant change to the menu. They frequent quiet bays or bends, where bubbles mark the haunt of their sporting schools, and require careful handling. The Mackinaw, or lake trout, are coarse and heavy. Tempted only by glaring flies out of their lurking places in swiftest water, they waste time and strain tackle till the angler is more vexed than pleased with his victim. For many sportsmen there is the like objection to fishing in Hamilton's Pool or Victoria Rapids, two points usually greatly favoured. In the first there rages a tumult of torrents, interrupted by occasional eruptions into the air of pebbles, fish and foam. In the other a vehement lashing swell lends to a two-pound trout the pretence of thrice his weight. And in neither haunt are large fish oftener taken than in the quieter up-stream pools.

Of such pools fairly a dozen are within ten minutes' pull from the home camp. At the head of rapids, large or small; on either smooth side, just before the break; in eddies reflux along their torrent; at the tail, where the displaced water rushes back upward past both banks: upon the reef usually formed beyond the foot, and along the shores below, where the river regains quiet among rocks in six or eight feet depth; in some or all of such places, and at some or all times, fish are to be found. Passing from one to another of these, two or three hours' leisurely fishing a day will yield, after rejecting all under two pounds, an ample supply for the three tenants of the camp.—*A. R. Macdonough in Scribner*.

AN ABODE OF HEALTH.

By PROF. W. FREAM, F.G.S.

The healthiness of the prairie as a place of abode hardly admits of a doubt. There is certainly the long period of five months of winter to struggle through, but the dwellers on the prairie are a cheerful people; they work through the summer and have time to spare for festivities in the winter. Besides, there is no problematic element about the winter on the prairie as there is in England. The settlers know perfectly well that at some date in November everything will get frozen up, and will remain so till March or April. They expect it, and are prepared for it. Their clothing is suited to such a winter; their houses are admirably arranged for the utilization of stove-heat, and the people are quite ready to use melted snow in their tea-kettles. The children, born and bred on the prairie, cannot fail to be hardy and healthy, and this vast territory seems destined to become the cradle of a fine race of men. I saw children it was a pleasure to look at, and one day when a halt was called for half an hour, I was wandering alone across the prairie, when a lovely child, the picture of health and beauty, approached me, and in the frankest, most winsome manner possible, gave me a bunch of the sweet-smelling holy grass, *Hierochloa borealis*. Of course I thanked the donor—she was quite a little girl—for her graceful welcome to the stranger from the East, and gratefully accepted the gift. I have it now, and mean to keep it, but my recollection of the charming little "prairie flower" by whom it was given me, will remain long after the fragrance of the holy grass has passed away. Though many of the prairie towns are barely a year old, there is far less roughness, and much more evidence, not only of civilized, but of polite life, than might be looked for. This is, no doubt, greatly due to the fact that not a few gently nurtured women have bravely determined to face the hardships of a pioneer life

in order that they may soften the struggle for brothers, or fathers, or husbands. And some of the ladies of the North-West are as witty as they are accomplished.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Sunt hic, sua præmia laudi.
Ann. I. 461, 462.
(Even here fame has its proper rewards; even here human life finds sympathy, and fates of wretched mortals touch the soul.)

Aeneas now for seven long years
Had searched the western main
To find Ausonia's promised land
Where hope might spring again.

With twenty sail of smaller ships.
He tracks the wat'ry ways,
But ever more the new-found coast
His hoping eye betrays.

At length he nears his journey's end:
He sails Hesperia's flood:
A few more days of favouring breeze
Will make his great hopes good.

But still one further ill awaits,
The last the Fates demand;
A tempest drives his weary fleet
On Libya's unknown strand.

While there upon that stranger soil
He rising Carthage sees:
To it, himself and friends are led
To note what there may please.

They mark its handsome walls and towers,
And Temple's costly shrine;
And pictured there on temple walls
A work of Art divine.

Here show Troy's tragic battle scenes;
How Greek and Trojan died;
How Fate successive sent to death
Brave chiefs of either side.

Here good old Priam meets his fate:
Red spear, here Hector flies:
With Hector's corse round Ilium's walls
Achilles chariot flies.

Aeneas sees himself here shown
Encountering mightiest foes;
With famous Chiefs of Grecian camps
Exchanging hostile blows.

His heart had ne'er by hope been touched
Till on that destined day;
Till then he deemed oblivious fate
Pursued, malign, his way.

With bursting tears and low-bowed head
He thus to friends appeals:
"E'en here just fame respects our woes;
E'en here man kindly feels;
E'en here are tears for man's frail life;
For hard avertless ills;
E'en here poor mortals' tragic woe
The soul with pity fills."

The Hero found that fame would last
Though cities ruined lie:
That names enrolled on Clio's page
Would ne'er to memory die.

What though some souls are icy cold,
And see not glory's blaze;
Who lightly value high repute,
Nor care for future days;

Yet mainly through our reasoning race,
Kind pity drops her tear,
O'er woes of man's frail troubled life,
And burdens men must bear.

And men will love those mighty souls
Who wield a Hero's brand;
Who greater hold immortal praise
Than all Earth's spreading land.

And we now weep the fatal bolt
That fell with swiftest fate,
Where pleasant rocky uplands fill
Fair Pennsylvania's State.

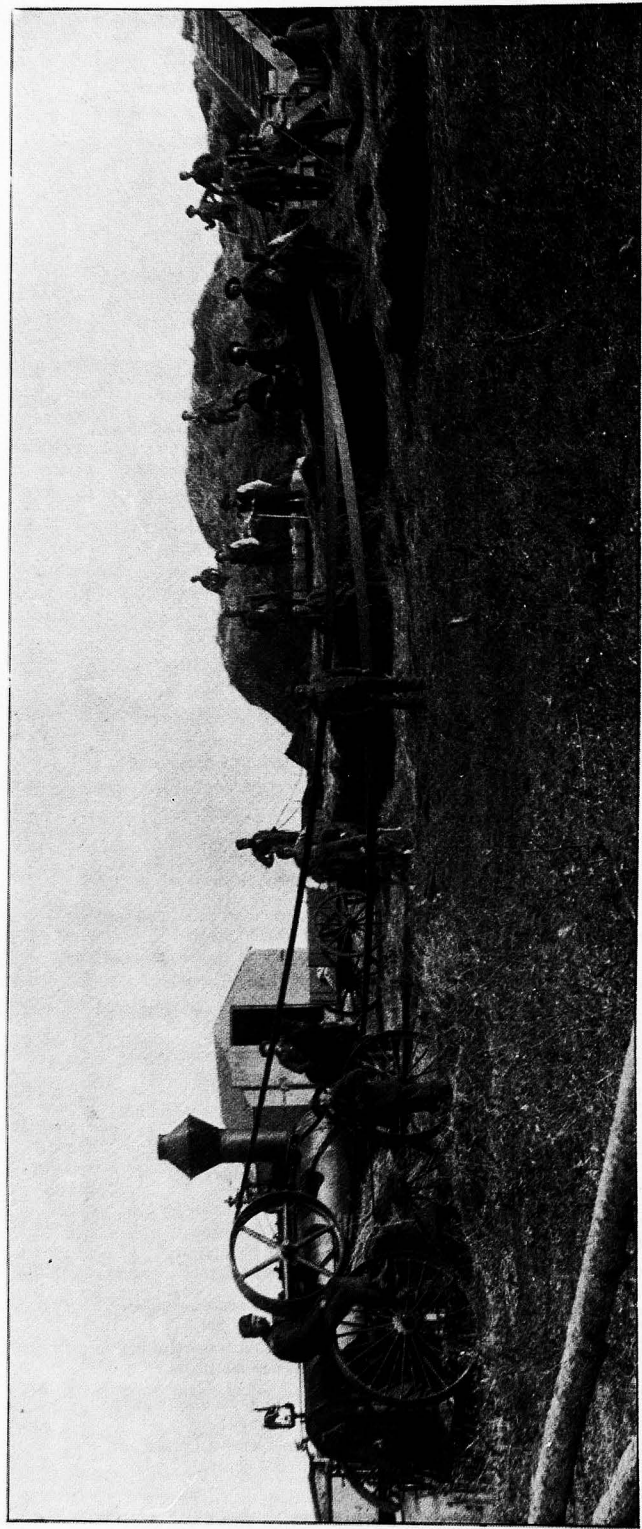
O brothers, sisters, hardest tried,
We clasp your hand in love:
Let these few simple cordial words
Our human friendship prove.

Beneath God's rule, is time enough
To turn all ills to good;
Or here, or in a future state;
Or now, or past death's flood.

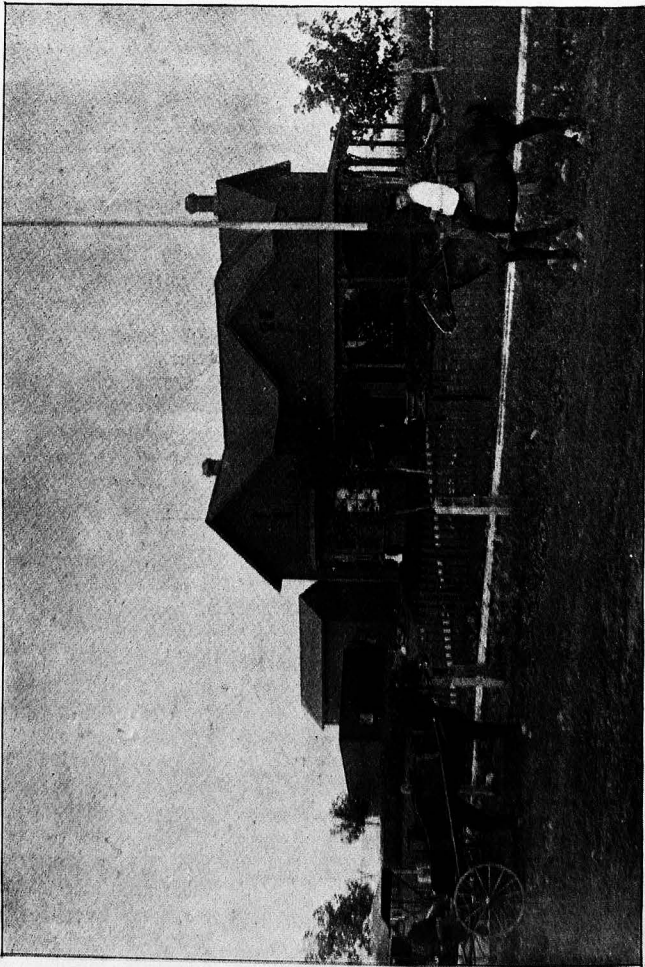
O yet, trust on, with Bards and Sages,
All griefs shall turn to laughter;
Or now or in the coming ages,
The "Here," or the "Hereafter."

Ottawa, June 12th, 1889.

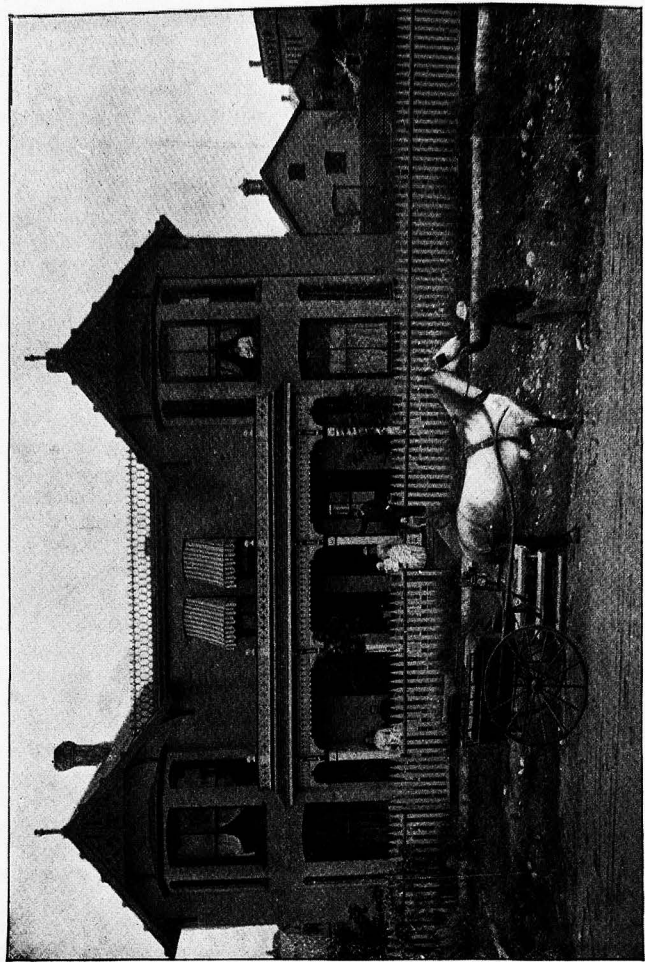
CROWQUILL.



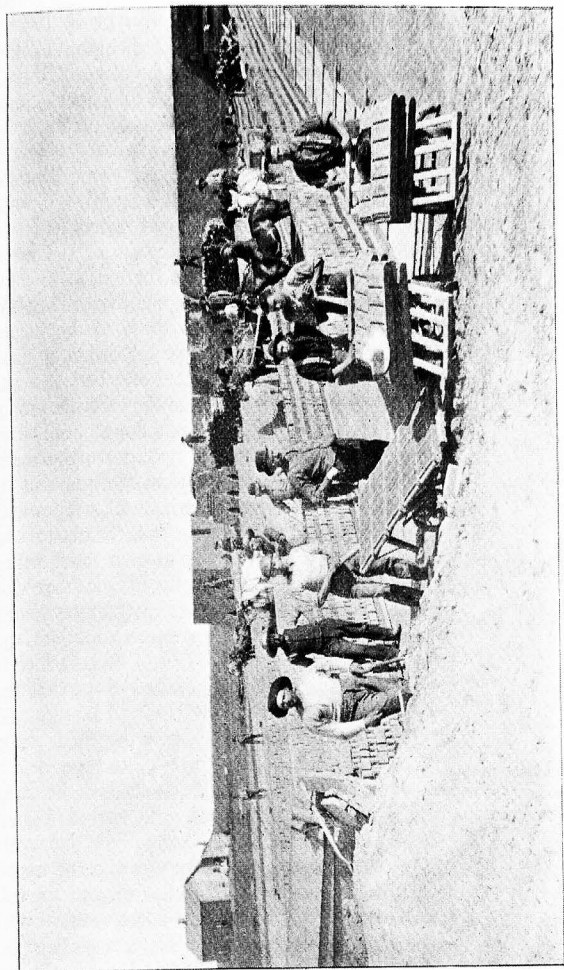
REED'S THRESHING OUTFIT, 3 MILES NORTH OF BRANDON.



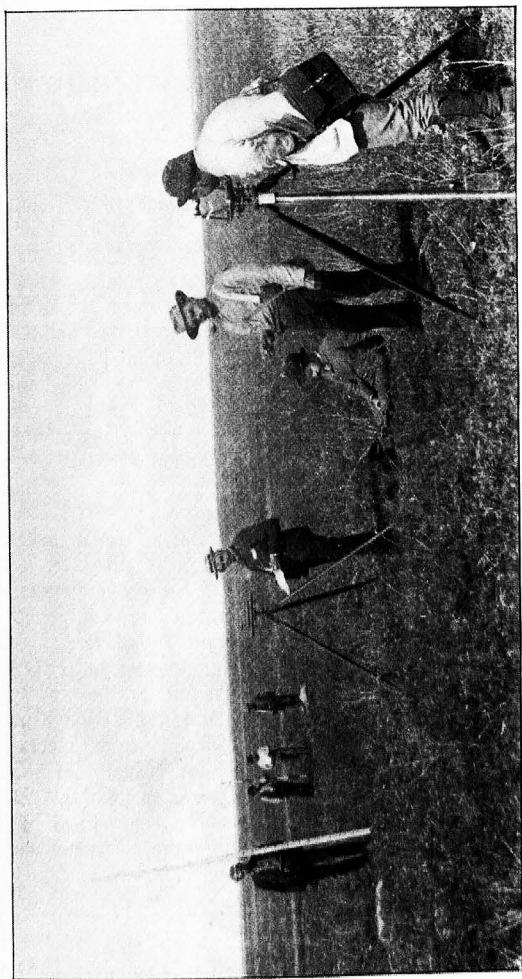
JUDGE WALKER'S RESIDENCE, BRANDON. (Irwin, photo.)



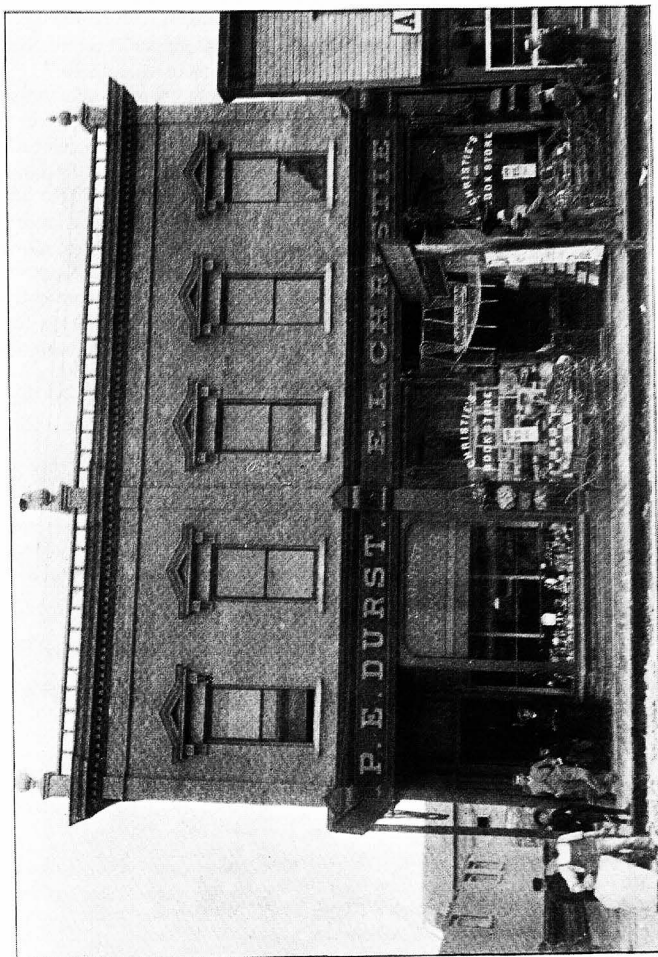
J. D. KAVANAGH'S RESIDENCE, BRANDON. (Irwin, photo.)



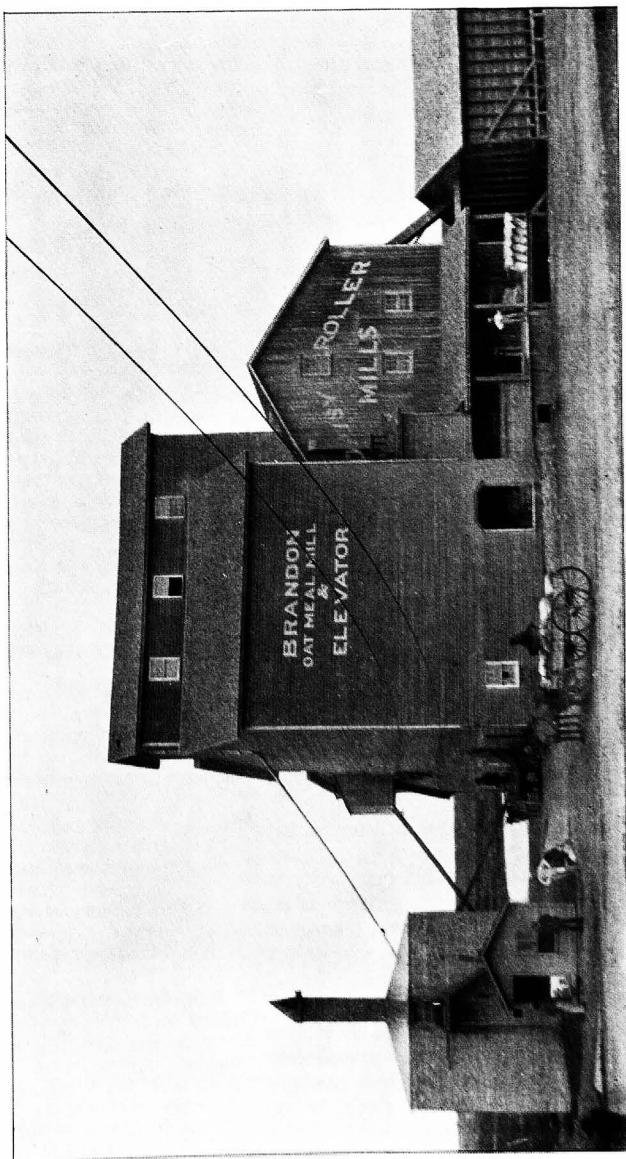
McVICAR'S BRICK YARD, BRANDON.
Irwin, photo.



SURVEY PARTY LOCATING BRANDON & SOURIS BRANCH C. P. R.
Irwin, photo.



DURST'S BUSINESS BLOCK.
P. E. DURST, JEWELLER.
F. L. CHRISTIE, STATIONER.



ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO'S MILLS AND ELEVATORS.
Irwin, photo.



CARE OF THE SICK.

Two of the most difficult things an amateur nurse finds to do is to bathe and change the bedclothes of her patient without exposing them to the chance of taking cold. It is a most necessary thing for any woman to know, as there are times when a trained nurse may not be attainable, and life or death may depend on the way the work is done.

Take the under sheet, roll it lengthwise, that is, begin at the side. Push soiled sheet and all coverings toward the patient, leaving the mattress bare. On this lay the clean roll; tucking one side under the mattress, unroll it toward the patient and move him over the roll on the smooth space, keeping him covered with the top blanket; to the other side of the bed pull out under blanket and soiled sheet; finish unrolling clean sheet and tuck it in. Lay the clean upper sheet over the top blanket and cover it with another blanket and then the white counterpane. When these are in place remove the blankets that are next the patient, and he will be left lying between clean sheets, in a clean night-dress, and thoroughly bathed, without having been exposed an instant to the chance of taking cold. See that the air of the room is kept pure and sweet. If the window will open only at the bottom, place a screen between it and the bed; if you have no screen, improvise one by fastening a cord between two convenient points and hang a blanket over it. The pillow-case should be changed frequently, and keep the pillow well under the shoulders; nothing is more tiring to a weak person than to have the edge come just under on the hollow of the neck, throwing the chin forward on the breast. Gently comb and brush the hair, and if there is a beard, keep it washed and free from tangles. If the patient is a woman, part the hair and braid it in two plaits.

If the carpet cannot be removed, sweep it daily with a carpet sweeper or a broom with a cloth wrapped around it, and burn the dust. Wipe the woodwork and furniture daily with a damp cloth. Never leave milk standing in a sick room; it quickly absorbs impurities. If obliged to wait for a few moments until the invalid is ready to take it, cover the glass containing it. Make it a rule to leave nothing in the sick room that is not positively needed there. Remove every cup, glass and spoon as soon as used, and wash all bottles when they are empty. Keep the little table beside the bed covered with a white cloth and see that it is always spotless.

Be as cheerful as possible and try to leave worries on the other side of the door. Even when one is very tired and anxious, a resolute effort of the will enables one to do much to overcome the tendency to show it. A calm nurse calms her patient, and nothing helps on recovery like a mind at rest. Remember while there is life there is hope, and never give way to despair while life remains. Many a person who has been given up to die has recovered to years of usefulness. Keep up the nourishment as long as it can be swallowed; it may be just the stimulation that is needed to turn the scale from death to life.

A good way to keep ice in the sick room has recently been recommended. Put a saucer filled with shaved ice in a soup plate, and cover it with another plate. Place the soup plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. The saucerful of ice may in this way be preserved for twenty-four hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 degs. An old jackplane set deep, so as to cut a thick shaving, is a good thing to shave the ice with.

Don't lose your head when with cases of bleeding from the lungs; they very rarely prove immediately fatal. Prop the patient up in bed and give him small pieces of ice to swallow and a quarter of a teaspoonful of tincture of ergot every hour until your physician arrives.

It is so easy to spare one the noise of putting coal on the fire by putting the coal in a paper bag

and laying it on, instead of tumbling it in from a coal hod.

A careful nurse does not knock against or in any way jar the invalid's bed.

A sick person's appetite is capricious. Do not ask what she will have, but prepare the food with as much variety as is allowed, and present it.

The sight of much food often destroys one's little appetite. Prepare but a little, present it daintily, and remove remains at once.

Never allow unpleasant odours to hang about an invalid's room. Hangings of all kinds should find no place in the apartment, and the bed clothing should be sheets, blanket and counterpane, never "comforters," or any sort of quilt that cannot be frequently replaced with a fresh one.

A few bits of charcoal placed about a room absorb evil gases. Some coffee beans burned on a piece of paper deodorize a room.

Unless one can have all the liquid he wishes to drink, offer him only what he may safely take. One is better satisfied to drain a glass than to have it taken away partly full.

Above all a nurse should be careful, not a "talker," calm and firm.

THE JACQUES CARTIER MONUMENT.

The *Canadian Architect and Builder* contains the following account of the Jacques Cartier monument:—

The site of the monument is on the north branch of the St. Charles and immediately overlooking the river with the city of Quebec in the background, an excellent view being obtained of its principal points of interest. Nearest is seen St. Rochs, then the suburbs of St. John surmounted by Mount Pleasant, and away to the east, the Parliament House, the Upper Town and the Battery, the Basilica and Laval University. The monument is surrounded at some distance by an iron railing, which encloses, however, a space considerable enough to contain several hundred people.

The monument, which is erected in the centre of the enclosure above described, is about 24 feet high. It is almost square in form, measuring $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the base and 3 feet at the summit which has quite an ornamented cornice. Below the cornice, the granite of which the monument is composed, is polished on each of its four sides. On the north face is found Jacques Cartier's shield with the device: *Semper fidelis*, and immediately below, the following inscription:—

JACQUES CARTIER
ET SES HARDIS COMPAGNONS
LES MARINS
DE LA GRANDE HERMINE
LA PETITE HERMINE
ET DE L'EMERILLON
PASSERENT ICI L'HIVER
DE 1535-36

Below this is the crest of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, and device: "*Sans changer*."

On the east side is this inscription:—

LE 23 SEPTEMBRE 1625
LES PÈRES
JEAN DE BREBŒUF, ENNEMOND
MASSE, ET CHARLES LALLEMANT
PRIÈRENT SOLENNELLEMENT POSSESSION
DU TERRAIN APPELÉ FORT JACQUES-
CARTIER, SITUÉ AU CONFLUENT
DES RIVIÈRES ST-CHARLES ET
LAIRET POUR Y ÉRI-
GER LA PREMIÈRE
RÉSIDENCE
DES MISSIONNAIRES JÉSUITES
À QUÉBEC

Below is found the crest of Lieutenant-Governor Angers with the device: *Par droicts chemins*.

The south side is surrounded with the arms of the *Cercle Catholique de Québec*, representing the Sacred Heart, with the device: *In manifestatione veritatis* and this inscription:

LE 3 MAI, 1536
JACQUES CARTIER
FIT PLANTER À L'ENDROIT OÙ IL VENAIT
DE PASSER L'HIVER UN CROIX DE
35 PIEDS DE HAUTEUR PORTANT
L'ÉCUSSEON FLEURDELISÉ ET
L'INSCRIPTION
FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRACIA REX
REGNAT

Below the inscription is the crest of Cardinal Taschereau and the device: *In fide, spe et caritate certandum*.

On the west side is engraved a palm with the names of the Jesuit martyrs, Jogues, Garnier, Masse and De None, at the right, and Brébeuf, Lallemand, Buteau and Daniel on the left. Below is the shield of the Jesuit Order and the device: *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

The monument was designed by Mr. E. E. Taché and executed by Mr. J. A. Belanger. The granite of which it is composed comes from the quarries of Migwick, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

CANADA'S WHEAT PRONOUNCED THE BEST BY THE HIGHEST SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, in the University of Toronto, Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in the president's chair, Prof. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, read a paper entitled "Notes on wheats grown as single plants at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Canada." Since the organization of the Experimental Farm, Professor Sanderson said, attention had been given to wheat growing, and seed wheat in great variety had been obtained from many different parts of the world, and observations made on their periods of ripening, productiveness and relative quality. The Fife wheats deservedly class with those of the highest quality on account of the large proportion of gluten they contain, their bright colour and their covering yielding in the hands of the millers a large proportion of what bakers call "strong flour," from which white bread of the highest quality can be made. Ten samples of Fife wheat from Canada and the United States were grown and these gave an average of a fraction over twenty-five heads to each plant and twenty-five kernels to each head, with a yield of 731-fold. It is worthy of note that while five samples of wheat from the United States yielded an average of 550-fold, five samples from the Canadian Northwest yielded 712-fold, from which it would appear that the Canadian Northwest had more vitality and vigour, sufficient in fact to make a difference of over 65 per cent. in the yield. From official returns it appears that the average yield of wheat is much higher in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest than in the Northern and Western States. While this might be partially due to the quality of the soil, it would appear to result mainly from the inherent vigour of the seed, and the conclusion to be drawn is that Canadian wheat is much better for seed. Russian wheats rank next in importance, but the Indian wheat tests proved less prolific. Experiments are being carried on at experimental farms at Brandon and Indian Head, which will throw further light on this important subject.

THE ELLIOTT SETTLEMENT NEAR BRANDON.

By PROF. HENRY TANNER, F.C.S.

In the Elliott settlement, which is about thirty miles to the south of Brandon, in Manitoba, we have another typical group of highly successful farmers. These generally have 320 acres of land each, and although the settlement was only commenced three or four years since, yet, as they commenced with moderate capital, they had nothing to impede their success. Substantial dwellings, school-houses, churches, and stores well filled with merchandise, are to be found all over the settlement, and last winter over 100,000 bushels of wheat were sent from here to Brandon for sale. As we approach Brandon we enter upon a still larger class of farms about 640 acres in extent. Those belonging to the Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mr. Whitehead, Dr. Fleming, and Mr. Johnson, may be taken as typical cases of farms, which were speedily rendered complete by their owners, and forthwith brought under successful cultivation. In all these cases, the profits on two years' cropping would repay the purchase of the property, and also the outlay for improvements. Other lands in the same district were farmed under a different arrangement, as for instance Mr. McBurnie's farms. He purchased 4,000 acres of land, it was enclosed, ploughed and backset ready for sowing, convenient residences and small farm buildings were erected, and these farms were then let to tenants at a moderate rental, which thoroughly well remunerated both the owner and the occupiers.

BAND OF THE 95TH BATTALION, BRANDON.—This engraving reminds our readers that, as we have hinted elsewhere, Brandon is lacking in none of those agencies, social and patriotic, that go to the making of our complex civilization. That it should boast such an institution as this band, after but seven years of civic existence, speaks well for the musical taste and skill, as well as the military ardour, of the citizens. And such young bandmen!

THE FIRST FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Lee, a nurseryman of Hammersmith, in 1789, was the first to obtain and increase this plant for sale, and the traditional account of his good fortune in the matter may interest some of those who now admire the fuchsia as a popular garden flower. A hundred years ago the vineyard nursery garden near Kensington was as renowned for its rare collection of exotics as it had been at a still earlier date for its flourishing vineyard and the good wine made and sold on the premises. One day a visitor fond of plants called and was shown all the floral treasures of the place by the proprietor himself. "Ah, Mr. Lee," said the visitor at parting. "I saw a wonderful plant flowering in a cottage window at Wapping the other day, with drooping crimson flowers, and buds like coral eardrops, and I have seen nothing so beautiful in your greenhouses to-day." The great nurseryman was a little piqued at the idea of anything in a vineyard being compared with his choicest hothouse rarities, and curiosity prompted him to make minute inquiries, the result being that he drove down to Wapping the next day, and there sure enough, in the window of a humble dwelling was the first fuchsia he had ever seen. Half beside himself with the exultation of such a beautiful discovery, he soon introduced himself to the owner of the plant, who told him that her Jack the sailor had brought it home with him on his return from South America, and that, poor as she was, nothing would induce her to part with the plant, or, as she called it "her keepsake." After some persuasion, however, Mr. Lee induced her to let him take away the plant, and in return he emptied his pockets of all the money he had about him (several guineas), at the same time promising that a plant should be returned to her after he had succeeded in increasing it from cuttings or slips. And so from the cottage window at Wapping the first fuchsia was brought to the aristocratic side of London, and the story spread, and the highest and fairest women in England drove to the great nursery at Hammersmith to see the prize.—*Good Words*.

HOW HOT WATER SAVES CHINA.

The entire absence of sanitary arrangements in Chinese towns and villages being well known, it goes without saying that the laws of hygiene are utterly and entirely neglected. There is no isolation of infectious diseases, and no attention is paid to causes of death unless there is supposition of violence. According to our ideas, therefore, Chinese cities ought to be hotbeds of disease, subjected regularly to those terrible epidemics which, with us, are invariably associated with the neglect of sanitary laws. Strange to say, such is not the case. Epidemics come and go without any apparent reason, appearing, perhaps, suddenly, causing a heavy mortality for a short time, and then as suddenly disappearing again, thus affording an endless field of speculation to the foreign savant. But, speaking generally, Chinese towns enjoy an immunity from these dangerous outbreaks almost as complete as that of well-drained European communities, and the cause of this puzzling and curious phenomenon has been variously explained. The fact is all the more striking when taken in connection with the contaminated water supplies of Chinese towns, the effect of which on Europeans has been manifested over and over again in the heavy mortality which overtook them previous to the adoption of precautions enjoined by modern sanitary science. The healthiness of Chinese cities has been ingeniously attributed by some people to the universal habit of fanning, a practice which is said to keep the atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave to experts to decide, but, so far as a contaminated water supply is concerned, we believe the real secret of immunity from its evil effects to lie in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink cold water. The national beverage, which, in a true sense, may be said to cheer but not inebriate, is tea, and this is always "on tap," even in the houses of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes, and certainly induces diseases which

might easily be avoided by a judicious system of outward application. In the matter of ablutions it must, however, be admitted that the Chinese enjoy facilities which, however little they are taken advantage of, are far in advance of anything within the reach of the poorer classes of our own favoured land. Every little hamlet in China has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum at any hour of the day or night. Even in a small fishing village on a remote island in the Gulf of Pechili, where the writer spent six weeks under very unpleasant circumstances during a severe Winter, this was the case, and a great convenience it proved.—*The National Review*.

FROM MORDUE TO LANCE.

CALUMET, P.Q.

DEAR LANCE,—You say in your last that you are afraid we Canadians are not as loyal as we used to be, and then you ask how we feel about annexation. Evidently you have been reading some of the wise sayings of Uncle Sam. Confess, now. Was it not that speech of Senator M., who says: "The Canadians are very much in love with our institutions. Of course, they can see the material advantages in our form of government and our system of administration. The contrast is very palpable. The natural tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind, united with the great military controlling power we certainly have, will make Canada our property whenever we want to take it." Or, perhaps, it was that of Congressman F., who, on a certain occasion, said: "In every great crisis in our history as a people, whenever our liberties were endangered, whenever the existence of our institutions was jeopardized and the life of the Republic hung in the balance, let us not forget that England has been our most aggressive, active, dangerous, and deadly enemy. Her Canadian dependency is a menace to our prosperity and peace, and always will be, so long as England's flag floats over that country." Did either of these weighty utterances find their way to your quiet seaport town and so frighten you into the belief that we Canadians were really looking forward to annexation? Let your mind be at peace on the subject, for never were Canadians more loyal, more patriotic than they are now. We are not going to be ruled by Uncle Sam. Queen and mother country for us, or, I was going to say, independence, but that would hardly be possible, for Uncle Sam would be sure to think we wanted looking after, being so young and dreadfully behind in our ways, and so with that deep, friendly interest he takes in our well-being, would ask us to allow him to be our protector, and if we were so silly as to refuse, why, then, you know what would follow. So our earnest wish is to be for ever with the mother country. Of course, there are a few who think otherwise, whose hands long to be heaping up the vast fortunes that are to be made there, who would barter patriotism and every other feeling for the sake of gain. What care they for home or country if they can but achieve their darling wish! Certainly it is a great country for making money; the ways and means are wonderful, such as the manufacture of patent medicines, the different products of petroleum, fancy soaps, sausages, etc. Or, if one happens to be very "smart," he could try his hand at bootlegging. By the way, we have several bootleggers stopping with us at present. Of course, they find our place very slow—miss the excitement of the pleasant life they have been leading, and so to fill up the time they build handsome terraces of houses (as somebody remarked, such houses as only bootleggers could build). They might, for the novelty of the thing (and for novelty they have a special fondness), put on the notices, "To Let—Built by a Bootlegger for Bootleggers." It is really amusing to see Uncle Sam trying to look indifferent when he comes over here to "spy out the land," when he sees the wealth, the prosperity, and the progress of commerce and the grand future of our Dominion. It is too much for him. He hurries home, filled with a desire "to possess." "It ain't likely," he remarks, confidentially to his fellow-citizens, "that that air Dominion was ever intended for England. It is plain to be seen that it ought to belong to us. But we ain't going to go to war with England about it. Not that there would be any danger of her having any show in the matter, but there is a much easier way to do the thing. You see, when I was over there on my pleasure trip I, with that wonderful prying inquisitiveness with which we are so gifted, soon found out everything worth knowing, and I will be jiggered if those air people ain't the softest and innocent-like as ever you saw. Why, I made them believe that their country was going to rack and ruin as fast as it could. I waxed eloquent and talked about commercial union and the advantages to be derived from it, and I tell you what it is, it is commercial union that is going to take with them. They don't see where the next step will be, so let us work on their feelings a little longer and we will get a prize worth more than our own country. They have the finest fisheries in the world (as we know to our cost), coal mines and minerals in abundance, and a vast area of country still undeveloped. What say you, my fellow-citizens? Shall we go in and win?"

MORDUE.

Good breeding is the art of making all others satisfied with themselves and pleased with you.



The Weather Bureau's work on Tornadoes will doubtless be entitled the Government Blew Book.

Why is it that the fellows who are about to take bachelor's degrees always invite the pretty girls to see them do it?

NOAH might have built the ark of iron had he not been specially directed to gopher wood. He didn't have to go far for it, either.

"Yes," she said, "I used to know all about flowers once, but I have forgotten them all except the Aurora borealis and the Delirium tremens."

"WHAT are your charges, doctor?" "Three dollars a visit." "Well, we don't want you to come on a visit, but just to stay ten or fifteen minutes."

SUSPICIOUS CHARITY.—Mother: "Ella, you cannot marry him. He has no money." Ella: "Why, mother, I saw him give \$5 to a beggar!" Mother: "Probably an accomplice."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mamma: "Why, Bobby, you are all over ink. Go and look at your face in the glass." Bobby (proudly): "Course I am. We've had a writin' lesson again this morning."

FIRST WORSHIPPER: "Our preacher is becoming dreadfully tiresome. He doesn't talk about anything but our sins." Second Worshipper: "Yes, we will have to send him abroad again to get some new ideas."

MAMMA: "Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none; and she chose the little one."

A COMMERCIAL PARADOX.—Customer: "Say, Rothstein, who's that man doing all that yelling and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of the store?" Rothstein: "Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent partner."

"KING MILAN is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit." When Brokley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrists, and exclaimed, melodramatically: "Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"

FRIEND MEEK had a very good horse and a very bad one. When seen riding the latter it turned out that his better-half had taken the good one. "What!" said a bachelor friend, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" "Friend," said MEEK, "when three beest married thee'll know!"

It would be hard to beat the reply credited to the court chaplain of Sweden to a socialist who was trying to air his theories at court. The socialist insisted that "the Saviour was a communist." "Yes," was the ready reply, "with this difference: Christ said, 'What is mine is thine;' but you say, 'What is thine is mine!'"

"Did you see the beginning of this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness against a man who had struck his wife. "Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement of the difficulty. It was about two years ago." "Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' and she said 'I will!'"

"LOOK at that now," said an Irishman as, in company with a friend, he passed a couple of Italians who were engaged in animated conversation. "Well, what of it? They are talking to each other; nothing more." "Yes, but here's the wan thing Oi want to know." "Well, what is that?" "How can they tell what they're talking about?"

SANDY, after a spree at a village inn, had on his way home to pass through a very dark wood, when on getting clear of it he espied the moon, and addressed her as follows: "Man, you're a guid mune, a braw mune, but I hae the better of ye, for ye can only get fu' aince a month when I can get fu' every nicht, but wi' this proceeso, that my wife is no about."

IT WAS FUNNY.—Miss Gazeaway: "He's the dearest, loveliest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and I'm going to get him or perish in the attempt." Aunt: "Aren't you ashamed, Margaret, to throw yourself at a man in that fashion?" Miss Gazeaway: "It's funny, auntie, you're always thinking about men." I was referring to a St. Bernard puppy I saw yesterday."

MRS. HARDUP: "We never see you now, Mrs. Narich, since your husband was lucky enough to make money. I suppose you are trying to forget all about the days when we lived together in cheap lodgings?" Mrs. Narich: "O no, indeed, I would not forget those days for the world. The contrast is too pleasant. But, then, you see, the money I have now enables me to move in the society to which I always naturally belonged."

"FAATHER," said little Johnnie Smith, the other night, "I picked up a half-crown on the street the day." "Ye did, did ye," cried Smith, sternly, "but I suppose you returned it to the owner, eh?" "Yes, I did return it," answered Johnnie, "That's right," cried his father, much pleased, "that's a guid, honest laddie." "But I couldna help it," replied Johnnie, looking conscience stricken, "the man had me by the ear."

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FLORA: Does not the sea remind you, Edwin, of an ever enduring love?

EDWIN, (more prosaically): Ya-as; but also of the salt of married life Flora, don't you know!

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